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PLAYMATES IN PRIME TIME
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SHAKIRA THE NEXT POP PRINCESS
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# Playbill

PLAYMATES PUT the ruff-ruff in ratings. When NBC was up against that behemoth known as the NFL Championship game, they devised a Super Bowl sundae—an all-Playmate *Fear Factor*. And when it came time to sex up Anne Robinson's *Weakest Link*, they went all-Playmate, too. We don't mind sharing our eye for talent, so we're showcasing our Nielsen sisters in a *Playmates in Prime Time* photo album. Speaking of frieze-frames, we also anoint **Dalene Kurtis** the newest member of the super-Centerfold pantheon. Hail Dalene, Playmate of the Year! Her pictorial was shot by **Stephen Wayda.**

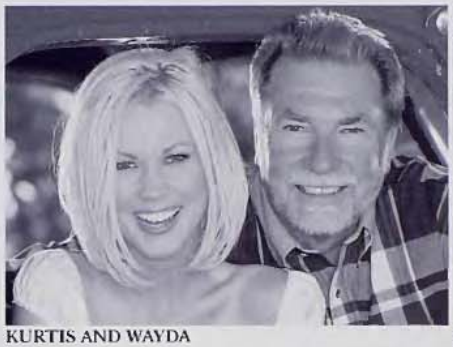
A Schilling for your thoughts. Two years ago the course of baseball history was forever altered when the Philadelphia Phillies shipped their ace, **Curt Schilling,** to the Arizona Diamondbacks. This month **Kevin Cook** stepped into the box with the World Series' co-MVP for an astounding *Playboy Interview*. Schilling gives the lie to the cliché that women weaken legs (his wife conceived during the Series) and shares his video database of 25,000 pitches. Then he cuffs the cabal of major league sports doctors and delivers a high hard one on minor league groupies. He's the horse of the issue—ride him.

For years, the Federal Aviation Administration has embodied the government's unwillingness to protect its citizens. Our reliance on an agency that answers to the airlines has fatal results in the best of times. The FAA has a cunctative approach to supervising airline security and is grossly lax in its oversight of maintenance. The truth of the mess is all in *Air Sick*, an explosive article by **Brian Karem** (illustrated by **Arnold Roth**). "FAA inspectors in the field are laudable," says Karem, "but management is unwilling to fight Congress and the airline lobby. It's a sick system."

Usually when someone mentions the word synergy, we tune them out and walk out of the boardroom. But humor us when we call the connection between movies, video games and the military damn synergistic. Whether you're looking at the fight sequences in *We Were Soldiers* or the graphics in the Medal of Honor games, fake war has never been more realistic—so much so that the Marines use games as training devices. In *Building a Better Battle*, ex-Marine **Owen West** takes us behind the blue screen for a look at how it's all done and who's doing it.

When you're denied material objects, you look for pleasure in simple things—like love and sex. Or so it seems to any man who challenges American bureaucracy by visiting Cuba and falling under the spell of Latin women. **A.J. Benza,** author of *Fame: Ain't It a Bitch*, met such a modern-day Circe—a woman named La China—and kept returning to the island until the feds stopped him. Read *Havana Heartbreak*, with artwork by **Istvan Banyai.** Our short story this month is also an ode to lost lovers. *The Possibility of Love* by **Ethan Hauser** is an erotic scrapbook, fetchingly illustrated by **Rafal Olbinski.**

While you're in list mode, consider getting environmentally active the next time your girlfriend wants to harvest your redwood. *All Night Long* by **James Oliver Cury** surveys great escapes such as a combination love nest–tree house inn and an ice hotel. Or you can stay at home and pant over *Shakira* by Editorial Assistant **Patty Lamberti.** The singer's the next pop princess. Action-packed photos also adorn our look at the new sport of all-terrain boarding in *Shred the Earth* by Playboy.com Editor **John D. Thomas.** Our other all-terrain adrenaline rush comes in the form of Playmate **Michele Rogers.** She has a brand-new pair of Puma roller skates—and now you have her key.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COOK

KAREM

ROTH

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BENZA

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## cover story

With wholesome Doris Doy looks—ond o bright personality—Ploymate of the Yeor Dolene Kurtis is an Americon clossic. Her red, white and blue cover is a naturol. "What the troops ore doing for our country is amazing, and I want to show my patriotism," says the PMOY, who's a proud member of Operation Playmate. Here's to the flag from Dalene and our Rabbit.

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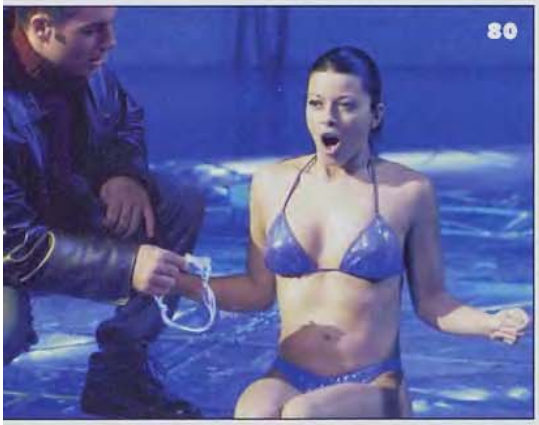
contents continued



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

## HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

### HEF HONORED BY MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS

The Magazine Publishers of America honored Hef with its Henry Johnson Fisher Award. Christie introduced him, and Martha Stewart and other celebrities lent their support on this special evening.

### JAMES BOND GIRLS AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION

Robert Wagner introduced a 007 movie marathon on ABC-TV with Bond girls Luciana Paluzzi (*Thunderball*), Honor Blackman (Pussy Galore in *Goldfinger*), Jane Seymour (*Live and Let Die*) and Maud Adams (*Octopussy*) at—where else?—the Mansion.

### STARS SHINE ON GOLDEN GLOBES NIGHT

The Oscar may be Hollywood's most coveted award, but the Golden Globes is the most fun and the best excuse for a party. Hef and his girls, including Holly Madison, ran into P. Diddy, Ron Howard, Kim Cattrall, Jamie Foxx and *Moulin Rouge* star Ewan McGregor (below). McGregor called Mr. Playboy the "King of the World."

### ROB ZOMBIE AND MARDI GRAS AT THE MANSION

Rocker Rob Zombie and Playmates Lauren Michelle Hill, Deanna Brooks, Jennifer Walcott and Miriam Gonzalez (above) partied with lucky fans who won an evening at the Mansion in a radio contest. Hef hosted a Mardi Gras party (below), with his gal pals, Centerfolds and celebrities, including Matthew Perry of *Friends*, in attendance.

# GETTIN' DOWN With Hef

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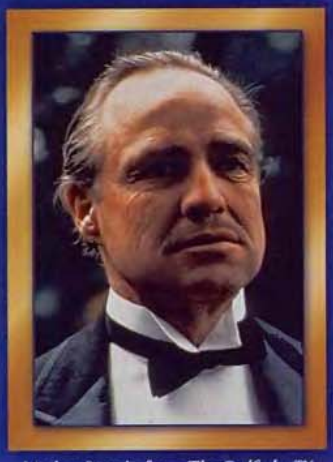
Mr. Playboy and his party posse took a bite out of the Big Apple while Hef was accepting the Magazine Publishers of America's Fisher Award. Then they headed back to the left coast for some Golden Globes and Mardi Gras action. (1) Hef's blonde babes thanking New York City firefighters for their heroism. (2) You-know-who and *Cosmo* founding editor Helen Gurley Brown at the MPA awards. (3) Moby with the Hef troop at Pangaea. (4) Ice-T playing it cool at Serafina. (5) At the Golden Globes with Sarah Jessica Parker. (6) James Gandolfini, Hef and Tina at the Globes. (7) Painted pretties at the Mansion Mardi Gras party. (8) Lauren Hill with J. August Richards and Anthony Montgomery. (9) Jon Lovitz and Colin Hanks. (10) Jeremy Piven with the host. (11) Verne Troyer digs the debauchery. (12) Judd Nelson and Helina Peszt. (13) Renee Sloan, Angelica Bridges and Tina. (14) The cast of *Temptation Island II*. (15) Dancing the night away. (16) Amy Miller, Miriam Gonzalez, Stephanie Heinrich and Paulette Myers at our New Orleans bash.

# WORDS EVERY DAD WOULD LOVE TO HEAR ON FATHER'S DAY.

Robert Duvall from *Apocalypse Now*



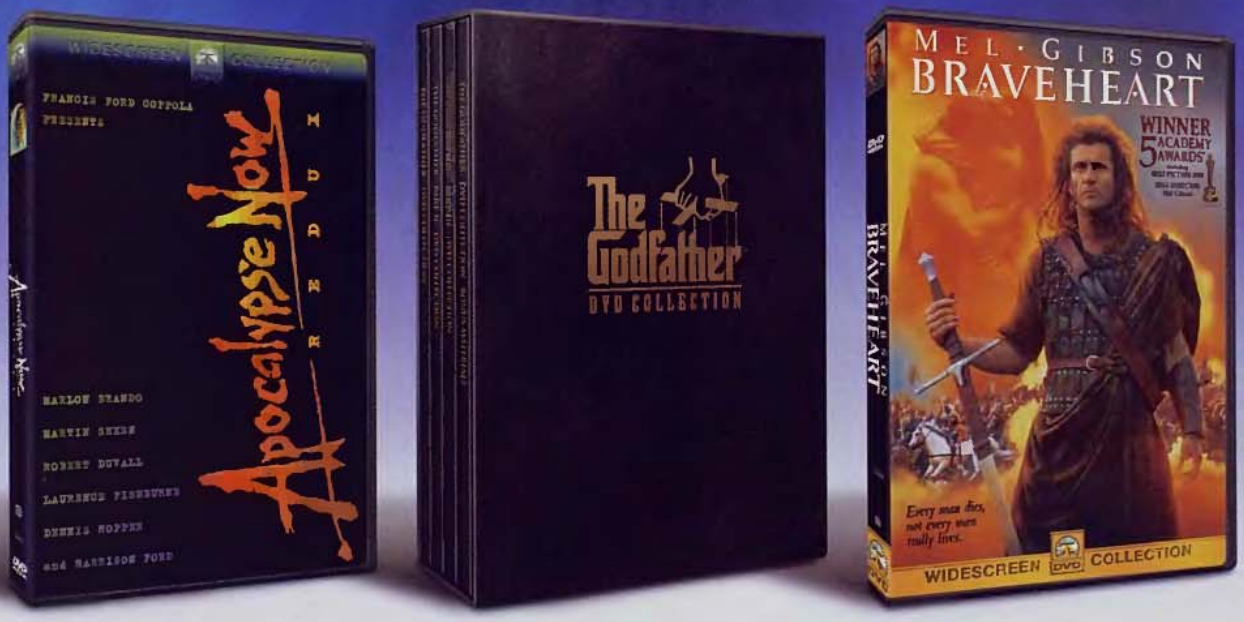
Marlon Brando from *The Godfather*™

Mel Gibson from *Braveheart*

*"I love the smell of napalm in the morning."*

*"I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse."*

*"Every man dies. Not every man really lives."*

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# Dear Playboy

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM

### ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY

Amy Hayes (*Lady of the Rings!* March) was a mentor to me and to several other young women when she organized the Hawaiian Tropic contests in the Detroit area and the state finals that we attended. She has amazing charisma and commands her own spotlight, yet she isn't caught up in her beauty. It's great to see Amy in a pictorial.

Holly Logue
Washington, D.C.

Either I have a pretty good memory or Amy Hayes is so gorgeous that she's hard to forget. I checked a lot of back issues before I found her in the April 1995 *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* pictorial. Many thanks for bringing her back.

Brian Isbell
Yukon, Oklahoma

One-two punch.

### ABOUT FACE

I'm awestruck by Asa Baber's March *Men* column, "The Two Faces of Islam." His message is profoundly important, moving, timely and well written—as his work always is.

Dave Klundt
Denton, Texas

After the events of September 11, when my friends asked me what I knew about Islam I gave each of them the same response: What happened in New York was about Islam the same way that shooting abortion clinic workers is about Christianity.

Diana Brown
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Baber's column on Islam hit the mark. Our ideal of secular democracies is confronted with an impossible obstacle. Commerce and culture flourish under any government that provides the necessary legal infrastructure to protect life and property—as it did in the Muslim world of the past. But will these countries ever move from bare tolerance to full cooperation, permitting diversity and other cultural characteristics to flourish all over the world?

Roe Maier
Bosque Farms, New Mexico

### THE REAL DOPE

Thanks for the insightful article by Christopher Noxon, *The Trouble With Rehab* (March). As the medical director of a chemical dependency treatment program and a recovering alcoholic with 16 years' sobriety, I have firsthand experience with the problem of relapse after treatment. Patients who practice a 12-step program as a way of life after rehab are better able to stay sober. I hope PLAYBOY will continue to address what has become one of the nation's most important health problems.

Mark Jackson
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

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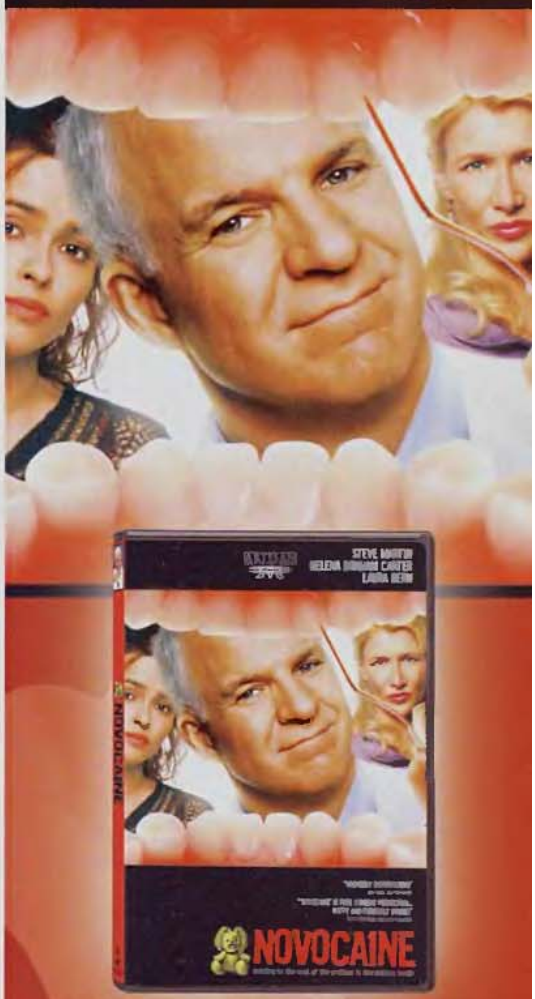


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Noxon does a fair job in his treatment of rehabs. I am more than a decade into recovery and know that it's the willingness of the addict to recover that matters more than anything else. If he surrenders his selfishness and dishonesty one day at a time, his new way of life—clean and sober—is virtually guaranteed. Hell, that approach will work for mobsters and politicians, too.

Dave Polewka
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Noxon has great insight into rehabilitation programs that don't work. Those running the programs aren't interested in a cure—that would mean giving up their incomes and the control they have over the lives of the recovering addicts.

T.R. Atkinson
Honesdale, Pennsylvania

For kids who see famous people go into and out of rehab, Noxon's piece is a wake-up call. There is nothing cool about rehab. And it doesn't always take.

Ann Jones
San Diego, California

I've had the honor and privilege of counseling alcoholics and other addicts in an inpatient primary treatment setting for 10 years. I'd like to thank Noxon for acknowledging our hopes and frustrations. The problems and criticisms noted are encountered daily by those of us who labor in this field. Until a better solution arrives, we will press on.

John Thompson
Clinical Coordinator
Newhaven Recovery Center
Brookhaven, Mississippi

I'm a recovering addict who has been through treatment. Rehab is only the beginning of a lifelong commitment. I believe nothing works except the 12 steps. There are no alternatives. But don't expect rehab to cure you. Addiction is a disease with no cure.

Amy Eberly
Hollywood, California

**HERE COMES MS. JORDAN**

You've been holding out on us. Tina Jordan (*Tina Time*, March) is the next Playmate of the Year. Add this blonde bombshell to the ranks of Pamela Anderson, Jenny McCarthy and Heather Kozar.

Laurence Gurule
Cypress, California

Tina Jordan oozes sexuality. Hef is the luckiest man in the world.

Ralph Pizzone
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I would like to congratulate Tina on her March pictorial. We attended the same school—Palmdale High—and she's the reason that I've decided to become a model.

Kellie Daniel
Arab, Alabama

**DATING.COM**

Rob Tannenbaum's article *SWM Seeks Sex* (March) is entertaining and hilarious. The poor guy seems to attract every psychotic, granola-eating hippie in New York City—as well as high-powered corporate feminists intent on kicking ass and taking names. However, I have used talkmatch.com, one of the Internet dating services Rob tried. Unlike the women he met, I'm cute, educated and just too damn busy with a career and grad school to pursue men. So why, dear Rob, do I keep getting e-mails from nasty men who look like the Unabomber and have the intelligence of Dan Quayle?

Kimber Anthony
Baltimore, Maryland

I'm glad I'm not the only red-blooded male who feels like Rob. Thanks to him for telling it like it is.

Dudley Kuboi
San Ramon, California

**A STAR IS PORN**

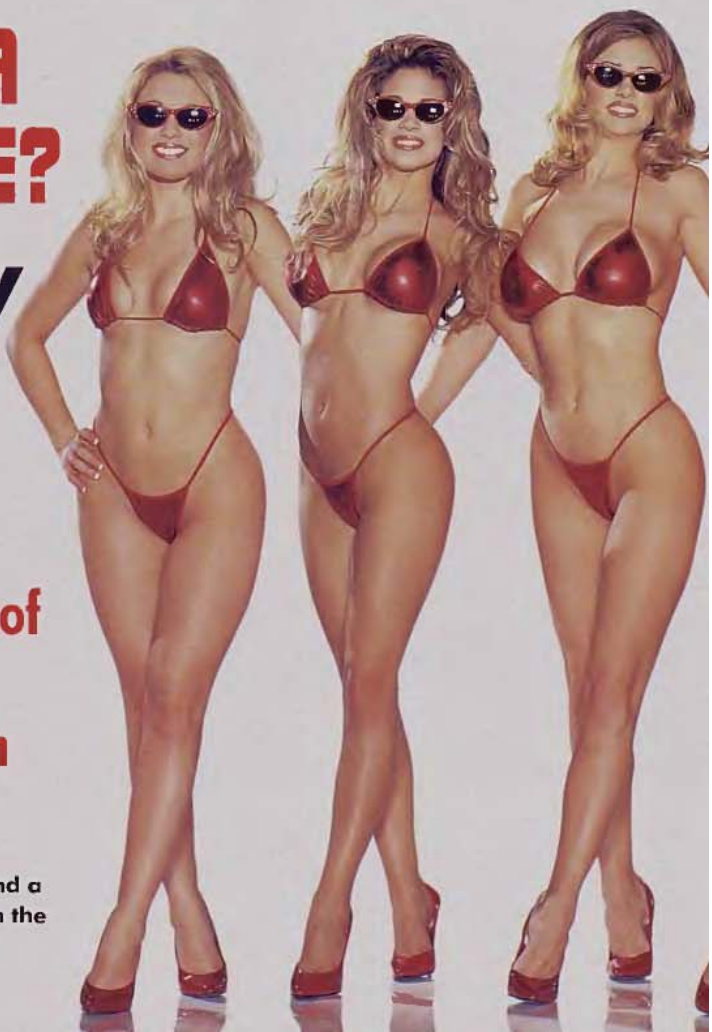
Leave it to PLAYBOY to portray adult stars (*The Women of Porn*, March) with such class and style. The beautiful Tera


# WHO WANTS TO BE A PLAYBOY PLAYMATE?

## *Reality TV Gets Sexy in Fox' Two-Hour Television Special*

**Go behind the scenes, behind the lives, behind closed doors as a bevy of beautiful girls vie for the honor of becoming the Playmate of the Month in the July 2002 issue of Playboy.**

**From a nationwide search, many are called but few are chosen to spend a special week in Los Angeles. They primp, they pose, they party. But in the end, only one will be Playmate of the Month. Who would you choose?**



Patrick shines brighter than the others and deserves her own pictorial.

Brian Nylaan
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Don't porn stars get enough exposure? If I wanted to see them, I'd subscribe to a triple-X movie club.

Tom Myers
Lebanon, Illinois

These women are gorgeous (my favorite is Asia Carrera), and it's interesting to read their take on what it's like to work in porn.

Stephen Chase
Woodinville, Washington

**WHOLE LOTTA LOVE**

Your March fiction feature, *The Polyamorist* by Gary S. Kadet, portrays polyamorists as cheating swingers. In fact, their lifestyle is like a group marriage. Polyamory is a higher love for people who have been able to evolve beyond selfish jealousy.

Bob McKee
Atlanta, Georgia

**THE WEE SMALL HOURS**

I cried when I read *The Four A.M. Girl* by A.J. Benza (February) because that girl used to be me. I've moved on, but I still wonder in the middle of the night what he's doing. Benza was so dead-on

PLAYBOY, circa 1988.

that it made me believe my lover occasionally thinks of me.

(Name withheld by request)
West Haven, Connecticut

It's closer to five A.M. now and I just read Benza. What was I thinking during all those four A.M.s?

Julie Freeman
Los Angeles, California

How old is A.J. Benza? She isn't coming back for the fabulous sex. She's coming back hoping that he's matured. You are doing your readers a disservice. Plenty of women enjoy casual sex, but no one wants to be treated like an inflatable doll.

Janice Becker
Deerfield, Illinois

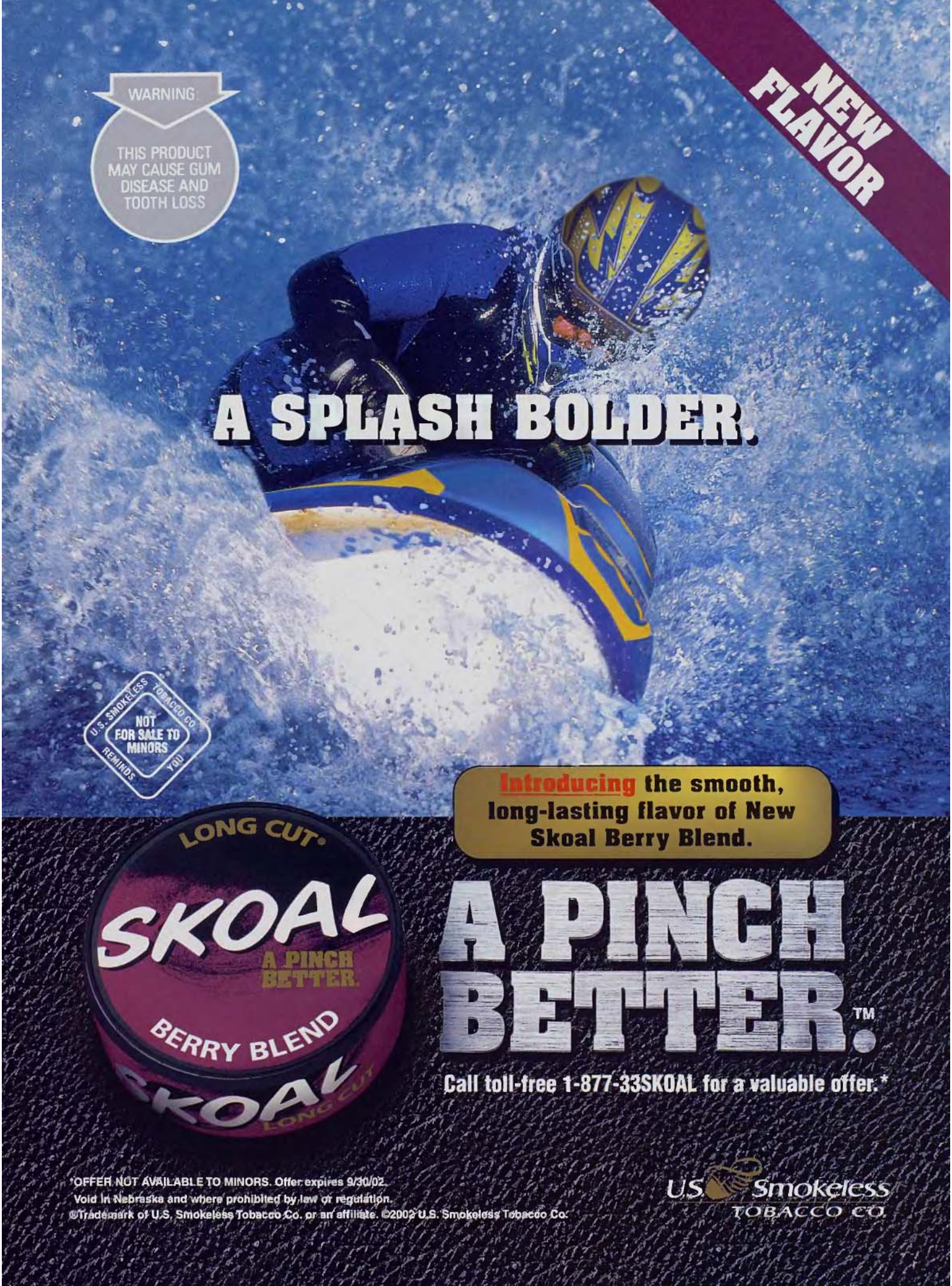
My take is a little different on that four A.M. phenomenon. I let him in—drunk, sheepish, sleepy, whatever. Not everything is all one way.

Ellen Lewis
Seattle, Washington

**UNDER COVER IN KABUL**

Greetings from the Marines, sailors and Department of Security personnel who retook, then reopened, the U.S. Embassy in Kabul, Afghanistan. The embassy was evacuated in 1989 and stood virtually untouched for 12 years. It was like a time capsule, and as we cleared away debris, the Marines found a collection of PLAYBOYS. (Of course, we were only interested in reading the articles.) I like to think the PLAYBOYS were left for the next generation to man this post. It is with great pride that we return this little piece of Americana, autographed, to you.

C.J. Blume
Lieutenant, USMC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# PLAYBOY after hours

A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

### THE ART OF INSULT HUMOR

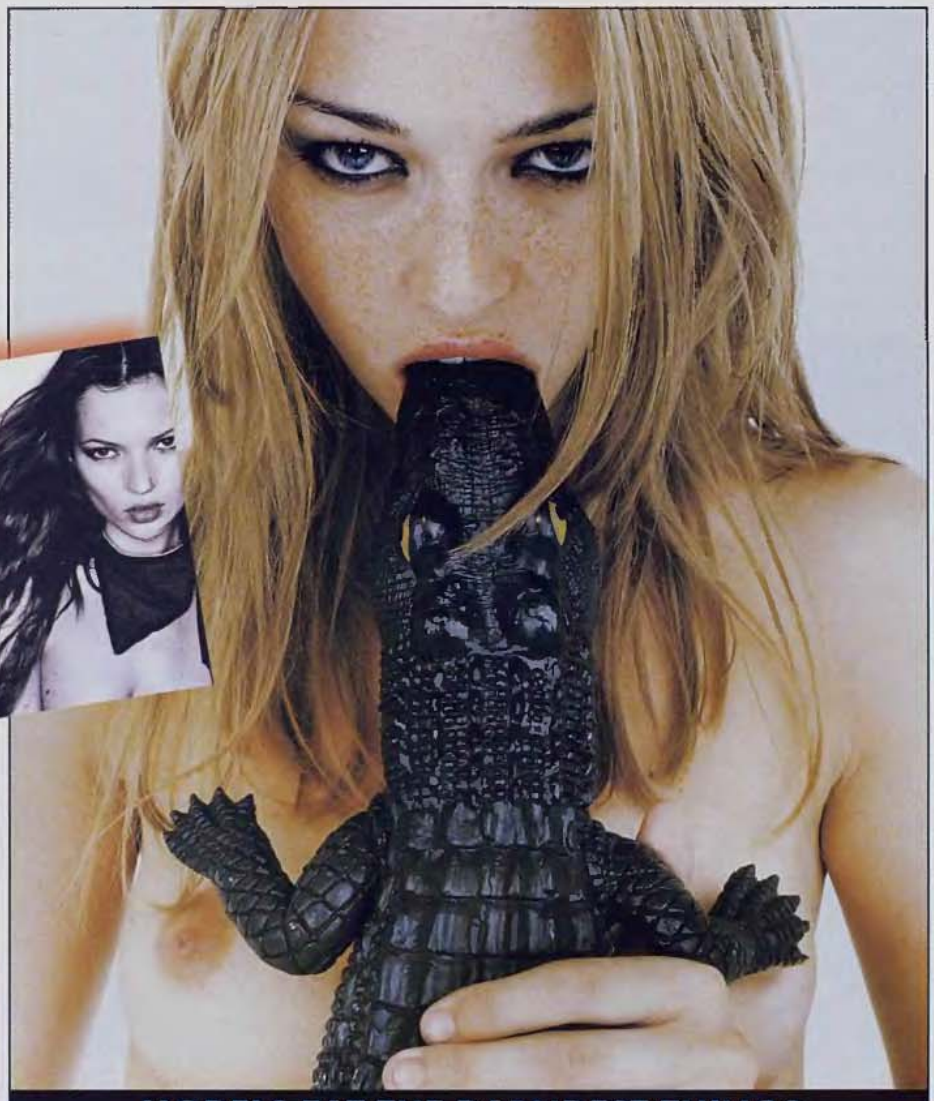
Jeffrey Ross is a comedy writer and performer known for dishing it out better than he takes it. He also produces the annual Friars Club Roasts for television. After he put a smile on our boss' face during Hef's roast, we asked him to break down the basics of busting balls. Ross calls it the Five Fs of insult humor:

*Fast*: Quick response time is important when verbally bashing somebody, particularly when it comes in the form of a comeback. A comeback doesn't have to be that clever—or even make much sense—as long as it is launched from your mouth instantly. Follow this basic example: "Friend #1: Nice suit! What did you do? Fuck the drapes?" "Friend #2: Yeah, I did—right after I fucked your sister!" Timing is everything. Comic breaths come and go in a flash. Be prepared! Insult humor isn't just an art, it's a reflex.

*Funny*: Never overanalyze an insult. Something is either funny or not. Your gut feelings are always right. Just remember one thing: If an insult doesn't offend somebody somewhere, it's probably not funny. Rosie O'Donnell strives hard not to offend anyone and hence is about as funny as diabetes.

*Filthy*: Insult humor tastes best when served raw. Go for the jugular! Hey, if you're going to push the envelope you might as well push it with your cock, right? Example: "My Aunt Rava is so old her pussy has mice!"

*Friendly*: Always be sure to shmooze before you slam. You want your friends to like you afterward. Example: "Hey, Roger. You're a really great guy—but your breath smells like an anchovy's cunt." The savvy insultist will often avoid



## MODELS EAT THE DARNDEST THINGS

The photographer who goes by the single name Rankin wanted to prove his equonimity by shooting *Models Wanted—Any Age, Any Size: The Nude Photography of Rankin* (Universe). His idea was to let the women decide how they wanted to be seen. "It's about them feeling good about taking off their clothes. None of them are doing it for me," he says. The result is intriguing, though we must soy some of the subjects did more for us than others did.

## GET MEDIEVAL

It's a swing. It's a chaise. It's a swing. Stop—you're both right! The Love Rocker, available online, is designed to take unwanted strain out of sex. As with any piece of gym equipment, good form and mirrors are optional—but in this case, wiping down the machine after use is a must. With a collapsible frame and multiple uses, it appeals to the lazy fucker in all of us.

conflict by delivering jabs in the form of a backhanded compliment. Example: "Hugh Hefner has fondled more playmates than Michael Jackson."

*Fuck*: Throwing in an extra fuck here and there makes everything funnier. Example: "Nice tie, fuckface!"

Milton Berle once told me that audiences only remember the home runs. I always try to hit home runs. Now you, too, have the knowledge. Go forth and carry a big shtick!

### FASHION IS THE FETISH

For fashion fetish gear, nothing kicks ass like the clothing in Catherine Coatney's sexually charged catalog. It includes such items as leather-and-Lycra anal underpants, a cupless leather bustier and a mesh-and-feather circle skirt. You're probably already a fan—her designs lent support to the tough chicks in such movies as *The Matrix*, *Batman Forever* and *The Crow*. We were delighted to review her designs at Astroglide's Night of Fashion, Fetish and Fun in West Hollywood. "Sexy things are always sexy—this is not a seasonal style," says Coatney.

## KISS OFF

That Rankin is one busy photographer. In his book *Snog*, he has assembled 55 shots of people kissing. Some boys share a tender kiss with their girls. Some girls share a tender kiss with their girls. Some are great kissers and some have way too much metal in and around their mouths. Because Rankin zooms in tight, we see all sorts of dermatological imperfections—reinforcing the notion that when you do kiss, it's probably a good idea to close your eyes.

## EXTREME X-COUNTRY

While Crosskate's 616 Backcountry skates were built as a summertime alternative to cross-country skiing, they'll be of interest to unhinged individuals who enjoy booking along trails at up to 30 mph. The wheels carve into downhill turns and come with disc brakes—because wiping out on dirt is harder than on powder.

### BA B and D

British Airways wants to know what happened to the 255 pairs of handcuffs it stocked to restrain unruly passengers. It has offered amnesty to any BA employee who might care to return them. The company's official line is classic corporate spin: "Clearly our crews are so professional, they practice the restraint procedures at home." A memo to employees in BA's in-house magazine, *Cabin Crew News*, however, was more to the point: "Your exotic practices in the bedroom are your business, but please stick to the Ann Summers furry handcuffs. Replacing the ones from the restraint kit is costing BA a fortune."

### SPACE UNAVAILABLE

Prompted by the space tourist phenomenon, the International Space Station partnership has issued an official set of rules delineating who will be permitted on board its space station. Deemed astronauta non grata: anyone with a poor work record or poor military record, anyone exhibiting criminal or dishonest tendencies, anyone guilty of lying or fraud and anyone who drinks too much. However, we can think of a few character types who would make far less desirable space companions. Such as: anyone who goes through more than two boxes of Gas-X per day. Anyone who giggles during training whenever the words coupling or Uranus are used. Anyone named Osama, Suge, Regis or Bugsy. Anyone who sweats gravy just lacing up his high-tops. Anyone who voted for Gore, invested in Enron or bet on the Rams. Anyone who asks what enemas are like when you're in zero gravity. And, most of all, anyone who even vaguely resembles Geraldo Rivera.

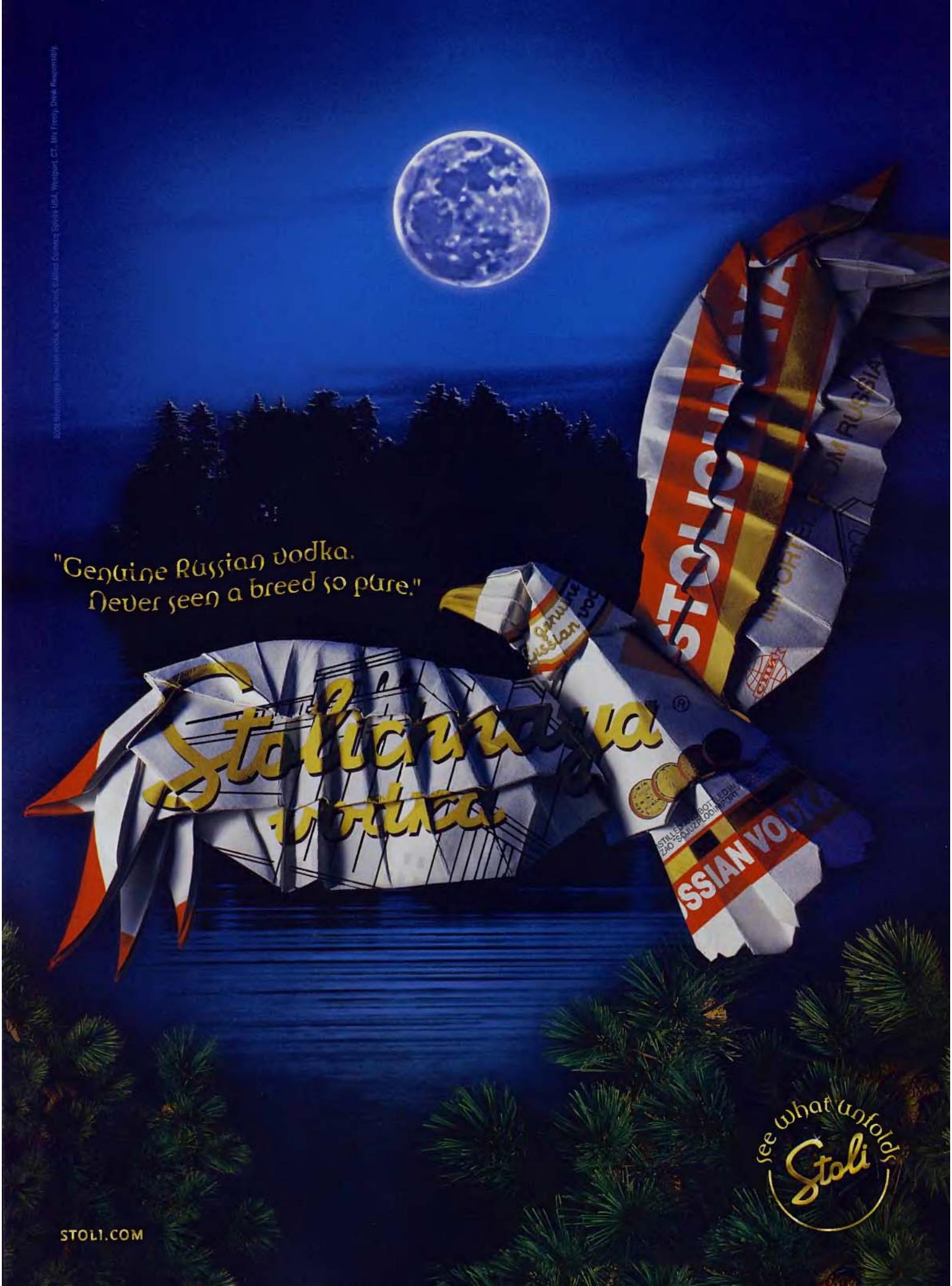
"In one film I had to strap my breasts down and in another push them up." —Hilary Swank

### NOBEL PIECE PRIZE

Married men should be cheered by the findings of Professor Gustaaf Dekker of Australia's University of Adelaide. Dekker says that women can have safer and more successful pregnancies by—not to put too fine a point on it—giving head to daddy. Regular contact prior to pregnancy—particularly oral contact—will allow her immune system to accept her lover's sperm. This, in turn, helps prevent high blood pressure and other health complications. Dekker also says semen's oral protective effect is strongest if the woman swallows. Yes, it's true, and you can clip this item, laminate it and keep it near the tissues.

### THE TIP SHEET

*Sex in the sheets*: An $18 room-service item available at New York's W Times Square hotel. It consists of a pint of ice cream, chocolate and butterscotch syrups, a bowl of whipped cream, marshmallows and a plastic bedsheet. For another $20, they'll toss in a Polaroid throwaway camera.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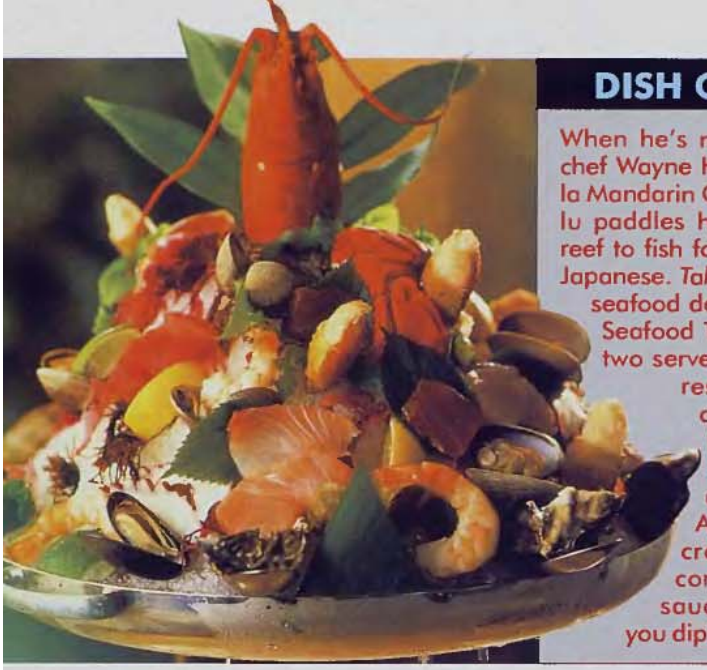


## DISH OF THE MONTH

When he's not busy in the kitchen, chef Wayne Hirabayashi at the Kahala Mandarin Oriental Hotel in Honolulu paddles his surfboard out to the reef to fish for baby octopus—*tako* in Japanese. *Tako* is just one of the fresh seafood delicacies lounging on the Seafood Tower, a $65 splurge for two served at Hoku's, the hotel's restaurant. Other delicacies on ice include *'opihi* (a sweet, bite-size mollusk), shrimp, lobster, and ahi tuna sashimi. A plume of tea leaves crowns the tower, which comes with seven dipping sauces. The best sip while you dip? Champagne, of course.

*Ebanned.net*: An auction site for the perv in you. Enterprising young women, some skinny, some with a touch of avoirdupois, sell their used pajamas, panties and wickedly sticky lollipops.

*Abe Grady*: Emigrated in the 1860s from County Clare to the U.S., where he married a black woman and ultimately became great-grandfather of Cassius Clay. It's all according to genealogists at the County Clare Heritage Center, who now claim Ali as part fighting Irish.

"I don't like the stigma of being a female artist. The only difference between me and everybody else is I don't have a dick. And sometimes I've got more balls than half the guys I perform with."
—Lennon Murphy

*Vaginal photoplethysmograph*: The medical research device inserted into the vagina to measure moisture and swelling in studies of female sexual arousal. Don't leave home without it.

*Branding iron*: The U.S. military's efforts to come up with palatable code names for operations were rated by brand consultants at Master-McNeil. Among the dumb bombs: operations Noble Obelisk, Productive Effort, Golden Pheasant and our favorite, Nimrod Dancer.

*Nobscan.com*: The penis as puppet, inkblot and lunar landscape, courtesy of guys who used to abuse copier machines.

*Strip Joint Grooves, Volumes 1 and 2*: Euro-trash house by Vincenzo, on the Dessous label. Perfect music for staring at the cover art.

### A KINSEY REPORT

Indiana University Press had to look overseas for a printer willing to handle its new illustrated volume *Sex and Humor: Selections From the Kinsey Institute*. The book finally was produced by Kings Time Printing Press of Kowloon, Hong Kong—situated at 114 King Fuk Street.

### WHAT THE CLUCK?

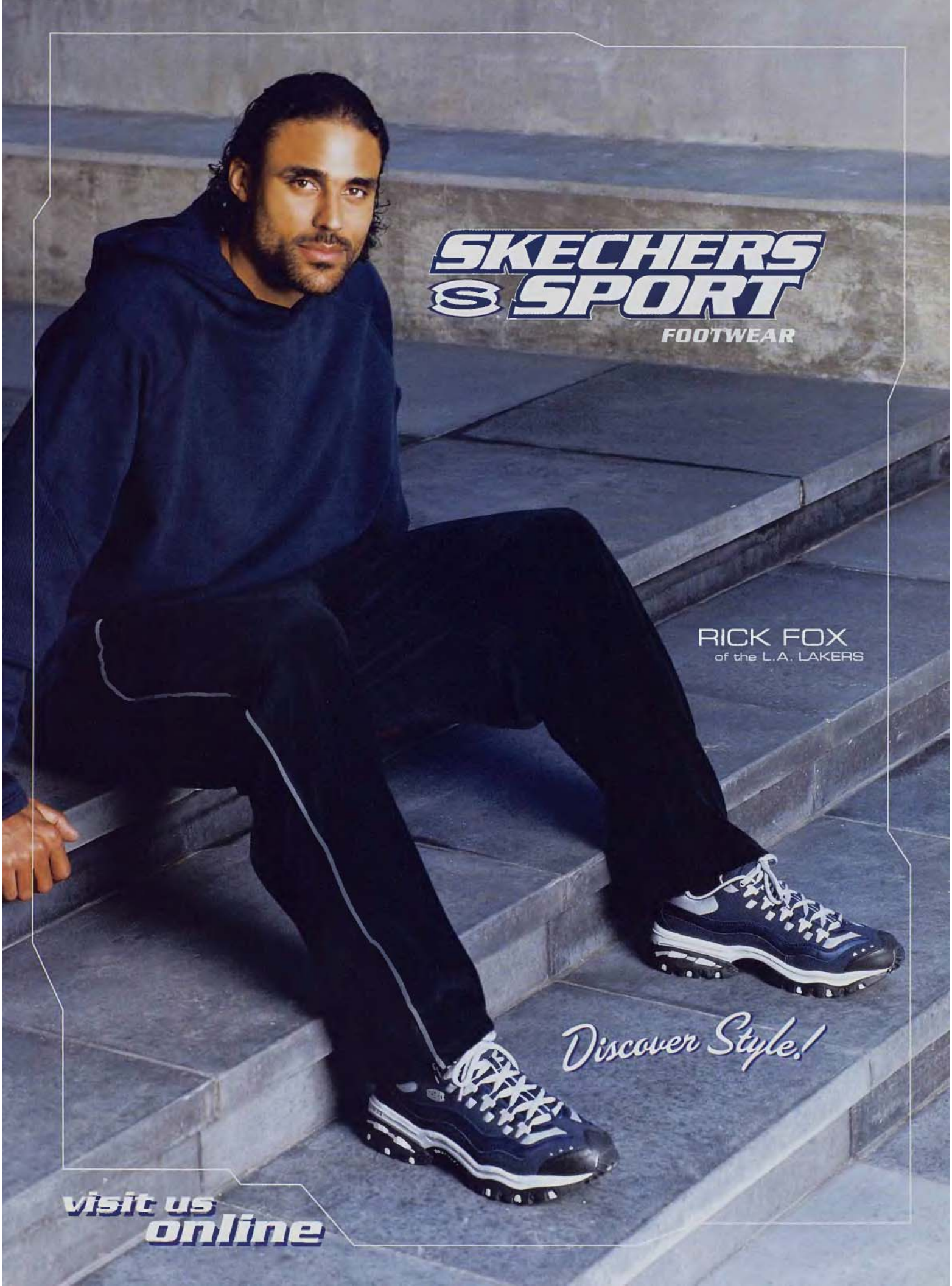
Question: How many Philadelphians would rise before dawn to watch a bunch of slobs stuff themselves with chicken wings to a point beyond regurgitation? Answer: We may never know, because after 23,000 men, women and children crowded into Philadelphia's First Union Center, countless more were turned away. The event was Wing Bowl—a post–football season celebration of gluttony, lust and debauchery. It started in 1993, after another disappointing season for the Philadelphia Eagles had ended. "We wanted to have something to look forward to that weekend," says Angelo Cataldi, morning host on WIP-AM, a local sports-talk station. "A chicken wing–eating contest was the dumbest thing we could think of." The first wingding drew 150 spectators to the lobby of a local hotel. A few years later the crowds were so great the organizers moved it to a stadium. These days, it's loaded with pomp and pulchritude. Contestants arrived in gaudy outfits and nubile women served as cheerleaders. This year's winner—Bill "El Wingador" Simmons—bested a field of 29 by consuming 143 chicken wings in 30 minutes. "Only one of them blew lunch onstage this year," remarked Cataldi. "Still, it was a great Wing Bowl."

### DUDE LOOKS LIKE A LADY

You know you've made it in rock when there's a tribute band mimicking your songs. Now the current testament to greatness is having an all-girl tribute band worship your work. The Ramones have the Ramonas, Iron Maiden the Iron Maidens, U2 has Exit and Kiss has Kissexy. The heavyweight in the battle of the bands is AC/DC, which has at least

## WHY GIRLS SAY YES: REASON #23

***Because I was selfish:*** "You want to get me into bed, tell me that all you want to do is please me—me and only me. Pure Laura love. It'll do the trick instantly. Ladies love to be the center of attention, to be told that we're beautiful, wonderful and the only one—especially when we're buck naked! This DJ guy I knew constantly told me he wanted to please me orally and was explicit with the details. I didn't find him at all attractive—he was actually rather repulsive. Still, his confidence aroused me. Did I feel guilty for not wanting to reciprocate? Hell, no. If a guy wants to give me head, I'll indulge him. I let him indulge in his fantasy once, twice, even three times. He came over, and I came over and over again."
—L.P., Tucson, Arizona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# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"That's awesome for short, fat guys. It will look like I can jump."—PITTSBURGH PIRATES OUTFIELDER BRIAN GILES, ON THE 6-FOOT-HIGH LEFT FIELD FENCE AT PNC PARK

### BLOW WINDS BLOW

Wind speed, in miles per hour, at which a tropical storm technically becomes a hurricane: 74.

### K-Y RATION

According to a study by the manufacturer of K-Y Brand Liquid, the percentage of American men who selected Cameron Diaz as the top female star they would want to sleep with: 18. Percentage of American men who would most want to have sex with Michelle Pfeiffer: 14. Penelope Cruz: 11. Heather Graham: 7. Tyra Banks: 6.

### CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

Number of roller coasters in the world: 1281. Percentage of them situated in North America: 49.

### RUSH HOUR III

According to the Texas Transportation Institute, the last year in which rush hour was actually 60 minutes long: 1970. Number of hours rush hour lasted in 1999: 3.

### SUGAR BOMBS

Number of Pop-Tarts airlifted into Afghanistan by the U.S. during the first month of bombing: 2.4 million.

### STROKES OF GOOD FORTUNE

According to a report in the *British Medical Journal*, number of orgasms per year that will reduce a man's likelihood of suffering a fatal coronary by 36 percent: 100.

### FLAGSHIP FLAG

Price paid at an eBay auction for the world's heaviest U.S. flag (7.8 tons, stretching 411 feet in length and 210 feet in width): $12,300.

**FACT OF THE MONTH**

One of the earliest inventions by William Hewlett and Dave Packard—founders of Hewlett Packard—was an automatic urinal flusher.

### RUN INTO THE GROUND

The percentage of shock-absorbing capacity lost by running shoes after being worn for 500 miles of running or walking: 80.

### HAVE A HAMMER

Average cost to build a Habitat for Humanity home in the U.S.: $46,600. The lowest cost of building such a home in a developing country: $800. Number of Habitat homes built around the globe since 1976: 100,000.

### HOT AND COLD

According to the National Defense Council Foundation, number out of 193 countries evaluated that had serious conflicts during 2001: 59. Number of conflicts in 2000: 68. Average number of conflicts during the Cold War years: 35.

### COST OF A FRONT ROW SEAT

Price paid at auction for the 1948 diesel-powered General Motors bus (formerly stripped and gutted and used as a toolshed) in which Rosa Parks refused to obey Alabama law one day in December 1955 and give up her seat to a white man, thus launching the civil rights movement: $492,000.

### BEWARE ENRONITIS

Percentage of 401(k) plan participants who have borrowed money from their accounts: 20. Average outstanding balance of these loans: $6800.

### PRETAX, PRO-CHOICE

The percentage of Americans with health insurance provided by their employers who are covered for abortion services: 37. —BETTY SCHAAL

three cover bands: Hell's Belles, Whole Lotta Rosies and AC/DShe. We await the formation of Guns n' Hos with Muff McKagan providing some bottom.

### STOCKS AND BARRY BONDS

Trading baseball cards was good training for buying and selling stocks. Now cardmaker Topps has brought together these manly pastimes. The company celebrated its 50th birthday by unveiling Etopps, a service that allows you to trade sports cards online and cash out on smart trades. It all begins with an IPO—initial player offering—conducted on topps.com. Topps' inaugural IPO last fall saw the limited release (5000 to 12,500) of 10 different player cards. You won't find any latter-day Mario Mendozas (he of the career .215 batting average) in the bunch—think Jeter, Ripken, Gwynn and Bonds. Cards start out between $3.50 and $9.50 and appreciate or depreciate over time, depending on whether your player chooses to flirt with .400 or with strippers at the Gold Club. Barry Bonds debuted at $9.50 and rose to $31 when he broke McGwire's record, while Ripken went from $6.50 to $33 when he hung up his cleats for the last time. New IPOs come out each week, which means one of these days even the Devil Rays will have a player involved.

## DOWN MAMMARY LANE

We couldn't let publication of *The Breast Book* (Workman) go without comment. This thin ode to sweater puppies barely tweaks the tip of its subject. Not that we're knocking it, mind you. It has its well-formed insights, and supports them with some wonderfully gauzy material.

### INTERVIEW WITH THE WEBMASTER

As the longtime publisher of Marvel Comics, Stan Lee is directly or indirectly responsible for some of our most familiar cultural icons—the Incredible Hulk,

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MINI DATA SHEET

NAME: MINI Cooper S

LENGTH: 143.9" HEIGHT: 55.7" WEIGHT: 2,678 lbs

HORSEPOWER: 163 TOP SPEED: 135

BIRTH DATE: January 15, 2002 BIRTHPLACE: Oxford, England

AMBITIONS: To turn every which way but back.

TURN-ONS: Hairpins, s-turns, switchbacks, on-ramps, off-ramps, traffic circles, spiral parking ramps and British accents.

TURNOFFS: Those severe tire damage things.

SPECIAL TALENTS: Motoring down the highway and controlling the insect population.

THE PERFECT PARTNER: Someone who's unafraid of a seasoned odometer.

FAVORITE SCENT: Premium octane in the early morning.

THE END TO A PERFECT DAY: A hand-washing with warm, sudsy water and a nice wax.

SPARE TIME IS FOR: Helping less fortunate motorers in need of a jumpstart.

PHRASE TO LIVE BY: Idle wheels are the devil's workshop.

Celebrating a win at Monte Carlo in '64

More than a handsome exterior

Cruising down Upper Grand in L.A.

Data Sheet format and Femlin Design are used with permission of Playboy.

202 YCN 77

# MINI'S MOTORING SPOTS

*The following suggestions of roads and pit stops have been made by fans of MINI. Thanks for the contributions, everyone.*

## *Southeast*

There's no debating it. If you have the means and the nerves, go to Deal's Gap, Tapoco, NC, a.k.a. Tail of the Dragon. OK, it's officially called US Highway 129. But with 318 turns in 11 miles, the nickname fits it well. A lot of sport bike racers go here to test their skills and courage. In other words, it's perfect if you have a MINI. Plus, it's one of the only stretches of road that has its own web site. (www.dealsgap.com)

After that ride, you'll want to catch your breath. Head over to Highway 441 near Waynesville, NC. The view of the Smokey Mountains will put you at ease. Surely all this motoring will make you hungry. Pop in to Henry's Smokehouse on North Main St. in Simpsonville, SC. Someone once said this was the best BBQ in the world. Nobody argued.

## *Northeast*

New England during autumn. You don't get much more beautiful than that. Sometime in October, hit I-91 in Vermont, along the New Hampshire border. You'll get an eye-widening look at the colorful foliage of the turning seasons. Or head down Route 126 near Concord, MA and view the picturesque countryside that inspired Henry David Thoreau to write Walden. A pile of stones marks the spot where the poet spent time in the 1800's.

If beautiful machinery is more your scene, cruise down the Berlin Turnpike in Newington, CT. Friday and Saturday are Pike Nights where a variety of automotive style and power gathers under the golden arches to check-out and be checked-out. Have faith in your ride and you'll make it through okay.

Take a ride along Route 97 from Port Jervis to Hancock, NY. Or as locals call it, the Hawk's Nest. You'll hug the rock cliffs through a series of S-turns. The overlooking view of the thousand foot drop-off to the Delaware River will make you wonder why you don't motor here more often.

## *Midwest*

If you've never heard of Amelia, OH you're not alone. But after motoring along Route 125 towards Portsmouth through more than 100 miles of switchbacks, hair pins, whoop-de-doos and the occasional wicked straightaway, you'll want to name your next child Amelia.

The midwest is home to thousands of out-of-the-way eateries. The Louisburg Cider Mill along Route 69 in Kansas has to be one of the best. The fresh apple cider and cider donuts are terrific. You can even see how they're made. Just promise not to say "We're not in Kansas anymore" when you leave the state. It gets old really fast.

## *West*

For sheer visual pleasure, it's hard to top US 50 in the Colorado Rockies, between Gunnison and Montrose. As if thousands of feet of elevation overlooking mountains and lakes and forests weren't enough, the road curves and winds through enough hairpins to give your neck hairs a little exercise.

If you ever find yourself near Bakersfield, CA, there're two sights that'll have you reaching for your camera. First, the Jumbo Jet Graveyard which is, well, a graveyard for jumbo jets. Then you've got fields of hundreds of wind turbines that stretch on for miles. A sight you need to see to fully grasp.

Just south of San Francisco, in a little town called Pescadero, there's a General Store that sells fresh, tasty artichoke bread. As it just so happens they also sell wine. And there's a beach nearby that somehow seems incomplete without a pair of beach chairs and a bit of romance.

Everyone knows the fun that can be had motoring through the hills of San Francisco, but be sure to take a ride up to Twin Peaks. The road to get to the summit is long and twisty, and the view of the city below beats any postcard you'll ever find.

*For more information on MINI, or motoring, or motoring in a MINI, visit **MINI**USA.COM. If you have a good motoring spot or story to tell, head to **MINI**USA.COM/MotoringStory.*

## BLUEPRINTS FOR LIVING

Careful readers of PLAYBOY's Mantrack section will recall the monthly blueprints that appear on the first page. They give you helpful advice on how to build a fire or how to get lipstick off your collar. A collection of these blueprints is now available from Cedco Publishing. We particularly like the snoppy cover.

the X-Men and the Fantastic Four. He has also influenced a generation of writers and filmmakers ("Stan and I do the same thing, only my pictures move," Steven Spielberg said). With the arrival of the movie *Spider-Man*, we talked with Lee about literacy, the future of puny humans, and nonmutant flat scans.

*When you started, comics were blamed for everything from juvenile delinquency to illiteracy. How does it feel now that you get respect from Hollywood heavies and U.S. presidents (Ronald Reagan and George Bush are Marvel fans)?*

It's funny, and not only because comics have become part of popular culture. We always used to get the opposite reaction from people than you'd think. We'd get letters from parents congratulating us for helping their kids read. One of the things we insisted on was using college-level vocabulary words in our stories. We figured that if we used words like catatonic and misanthropic, the worst thing that would happen was that they'd run to the dictionary and look them up. We had teachers telling us their students were developing reading skills from our comics. So we always felt we were performing a public service. I think the entire comic industry should be tax-exempt.

*What makes a character popular?*

There are a lot of reasons. The Silver Surfer appeals to readers because of his philosophy. Here's a guy from another world who speculates on man's inhumanity to man and the way we squander our resources. The X-Men are popular because of the alienation factor. They want to help people, yet they are harassed and hunted because they are different. And Spider-Man is Everyman. Before we created Spider-Man, there were no superheroes who worried about things like earning a living, paying college tuition or getting dates.

*What do you think of the current spate of movies based on comic books?*

These days superheroes don't have to worry about getting embarrassed with low-budget productions. Cinematography has advanced to where it now can do justice to comics. No matter how wild it is, there is nothing that you can think of that they can't do in a movie today. There are some older movies that I wish had been able to do that. The Captain America movie was low-budget and I was disappointed. Back then there wasn't a budget for comic movies. Now producers realize how big an audience these projects have, and they have budgets of $60 million to $100 million. *Blade* was great. *X-Men* was sensational. And I expect *Spider-Man* to be even better.

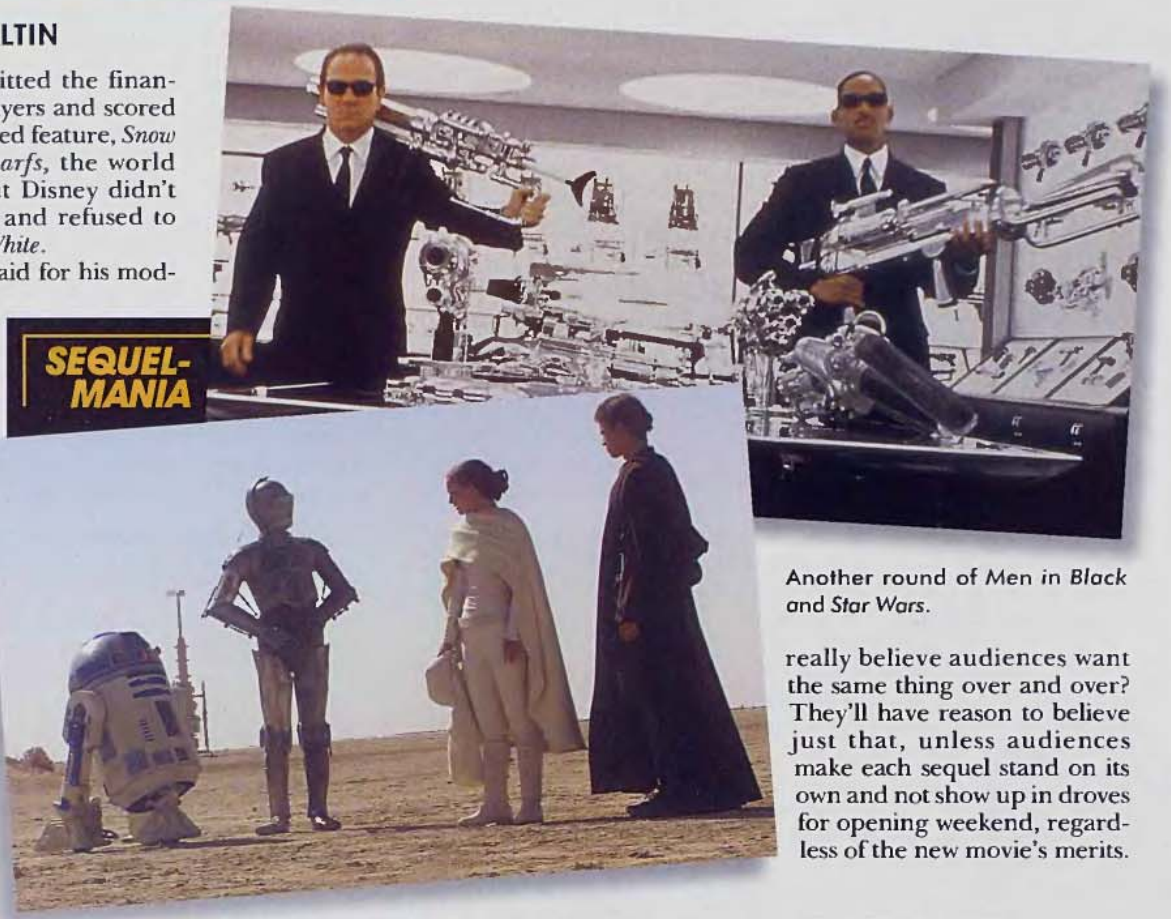
"For *Human Nature*, I came up with this pubic rug, or hairpiece, which was stitched onto my panties. It was totally my idea. I think the pubic hairpiece caused quite a stir, especially when I was posing for publicity photos. The guys couldn't take their eyes off it."—Patricia Arquette

## BABE OF THE MONTH

**Donna Air** isn't yet a household name in the U.S., but the British tabloids have chronicled her hell-raising for years. "I've done enough partying for the whole of the next millennium," says the 22-year-old actress. In 1995 Donna formed the pop duo Crush, but the band's album enjoyed limited success. "We were big in Japan and Texas," Donna told a British lad magazine. "I know what things I'm good at, and singing isn't one of them!" She then presented videos, instead of making them, on British MTV. She had small roles in small films, as well as a blink-and-you'll-miss-her turn as a showgirl in *The Mummy Returns*. Ambition and an older boyfriend haven't tamed this wildcat. "I have my fluffy kitten moments and my tiger moments," she purrs.

By LEONARD MALTIN

## SEQUEL-MANIA



Another round of *Men in Black* and *Star Wars*.

WHEN WALT DISNEY outwitted the financiers, pundits and naysayers and scored a hit with his first animated feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, the world clamored for more. But Disney didn't want to repeat himself and refused to make a sequel to *Snow White*.

The same cannot be said for his modern-day counterparts, even at the Disney studio, where contrived follow-ups to such classics as *Lady and the Tramp* and *Cinderella* roll off the assembly line and onto video store shelves on a regular basis. (You mean, the story of Cinderella didn't end at midnight?)

Sequels have always existed, but more as exceptions than as rules. That began to change in the Eighties, when movies included everything from *Jaws: The Revenge* to *Poltergeist III* to seven—count 'em—*Police Academy* movies, as well as endless returns of Freddie Krueger.

Few of these rip-offs came close to the box-office success of the original films, until Hollywood decided to put more muscle and money into its sequels. Thus the franchise was born, which has yielded the likes of the *Lethal Weapon* series.

This summer we're in for a slew of sequels, many of them featuring the same talent (on both sides of the camera) as their forerunners: ***Men in Black 2, Austin Powers 3, Stuart Little 2, Spy Kids 2: The Island of Lost Dreams*** and, of course, ***Star Wars Episode 2: Attack of the Clones*** (which, in fairness, George Lucas has always envisioned as part of a six-episode story). Not too far down the line we'll see ***Halloween: Resurrection, Star Trek: Nemesis, Once Upon a Time in Mexico: Desperado 2, Charlie's Angels 2, X-Men 2, The Matrix Reloaded, Meet the Fockers*** and ***Analyze That,*** plus, of course, the next installments of ***The Lord of the Rings*** and ***Harry Potter.***

Is this truly the state of mainstream moviemaking? Do Hollywood executives really believe audiences want the same thing over and over? They'll have reason to believe just that, unless audiences make each sequel stand on its own and not show up in droves for opening weekend, regardless of the new movie's merits.

### CURRENT FILMS

***About a Boy*** casts Hugh Grant as a hedonistic, bed-hopping Londoner who thinks only of himself—until fate brings a lonely 12-year-old boy into his life. Against his better judgment, Grant finds himself actually caring about the kid. Based on a book by Nick Hornby (*High Fidelity*), this tragicomedy manages to touch chords about the messiness of real life without losing its sense of humor. This is also the kind of film that makes

## CALLING THE SHOTS

Attention, film buffs: In the next few months we'll be seeing work by such filmmakers as David Semel, Perry Andelin Blake, Kevin Donovan and Roger Kumble.

If those names aren't as familiar as Robert Altman's—or David Fincher's—there's good reason. A surprising number of major-studio movies are being piloted by young directors, many of them making their feature-film debuts.

David Semel, director of ***Lone Star State of Mind,*** has had a healthy career in television. After making his name as a production designer, Perry Andelin Blake moves to the director's chair for the Dana Carvey comedy ***Master of Disguise.*** Award-winning TV commercial director Kevin Donovan is masterminding Jackie Chan's ***Tuxedo,*** while Roger Kumble is the veteran of the bunch, having written a handful of films and directed ***Cruel Intentions*** and its sequel.

Jackie Chan gets Kevin Donovon's riff.

But some novices resent the idea of being thought of as new kids on the block. McG, who directed the smash hit ***Charlie's Angels,*** came from the world of music videos. While he doesn't consider himself a master storyteller, he points out—correctly—that he has put millions of feet of film through a camera, shooting the likes of Smashmouth and Barenaked Ladies.

On the part of the studios, entrusting movie production to a relative newcomer isn't considered a major risk. A new director can always lean on his cinematographer, production designer and assistant director to shoulder much of the responsibility. And if all else fails, he can be replaced. —L.M.

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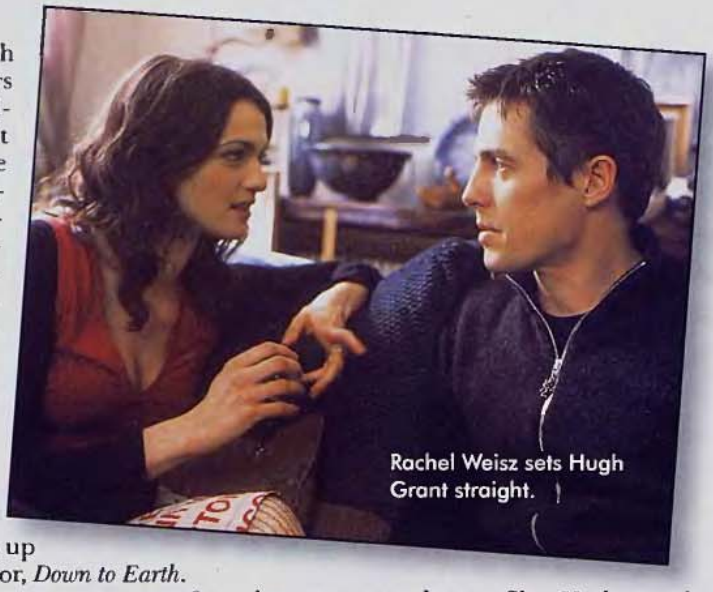
you care enough about the characters to overlook credibility gaps. Grant couldn't be more perfect in the leading role, and Nicholas Hoult is endearing and believable as the neglected boy who learns to stand up for himself. Filmmakers Chris and Paul Weitz score points for humanism with this likable film, which goes a little way toward making up for their last endeavor, *Down to Earth*.


Rachel Weisz sets Hugh Grant straight.

It will take more to compensate for making anyone sit through ***The Salton Sea,*** another of the seemingly endless movies named for California locations no one outside the area knows or cares about. Val Kilmer plays a druggie who leads a disheveled life because—it turns out—he's really a stoolie for the LAPD. But that's not the whole story, either. As this film noir wannabe unfolds, we learn the simplistic back story that has brought Kilmer to this unhappy place. Meanwhile, we spend quality time with an astonishing array of scummy characters, played by such talented people as Anthony LaPaglia and Vincent D'Onofrio.

***Triumph of Love*** is a queer duck of a movie, based on a French play by Pierre Marivaux, first performed in the 18th century. It's a hybrid of romantic comedy and farce, based on mistaken identity and gender confusion: In other words, it's the kind of thing that works much better onstage than on film. Undeterred, director Clare Peploe has done her best to transform the material, with the help of a willing cast led by Ben Kingsley and Fiona Shaw. But only Mira Sorvino transcends the innate silliness of the material. Her glowing presence and total commitment to her character—a princess who disguises herself as a man, then woos both men and women at an Italian villa—makes the film worth seeing.

Then there's the New Zealand import ***Rain,*** the kind of film that takes its time, makes its points quietly—often obliquely—and seems more interesting in retrospect than it does while you're watching it. This mood piece deals with a family running from reality, living at the beach as Dad rebels against conformity, Mom seeks solace in drink, a little boy lives in a cocoon of innocence and his sister tries to understand what makes them all tick as she deals with her adolescence.

## SCENE STEALER

**MIRA SORVINO. NOW ON-SCREEN IN:** The gender-bending period comedy *Triumph of Love*, with Ben Kingsley. **WITH FIVE MOVIES COMING UP, WILL SHE BE TAKING A BREATHER?** "Right now, I'm taking a little time off. I bought a house last year for the first time—I've always been an apartment dweller—and I'm renovating my house." **IS MOVIE-MAKING IN EUROPE DIFFERENT FROM THAT IN AMERICA?** "Definitely. There is a more relaxed feeling. There is wine at every meal—that's a huge difference. I think people there insist on enjoying their lives while they work." **WHAT DO PEOPLE RECOGNIZE YOU MOST FOR?** "For a long time it was *Mighty Aphrodite*, except people don't recognize me because they don't think I look the same physically. I get a lot of reaction to *The Replacement Killers*—'Hey, you were bad!' And I actually had a little girl come up to me in the Louvre a few months ago and start doing my lines from *Romy and Michele*. I was so flattered. It was so cute, and she said, 'Yeah, I've seen it 50 times.'"

## SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin*

***About a Boy*** Hugh Grant is perfectly cast as a London swinger who finds himself becoming a surrogate father to a 12-year-old boy in this adaptation of the Nick Hornby novel. A first-rate tragicomedy. ¥¥¥

***Big Trouble*** Tim Allen heads a first-rate comic ensemble in this adaptation of Dave Barry's novel about Florida characters whose lives collide. There are many laugh-out-loud moments here, but they peter out too soon. Rene Russo co-stars. ¥¥½

***Festival in Cannes*** Filmmaker Henry Jaglom's improvisational style is well showcased in this multicharacter mosaic that's set against the backdrop of the Cannes Film Festival. Greta Scacchi, Anouk Aimée, Ron Silver, Maximilian Schell and Zac Norman star. ¥¥¥

***Panic Room*** Jodie Foster plays a divorced woman who hides with her daughter in the steel-encased "safe room" of their new Manhattan brownstone when three creeps invade the house. David Fincher directed this entertaining thriller, but if he had written the script he might have dodged the all-too-conventional Hollywood finale. ¥¥¥

***Rain*** A New Zealand adolescent tries to deal with coming of age in a dysfunctional family. This thoughtful, low-key film may not be a knockout, but it gets you thinking. ¥¥½

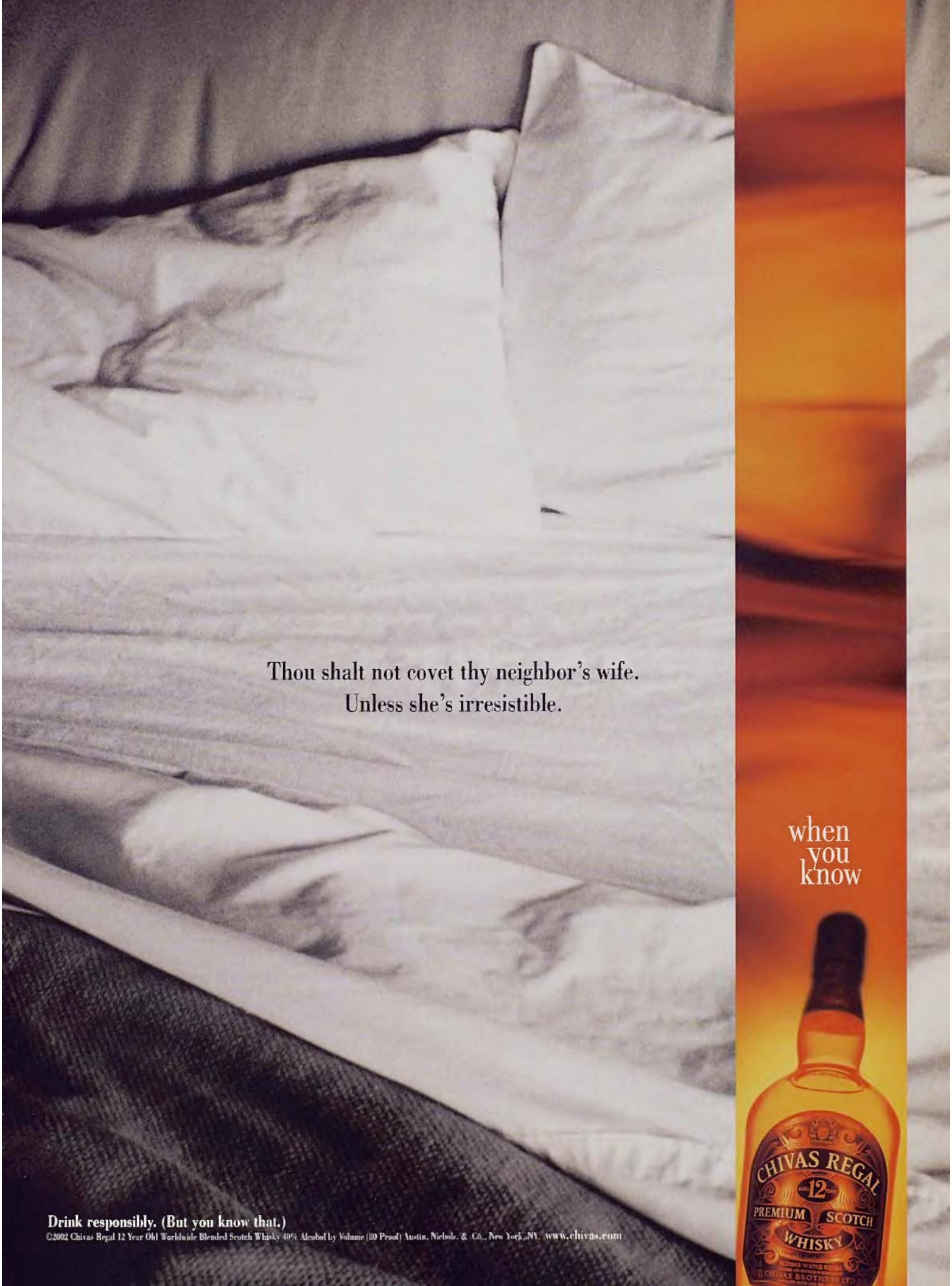
***The Salton Sea*** Val Kilmer plays a druggie who informs for the police in this dreary, derivative film noir that wastes the talents of Anthony LaPaglia, Vincent D'Onofrio and other good actors. ¥

***Showtime*** Robert De Niro and Eddie Murphy play an odd couple thrown together for a TV reality series about Los Angeles cops—but the idea runs out of steam much too soon, despite the stars' best efforts. ¥¥

***The Time Machine*** Guy Pearce is a fine actor, but not the right guy to play the stalwart leading man of this H.G. Wells story—which is just one reason this enjoyable but forgettable remake isn't better than it is. ¥¥½

***Triumph of Love*** Mira Sorvino and Ben Kingsley head the cast of this 18th century French comedy about gender-bending and mistaken identity—the kind of material that plays much better onstage. Sorvino's ebullience adds a lot to the mix. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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## GUEST SHOT

"Film noir paints worlds of alienation, pessimism and cynicism. And certain film noir elements have worked their way into my films," says director **Terry Zwigoff**, creator of such visions of alienation as *Crumb*, the critically acclaimed biopic of cartoonist R. Crumb, and last year's *Ghost World*. "My favorites are *Scarlet Street* by Fritz Lang, *The Asphalt Jungle* by John Huston and the original *Blue Angel*—now, that's a beautiful film." The outsider feeling extends to some of the San Francisco–based filmmaker's contemporary favorites. "I love Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeanors* and Scorsese's *King of Comedy*. I like Kubrick a lot—*Barry Lyndon* and *Lolita* are great. And everything by Sam Fuller, especially *The Big Red One*." —LAURENCE LERMAN

### SEMINAL SIN-EMA

Joe Sarno's 1967 erotic drama *Inga*, starring long-limbed ballerina Marie Liljedahl, makes its way onto DVD this spring, bringing to mind other groundbreaking films that are now coming-of-age rituals. Get out your hankies.

***Behind the Green Door*** (1972): The amazing Marilyn Chambers is pleasured from all directions by women, then pleasures several men while being pleasured from below. Pure pleasure, despite the rough-hewn production.

***The Opening of Misty Beethoven*** (1976): If you want plot in your porn, try this: A prostitute (Constance Money) is turned into a high-society call girl by sexologist Seymour Love (Jamie Gillis). Brilliant. Radley Metzger's masterpiece added elegance to porn and made it chic.

***In the Realm of the Senses*** (1976): Sexual obsession between geisha and master turns bad, with grim consequences for one man's penis. Worse, it's based on a true story.

***Emmanuelle*** (1974): Sylvia Kristel became a sex icon for her portrayal of the bored wife of an aristocrat who finds fulfillment (again and again) in the arms of other men—and women. Before this one, few films had girl-on-girl kissing, much less sex.

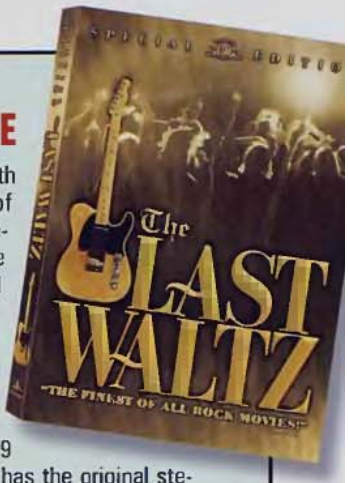
***Betty Blue*** (1986): Béatrice Dalle and Jean-Hugues Anglade have a sexually obsessive relationship that borders on madness. In the end, that's not necessarily a good thing. But until then, it's damned hot. Hard to find, but worth looking for.

***The Lover*** (1991): Not quite porn, but so hot it's blue. Schoolgirl Jane March has a burning, secret and, of course, forbidden affair with older, wealthy, engaged businessman Tony Leung Ka Fai in his "bachelor room" in Twenties' Saigon. Make sure that you get the contortionist-approved unrated version.

***Tokyo Decadence*** (1992): In this allegory depicting the sexual politics of modern Japan, Miho Nikaido plays Ai, a hooker put through her S&M paces with several johns. Allegory? Who cares? You'll watch it for the great anal sex scene.

***Romance*** (1999): The title is ironic, as there is no romance in Caroline Ducey's starkly photographed sexual encounters. The graphic depictions of her one-night stands have been hailed as feminist-cinema landmarks. OK, so where's the sequel? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

### GUILTY PLEASURE



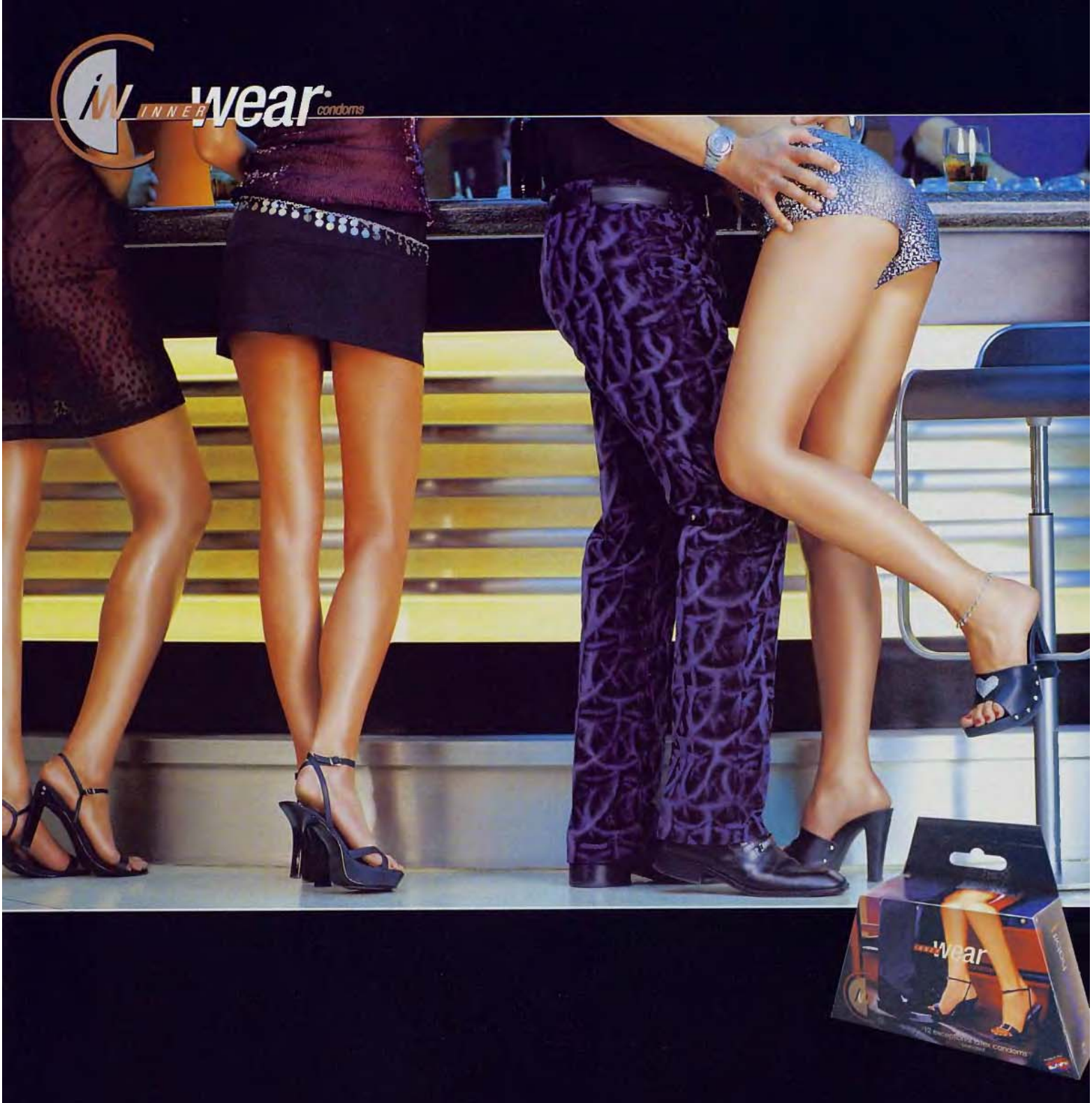

To mark the 25th anniversary of Martin Scorsese's film of the Band's farewell concert, ***The Last Waltz***, MGM has released a Special Edition DVD. The 16x9 digital transfer has the original stereo mix as well as a new digital mix in 5.1 surround sound, supervised by Robbie Robertson. Bonus material includes previously unseen jam footage and performances. There are two full-length commentaries, one featuring Robertson and Scorsese doing a shot-by-shot narrative; the second has Levon Helm, Garth Hudson and others deconstructing lyrics and telling stories about the group and its final concert. *The Last Waltz* closed the most fertile era in American rock music. This film is an eloquent, bittersweet testament.

### DISC ALERT

Finally, those art-house heroes Joel and Ethan Coen have recorded a DVD commentary—for their tasty, Forties-flavored ***The Man Who Wasn't There*** (USA, $27)—and it's a delight from start to finish. Not that it clears up which brother is which. The first voice you hear is unmistakably that of Billy Bob Thornton, who stars as the cuckolded barber whose plan to blackmail his wife's lover turns tragic. Then Ethan, the producer brother, chimes in. Or maybe it's Joel, the director. The lack of scene-setting fanfare from either the star or the siblings (who co-write their scripts) sets the tone for this breezy two-hour viewing, as the film's three primary collaborators reveal lots of what they gigglingly refer to as "secret shit." Tasty tidbits abound, from the fact that the film was shot in color but printed in black and white. They also recall scenes and takes that were either dropped or never shot, such as an early scene in which Thornton's character nonchalantly witnesses an alien landing. Alas, one take they shot but didn't use: Thornton, condemned, looks at the electric chair and says "You've got to be fucking kidding me!" Guess we'll have to wait for the two-disc edition. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## video mood meter

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| BLOCKBUSTER | ***Ocean's 11*** (Clooney, Pitt and company take Las Vegas; Steven Soderbergh's Rat Pack redux has style to burn), ***Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*** (the J.K. Rowling phenomenon goes cinematic; several magic moments). |
| COMEDY | ***Gosford Park*** (director Robert Altman subverts the *Upstairs, Downstairs*–styled whodunit with Yankee panache; a must-see), ***The Sidewalks of New York*** (triple-threat Ed Burns convolutes a trio of Gotham couples; talky but true). |
| DRAMA | ***Monster's Ball*** (racist guard goes soft over executed killer's widow; Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton make it eerily real); ***Ali*** (Will Smith floats and stings like the real thing; Michael Mann's riveting film is a punch or two shy of a KO). |
| RELATIONSHIPS | ***Vanilla Sky*** (Tom Cruise—caught cattin'—is disfigured and sent in search of his soul; Cameron Crowe remakes *Open Your Eyes*), ***Tape*** (two guys and a girl in a hotel room dig at old high school wounds; Ethan Hawke's best performance). |

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# music

BONNIE RAITT is a national treasure, and ***Silver Lining*** (Capitol) may be her finest work yet. A joyous passion animates every song. Raitt's exquisite slide and sexy vocals have never sounded better.

—VIC GARBARINI

Alice Peacock's ethereal voice lends itself to storytelling, and her smart songwriting drives ***Alice Peacock*** (Aware). On *Alabama Boy*, she sings, "You speak the language of hunger" with the conviction of experience. Smart money for a breakout single is *Leading With My Heart*.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

If you're a writer or a passionate reader, ***The Neal Pollack Anthology of American Literature*** (Bloodshot) is devastatingly funny and plain devastating. Pollack has an ear for cliché and the wit to skewer literary culture. The background folk music by the Pine Valley Cosmonauts enables Pollack's spoken-word cynicism to go wherever it wishes. There's nothing to sing along with, but it's hard to sing while you're laughing. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Loud and gruff, Mystikal's voice is not one you'd think would work in hip-hop. Still, on ***Tarantula*** (Jive), he really gets the party started. *Bouncin' Back* is a great, funky cut. —NELSON GEORGE

The fusion quintet Weather Report used compositional brilliance to create the most dynamic and exciting jazz band of the Seventies. ***The Best of Weather Report*** (Legacy) provides a good enough introduction, but it's mistitled. The band's best is actually the 1974 disc, ***Mysterious Traveller,*** an unassailable mix of sound and fury now reissued by the same label. —NEIL TESSER

## fast tracks

**TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT, WHAT YOU REALLY, REALLY WANT DEPARTMENT:** We want to know why the Brits made a documentary on the life of **Posh Spice.** The ITV1 network said, "She's one of the most famous women in the world and will appeal to everyone." We thought that was **Britney. REELING AND ROCKING:** *Love, Sex, Drugs and Money*, **Guy Ritchie's** next movie, starring his lovely wife, will be out any day. **Madonna** is also doing a song for the new James Bond movie. . . . **LL Cool J** will be seen next in a romantic comedy, *Deliver Us From Eva*. After that it's a thriller with **Val Kilmer,** *Minds hunters*. . . . The **Spinal Tap** crew is turning to folk. **Christopher Guest, Harry Shearer** and **Michael McKean** play folkies past their prime in a new movie. **NEWSBREAKS:** *Movin' Out*, a musical of **Billy Joel** songs, will open in Chicago before heading for Broadway in October. . . . A rock opera using Springsteen songs—sanctioned by the **Boss**—is in the works. The director showed the piece, called *Drive All Night*, to Bruce this past spring. In other Springsteen news: **Nils Lofgren** says the band has been recording, even though it could be months before a CD is ready. . . . Save June 15–16 for the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. . . . **Nancy Sinatra's** new CD, *California Girl*, has **Brian Wilson** on a cover of you-know-what.

—BARBARA NELLIS

After two albums of Woody Guthrie songs, Billy Bragg returns on ***England, Half English*** (Elektra) with his own stuff, and gives credit to the Blokes, his road band. They make this his most appealing album of originals. —DAVE MARSH

The D.O.C. is a fascinating figure. The early gangsta star's vocal cords were damaged in a car accident. Then he became a lyricist for Dr. Dre, Snoop and some of the Dogg Pound, having never fully regained his voice. ***Duece*** (Silverback), recorded with a slew of young MCs, is bittersweet, and recommended for dedicated hip-hop heads. —N.G.

Tjinder Singh loves his parents' Indian music, but he also loves alternative rock and dance music. He and his band, Cornershop, have combined those influences in their rhythms and their catchy tunes. On ***Handcream for a Generation*** (Beggars Banquet), his songwriting now displays more range than ever.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Who cares if Lazy Lester's bayou boogie hasn't changed much. Even Jimmie Vaughan, on ***Blues Stop Knockin'*** (Antone's), can't update it. Who would want to change that, anyway? —D.M.

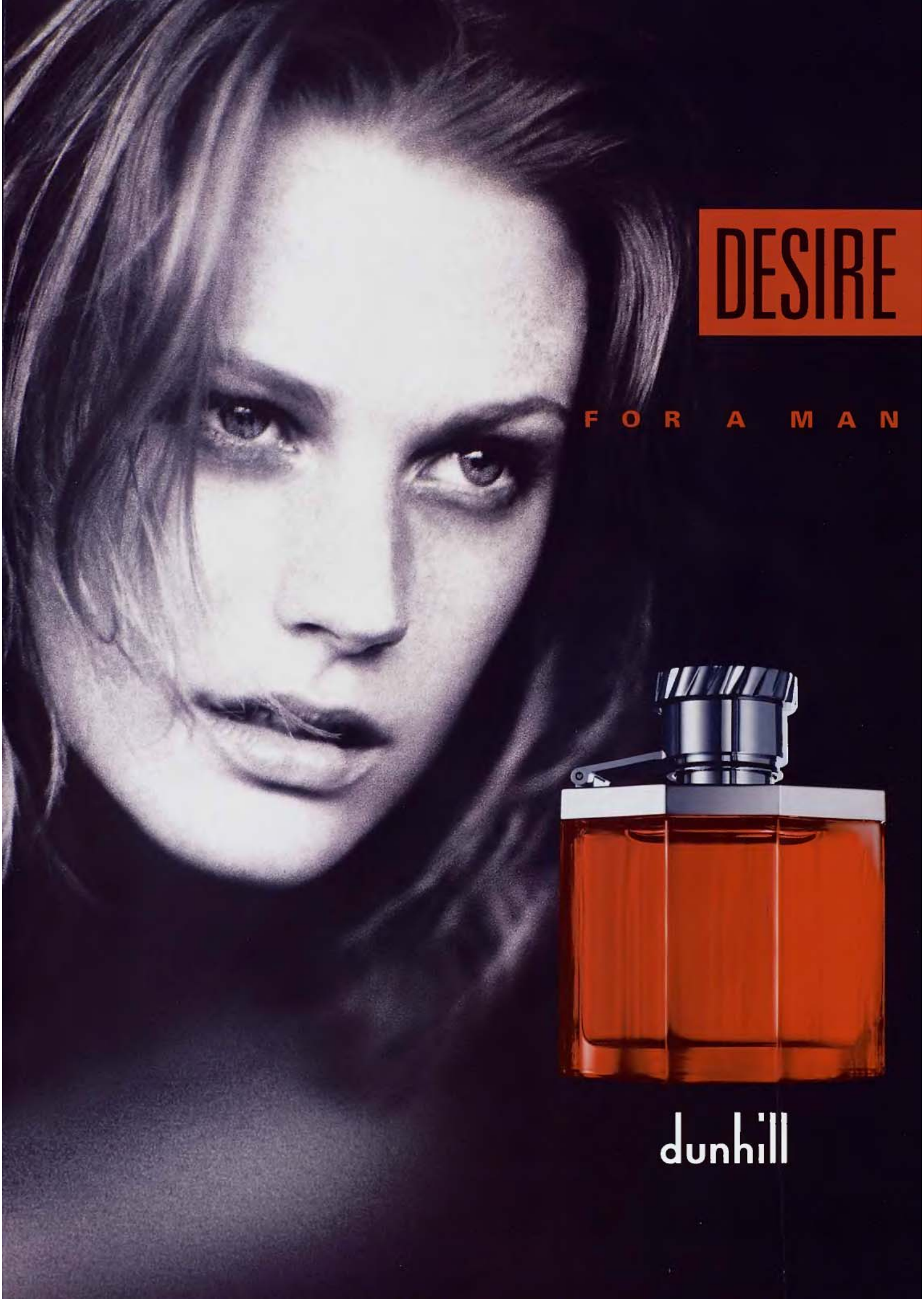
Pianist Ramsey Lewis has returned to his roots, leading an acoustic trio that stars bassist Larry Gray. On ***Meant to Be*** (Narada), they're joined by vocalist Nancy Wilson, who can still swing. —N.T.

It's no surprise that ***Dead Man Walking*** (Erato) became an opera; it is a surprise that it's so good. Composer Jake Heggie puts the San Francisco Opera through its paces, and Susan Graham shines as Sister Helen. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

If adults want rock written for them, all they need to do is listen to Patty Griffin. She's better known as a songwriter than as a singer, but ***1000 Kisses*** (ATO) might change that. Her bluesy voice and brilliant phrasing on Lonnie Johnson's *Tomorrow Night* and Springsteen's *Stolen Car* are powerful, but it's the original songs that will grip you. —D.M.

## ROCK METER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Cornershop** *Handcream* | 9 | 6 | 9 | 7 | 8 |
| **Patty Griffin** *1000 Kisses* | 6 | 8 | 5 | 9 | 8 |
| **Neal Pollack** *American Literature* | 4 | 7 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| **Mystikal** *Tarantula* | 7 | 5 | 7 | 8 | 7 |
| **Bonnie Raitt** *Silver Lining* | 5 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 7 |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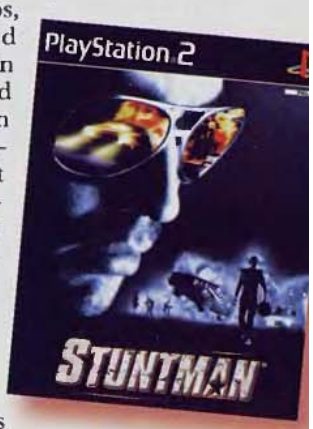
NOAH WOODS

## BE A PC RADIO PIRATE

Pirate radio stations have had short life spans over the years, typically ending when the FCC visits and confiscates equipment and record collections. While pirate stations such as Radio Free Euphoria (hosted by Captain Ganja), Voice of the Angry Bastard and Radio Bingo can still be heard sporadically, inexpensive plug-and-play computer technology has meant a surge in unlicensed FM radio stations. With a PC-MAX card from PCS Electronics and a home PC, anyone can fire up a pirate FM station. The lowest power setting limits radio range to your house and yard. But a few more mouse clicks crank up the power to an illegal (in the U.S.) one-watt station that will reach listeners a mile away. Folks looking for a legal way to broadcast should check out Ramsey Electronics' $100 MP3 Stereo Broadcaster Kit. It can transmit your home stereo's CD player, turntable or tape deck over any frequency on the FM band. It also connects to your computer's sound card, so any sound coming from your PC will be broadcast to nearby FM radios. For swashbucklers who start their own pirate stations, be forewarned: Neighbors may call with requests. And if a licensed station gets wind of that, it's likely to call the radio police to raid your ship. —LAZLOW

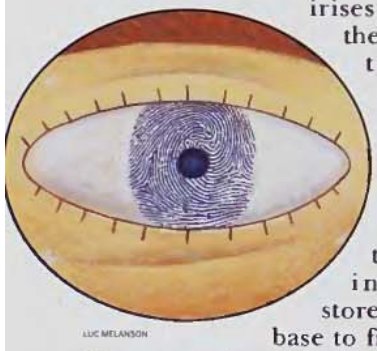
## GAME OF THE MONTH

Just ask Jackie Chan fans: The best parts of any blockbuster are the stunts. And for tough guys, stuntman is the world's best job—second only to professional wrestler. In homage to these Hollywood daredevils, Infogrames has created Stuntman for PlayStation 2. To meet the demands of a pushy director, players are expected to perfectly execute stunts such as timed jumps, barrel rolls and T-bone smashes in cars and armored transports, and on bikes and other vehicles. You'll start out as a rookie driver and, with the proper movie appearances, earn your billing as a star performing stunt-double work for popular movie characters. Movies are shot in six different locations, each based on real blockbuster film sets, including London, Bangkok and Egypt. Don't be surprised if Stuntman looks familiar: It was developed by the team behind the Driver series.—JASON BUHRMESTER




## IRIS SECURITY

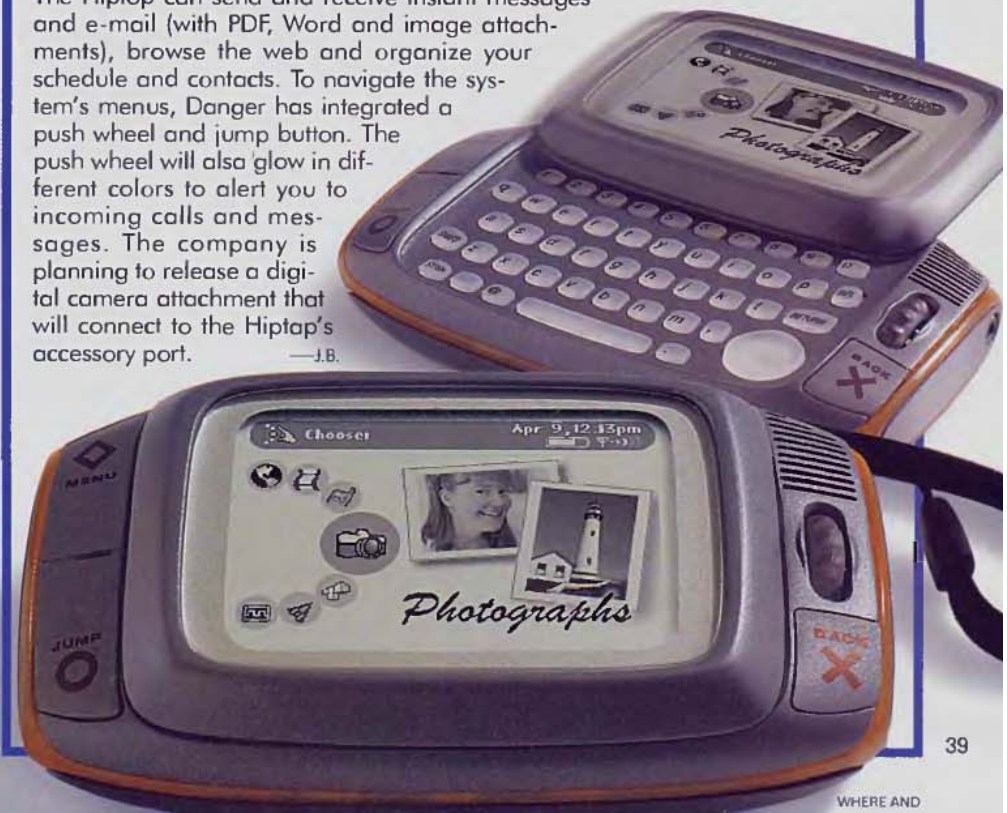
London's Heathrow Airport, the world's busiest international hub, has its eye on iris-recognition technology to tighten airport security. In a five-month trial by EyeTicket currently under way at Heathrow, as many as 2000 Americans and Canadians flying on British Airways and Virgin Atlantic Airways into the UK will gain entry by staring into a small camera that recognizes their irises to identify them. The digital camera takes an image of the iris, converts it into code and compares the code with information stored on a database to find a match. No passport is required and no ticket is necessary. The system is also capable of expediting check-in, visa processing and registration at the hotel. To participate, passengers enroll at airport-based clubs. How safe can we feel with this type of identification system in place? Seriously safe, according to EyeTicket. Iris recognition offers a significant level of detail, which is vital for identifying people. The iris has 240 unique areas (compared with the face, which has about 80, and fingerprints, which have 20 to 40). The technology is also more hygienic since it requires no contact with the body. The procedure is considered to be as safe for your irises as being videotaped, as no laser or potentially harmful light is involved. Iris-recognition stations are operating in the Virgin Atlantic lounges at New York's JFK and Washington, D.C.'s Dulles airports. —BETH TOMKIW



LUC MELANSON

## wild thing

The attempts to combine a PDA with a cell phone have at least been interesting, if not always practical. The latest, and possibly most clever, proliferation is Danger's Hiptop (about $200). The compact device has 16 megs of RAM and uses a hinged 2.6-inch LCD that rotates out to reveal a hidden keyboard for composing messages and entering personal information. The Hiptop can send and receive instant messages and e-mail (with PDF, Word and image attachments), browse the web and organize your schedule and contacts. To navigate the system's menus, Danger has integrated a push wheel and jump button. The push wheel will also glow in different colors to alert you to incoming calls and messages. The company is planning to release a digital camera attachment that will connect to the Hiptop's accessory port. —J.B.



# living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

### THE REUNIONATOR

People don't like to pay for content on the Internet. The only online stuff anyone willingly pays for falls in the categories of hot sex or hard cash. But **Classmates.com** has people pulling out their credit cards for an opportunity to reunite with former high school and college friends. With up to 6.5 billion banner ads every month imploring folks to visit the website, Classmates has registered more than 27 million people. I logged on and looked up my alma mater, Boulder High School in Colorado, and I recognized the names of a bunch of old pals, including one I'd been trying to find for the past 10 years. I clicked on his name and a window popped up. The screen told me I could contact him by buying a one-year gold membership for $36. Pretty steep, but they had me over a barrel. As soon as I submitted my credit card number, Classmates sent my message to the guy. In a couple of days, he e-mailed me back. Turns out he lives in Vietnam (no wonder nobody knew what happened to him). Since then, I've corresponded with half a dozen old high school friends—not bad for just 36 bucks. Classmates.com has more than 2 million subscribers, and 50,000 new members sign up every day.

### SPAMCOP GETS SMARTER

Last year I started using a service called SpamCop (**spamcop.net**) to keep junk mail from hitting my in box. It worked well—too well. It filtered a small amount of regular e-mail, too, so I stopped using it. But SpamCop improved its filtering system, and I tried it again. The new application catches about 95 percent of the junk mail sent to me and hasn't filtered out a single legitimate e-mail. SpamCop has a new flat-rate price of $30 a year—far cheaper than the old billing system, which charged by volume. So long, spam!

### TURNING THE TABLE ON E-MAIL SCAM ARTISTS

If you've had an e-mail account for a while, there's a good chance you've been hit with one of those Nigerian scam e-mails. They come in a few flavors, but the basic story is the same. The con artist pretends he is the heir to a large fortune that can't be moved out of a bank in Nigeria or Sierra Leone without the assistance of a kindly foreigner. The con artist promises you a large cut of the money if you provide your bank account number. Of course, if you get duped into the con, the scammer will start asking you to wire him money to take care of legal snags and pay bribes to officials. Before you know it, he'll have tapped you dry and moved on to the next sucker. In 1997, the U.S. Secret Service said victims of the scam had been fleeced for more than $100 million in a little over a year. You can read all about the origins of the scam at Snopes.com (**snopes2.com/inboxer/scams/nigeria.htm**), the terrific urban-legend clearinghouse. There's also a funny account of a guy who turned the tables on one of these con artists. He pretended to fall for the scam and then made the con artist run through hoops: **buddyweiserman.com.**

### HAVE SPIES SNEAKED ONTO YOUR PC?

When is a free program not free? When it comes loaded with time bombs, also known as spyware or scumware. These sneaky applications are bundled with popular file-sharing programs such as BearShare and Audiogalaxy. Once they get on your hard drive, they can take control of your browser, delivering a barrage of annoying pop-up ads. Even more sinister are the spyware programs that can track where you go on the web and collect information from your online forms. These privacy-invading programs are also expensive and difficult to remove from your system. Simply uninstalling the original application won't get rid of the spyware. If you've used any file-sharing applications on your PC, you should download Ad-aware, a free removal utility that scans your computer and safely zaps malicious scumware. The first time I used Ad-aware, I discovered that 27 spyware components had infected my computer. Grab a copy at **download.cnet.com/downloads/0-10106-108-63806.html.**

### SEX BLOG

Sexual Intelligence (**sexualintelligence.org**), published by PLAYBOY contributor Marty Klein, is a smart monthly electronic newsletter that covers sex-related events, news and trends around the world. Klein's insightful, often funny commentary has made me a regular reader. Klein will answer any question you might have about sex at **sexed.org/askme.html.**

### QUICK HITS

Lost the rules to your favorite board game? Find them at the Game Cabinet: **www.centralconnector.com/GAMES/GameCab.html.** . . . Find out which country's women are most apt to have sex on the first date at **useless-sex.com.**

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*You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.*

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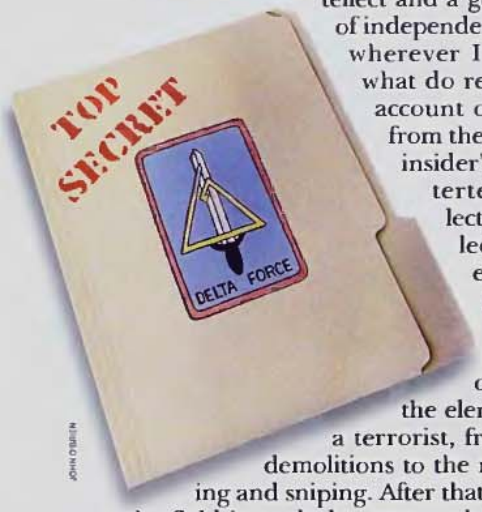
# books

## UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEW

"I am a nomad, son of an ancient line of nomads," writes Eric Haney, command sergeant major, U.S. Army, retired, at the beginning of his compelling memoir, ***Inside Delta Force: The Story of America's Elite Counterterrorist Unit*** (Delacorte). "What did I receive from this lineage?" Haney continues. "A good raw intellect and a good tough body. A sense of independence and a realization that wherever I am is my home." And what do readers get from Haney's account of Delta Force's creation from the ground up? They get an insider's look at how our counterterrorism forces are selected, tested, deployed and led. "In order to become experts at counterterrorism," Haney states, "we had to first become expert terrorists." He goes on to describe in detail the elements of his education as a terrorist, from weapons training to demolitions to the niceties of killing, maiming and sniping. After that, he takes the reader into the field in such dangerous places as Lebanon, Central America and Grenada. This is a book that you won't want to put down.

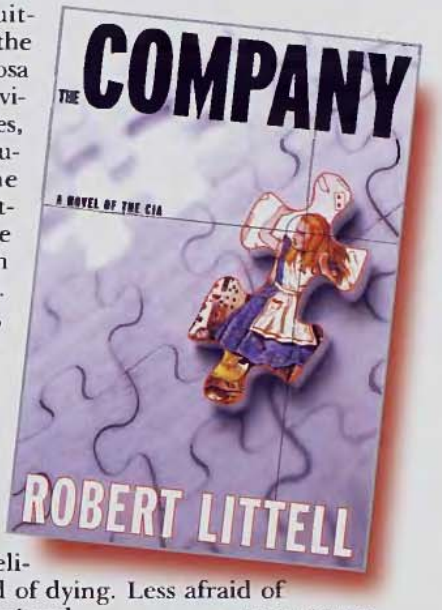


JOHN O'BRIEN

—ASA BABER

## COMPANY MEN

In 894 event-packed pages, Robert Littell's entertaining ***The Company*** (Overlook) charts the spy lives of two Yalie roommates, Jack McAuliffe and Leo Kritzky, from their recruitment by the CIA during the Cold War to their last sub-rosa stand at the fade of the Soviet Union. Battling Commies, company moles and bureaucracy, they take a frontline tour of the agency's greatest hits and misses, while rubbing shoulders with presidents and superspies. Of the thriller's large cast, however, none is so fascinating as Harvey Torriti, a cynical master of dark deeds whom the novel's John Kennedy labels "our James Bond." Near the end, Torriti tells Kritzky, "I've changed, sport. Fatter. Older. Wiser. Lonelier. Nervouser. More afraid of dying. Less afraid of death." He's shaken, we're stirred.

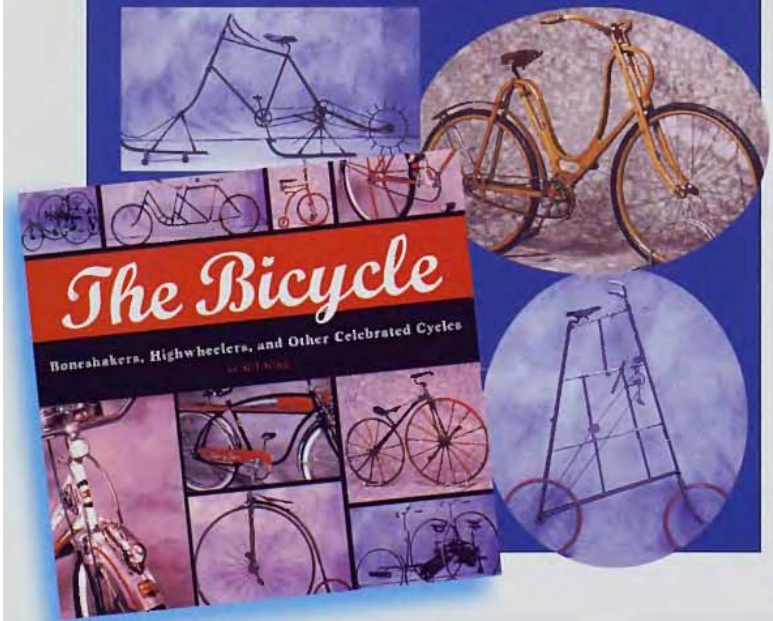


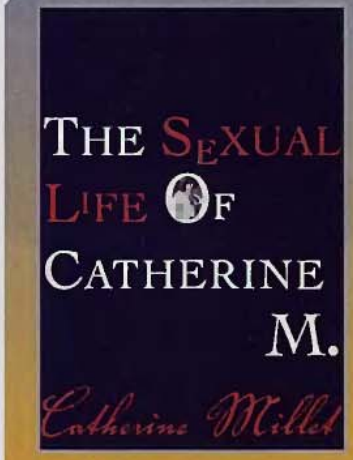

—DICK LOCHTE

## MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

***The Bicycle: Boneshakers, Highwheelers and Other Celebrated Cycles*** (Courage Books) by Gil King appeals to the navice cyclist as much as to the Tour de France racer. More than a century of antique bikes—velocipedes, lamplighters, tricycles, quadricycles, safety bikes and even an early exercycle—make an appearance in this photo retrospective of one of the world's largest private bicycle collections. The presentation is smart and slick—especially all the historical paraphernalia—and sprinkled in between the Schwinns, Raleighs and Elgin Kings are quotes such as "When I got a bike, I must have been the happiest boy in Liverpool, maybe the world" (John Lennon) and "Nothing compares to the simple pleasure of a bike ride" (John F. Kennedy).

—HELEN FRANGOULIS



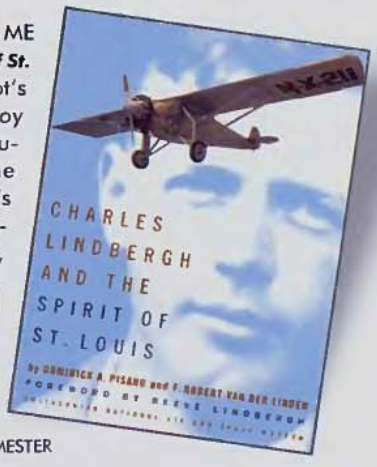

FRENCH TICKLER

***The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*** (Grove), a modern *Story of O*, left us asking, why do the French olwoys put initiols into the titles of their sex stories. We don't know, but this memoir, written by ort critic Cotherine Millet, was o best-seller in Fronce for a domn good reason. On nearly every page, Millet shomelessly recounts whom-bam thonk you mo'ams with strongers ond orgies of 150 people (she took on a quarter of them herself). Where ore women like this? We've often wondered why we don't know any. This may be one of the most erotic books ever written.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

COME FLY WITH ME

***Charles Lindbergh and the Spirit of St. Louis*** (Abroms) celebrotes the pilot's historic Atlontic crossing in Moy 1927. It includes occounts of souvenir hunters tearing the plane apart on the runwoy and Lindy's fears after a poir of French oviators, who ottempted the some feat, were never heord from agoin. Written by Dominick Pisano and F. Robert von der Linden, curators ot the Smithsonian's Nationol Air ond Spoce Museum, it's the best occount yet of Lindbergh's journey.




—JASON BUHRMESTER

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## LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX, BABY

Porn star boot camp. A penis with 21 piercings. Potent aphrodisiacs. These are a few of the topics Playboy TV tackles on *Sexcetera*, a one-hour documentary-style series that lets its hosts get down and dirty while reporting on erotica. *Sexcetera* started as a page in PLAYBOY and reemerged as a short news segment on Playboy TV. "In 1998 we changed it into a show about young, hip reporters who get into the stories they investigate," says worldwide production vice president Eric Deutsch. "We sent Hoyt Christopher and Frank Gianotti—two guys you would like to party with—on a $20 million plane featuring an in-flight strip club. Another time they went to the Bahamas on a private cruise with naked girls. They do outrageous things that are every man's dream." *Sexcetera* is one of the longest-running programs on Playboy TV. At the beginning of each episode the reporters discuss who's getting naked, who's trying the latest sex toy and who has the wildest field assignment. Besides Hoyt and Frank, reporters include sex columnist Susannah Breslin, MTV *Jackass* alum Scott Potasnik, actor Sam Phillips and Playboy TV vets Kira Reed and Lauren Hays. The hosts are required to check their inhibitions (and sometimes their clothing) at the door. Here are some of our favorite segments:

Clockwise from top: Reporter Sam Phillips checks out the "fucking-mochines" in San Francisco; one of the five-stor accommodations at Vikings Erotic Resort; real pony girls for your riding pleasure.

**Ride 'em, cowboy:** Susannah discovers why everybody loves to ride these pretty ponies: They're human. Meet a stable of beautiful beasts and their masters, and find out what it means to show, ride or cart a human horse.

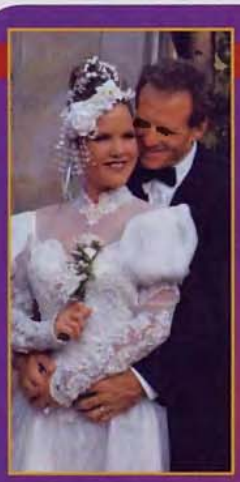
**Who wants to be a sex slave?** Once a month at Florida's Club Kink, a group of horny, leather-clad people gets together to bid for the services of a personal slave. You'll meet the bidding dominants and find out why they get off more than the submissives.

**What is the fuckingmachine?** Sam meets Peter Acworth, who collects high-end pleasure devices with names such as the Intruder, the Fucksall, the Ultra Vibrator and the Violator.

**Goo goo dolls:** Meet a group of people who get off dressing up in oversize diapers and throwing tantrums. Sam goes to an adult-baby birthday party and before long, she snuggles into a diaper and grabs a rattle so she can play with her new friends.

**Vikings roar:** Situated on the northern coast of the Dominican Republic, Vikings Exotic Resort guarantees a happy ending with a beautiful girl. Hoyt and Frank follow three guys and six gorgeous girls to learn why this three-night excursion is worth $3900.

## MARRIED WITH WEBCAMS



*Sexcetera* art reporter Kira Reed is wired. The longtime Playboy video star, who has a recurring role on *NYPD Blue*, has webcams hooked up all over her house to broadcast live sexual escapades with her husband on the website marriedcouple.com. "We wanted to show that marriage is good for your sex life," says Kira. "It doesn't have to be about the wife getting fat, the husband going bald, they stop giving each other head and everything gets boring." For $20 a month you get to see Kira doing everything naked, from cooking to partying. "I wore an apron and high heels—nothing else—to make Thanksgiving dinner with my naked friends," she says. "The first girl to give me an orgasm was adult star Keri Windsor. She did me with a strap-on and I came on her face. I also made adult star Kim Chambers squirt! The site is successful because it's real sex—not what we do for the movies."

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### JACKSON, FINE

HBO's behind-the-scenes cameras gave us a peek at Janet Jackson in her changing room during her recent concert in Hawaii. But PLAYBOY photographed her big sister La Toya in less than bra and

panties more than 10 years ago. Relive the classic all-nude La Toya Jackson pictorial, *Don't Tell Michael*, at Playboy.com and in the World of Playboy's "Celebrities" section of the Playboy Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com). The reprint of La Toya's 1989 layout features the shots of Miss Jackson frolicking atop a motorcycle and getting cozy with a 60-pound boa constrictor. Our ever-growing "Celebrities" section includes the original groundbreaking PLAYBOY pictorials of Bo Derek and Cindy Crawford.

### HE SHOOTS, HE SCORES

Want a sexy nude picture of your girlfriend? Well, you could sneak up on her with a Nikon while she's stepping out of the shower, but there's a decent chance your expensive camera will end up in pieces on the bathroom floor. Here's a better idea: Study Playboy.com's guide to taking sexy pictures of your girlfriend. Our primer begins with homework that no guy will mind doing. Step one: Spend some time looking at PLAYBOY and Special Editions' *Book of Lingerie*. You and your girlfriend will get an idea of which poses look best. Step two: Prepare the shoot. "Plan ways to accentuate your girlfriend's attributes," explains photographer Ric Moore. "Suggest she put her hands on her sides and lean forward a bit." Step three: Pick out the right lingerie. "Remember: The clothes drive the makeup. Choose your sexiest lingerie first and then find the makeup to complement it," says a PLAYBOY photo producer. Our step-by-step instructions and short how-to videos take you through accessorizing your gorgeous model, photoshoot techniques and choosing the best images. Finally, we've provided the details on how to send your photographs to Playboy's Special Editions to be evaluated. Before you know it, you may be dating a Playboy model. You'll find our guide at playboy.com/nss/howto. While you're waiting for the film of your girlfriend to develop, be sure to check out a free preview of the new Special Editions magazines, a behind-the-scenes glimpse at the latest cover shoot and a look at amateur models from casting calls in Los Angeles, New York and a dozen other cities. Cyber Club subscribers get the full monty—all of the above, but with a lot more depth and much less clothing. Just don't get so enthralled that you forget about your film.

### CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH

May Cyber Girl of the Month **Nicole Whitehead** is a Southern belle who loves to spend time with her "babies" (her three horses)—training, riding and giving lessons. She hopes to one day teach disabled children to ride. When it comes to men, Nicole says a man "needs to be strong, both physically and emotionally. He also has to know how to keep his rear end in the saddle!" See Nicole's exclusive videos and pictorials at cyber.playboy.com.

## Best of PLAYBOY.COM'S DIRTY DOZEN

read more celebrity sex quizzes at playboy.com/sex

Gene Simmons of Kiss, on the celeb he'd most like to bed: "Sophia Loren. Yesterday, today and tomorrow. To me, she's the queen of all women."

*American Pie* star Alyson Hannigan: "I'd be such a bigger slut if I were tan. I would have fucked anything that walked when I was in my early 20s."

Shane Barbi, on faking it: "I was honest about my fake orgasms. I said, 'I'll give you a choice, A, B, C or D.' A was the choo-choo train, B was a squeaky door, C was a haunted house and D was the goat. Someone would always think he was the exception, that he'd given me an orgasm. I'd say, 'I hate to burst your bubble, but that was C.'"

Heidi Fleiss, on whether size matters: "Not at all. Dollars matter. There are too many wealthy men out there for a woman to go out with a man who can't pay her bills or buy her a car. If some chick is giving you head, whether it's $300 or $3000 on the nightstand, you're going to get a better blow job."

Jack Black: "I'm not one who likes music playing when I make love. When I lost my virginity, I played *Comfortably Numb* from Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, and that soured the whole music-while-boning experience for me."

David Spade, on breasts: "I'll take real-looking fake or fake-looking real."

GIVENCHY
POUR HOMME
The Gentleman is back.
GIVENCHY
POUR HOMME
LIFT HERE
THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE
SEPHORA

# GIVENCHY

## POUR HOMME

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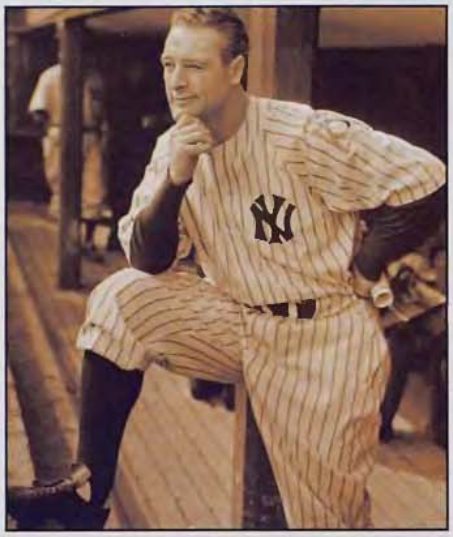
SEPHORA

# LOU GEHRIG AND ME

By ASA BABER



YOU CAN LOOK IT UP: Lou Gehrig first stepped into the batter's box as a pinch hitter for the New York Yankees on June 1, 1925, and never missed a game thereafter until April 30, 1939. He played 2130 consecutive baseball games before he retired, which was a record he held until Cal Ripken Jr. broke it in 1995. Except for his first and last two seasons, Gehrig hit over .300 every year, and in 1934, he led the American League in hitting with a .363 batting average. His teammates nicknamed him Iron Man for his durability.

Another fact about Gehrig had great significance for me as a youngster: We were born on the same day (June 19). In my childish mind, our mutual birthdays linked us irrevocably. In addition, he was almost family to me. By my count, there were only two degrees of separation between us.

On July 4, 1939 Lou Gehrig retired from baseball in front of 61,808 roaring fans in Yankee Stadium, and you can look this up, too: The master of ceremonies for that event was a professional sportswriter named Sid Mercer (a tough nut of a man and a good journalist also known for falling into barroom brawls when well lubricated).

Sid Mercer was my mother's cousin and a frequent visitor to our apartment in Chicago. Sid brought me a baseball mitt and a Yankees cap when I was about five years old, and he shared his memories of his years covering the sport as I was growing up.

He told me Gehrig had stood unsteadily at Yankee Stadium during that July 4 retirement ceremony, leaning on his bat, looking gaunt and thin in his uniform, under attack from the disease that would slowly paralyze him and take his life.

At the time, the doctors thought that Gehrig had contracted a rare form of polio. Today, the medical label for what became known as Lou Gehrig's disease is amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, and you can look that up, as well. Its basic cause remains unknown, though progress is being made, particularly in the fields of genetic and environmental research.

ALS affects 30,000 Americans at any given time, with 5000 dying each year. It is what is called a motor-neuron disease. It involves the gradual wasting away of muscles and nerve fibers until the body is mostly paralyzed while the mind remains active. Life expectancy averages between two to five years after diagnosis. Some people with it live much longer—the most famous example being Stephen Hawking.

Sid often quoted a passage to me from Gehrig's retirement speech: "For the past two weeks, you have been reading about the bad break I got," Gehrig told the crowd, "but today, I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth. I might have had a bad break, but I have an awful lot to live for."

I have used Lou Gehrig as my role model in demanding situations, including the one I find myself in now.

In March 2001 I took a trip to Brooklyn to visit my younger son, Brendan, and his wife, Krista. As some of you have figured out, your incorrigible *Men* columnist has never been the darling of the book publishing industry, but I wanted Brendan to meet the one literary agent in New York City still willing to work with me.

On the way to our appointment with that worthy man, I tripped over a curb on 23rd Street and fell flat on my face, catching myself at the last second. Brendan was concerned and helped me up. I laughed at my awkwardness, but found it to be a weird moment. I thought I had cleared that curb with room to spare. Then, a few days later, I noticed that my left foot was dragging, causing me to limp.

I returned home and went through several medical tests. For a time, it seemed as if I might need an operation for bulging disks in my back. The surgeon I talked with is a Gulf war veteran. We communicated bluntly and honestly, as veterans often do.

One day last September he called me with the results of yet another test and said, "Ace, I don't think I can help you. I don't think back surgery is going to do you any good."

By then, I had my own intuition about my condition. I had also done a fair share of research on the web, pairing my symptoms with various diseases and disorders. "Doc, just tell me the truth. I've been studying my records and test results, and I think I've got ALS. What do you think?" I asked.

He did not miss a beat. "I think you do, too," he said calmly.

My heart didn't jump, the sky didn't fall, no heavenly choir sang and I felt as calm as he sounded. "Thanks for being direct about it," I said. "You've been a real mensch."

"That's OK," he said. "I wish you all the luck in the world."

And that is that. It has been confirmed that I have Lou Gehrig's disease, and I am now confronting the problems it presents. Fortunately, I am in the relatively early stages, and while I need a leg brace and cane in order to walk, I am still somewhat mobile. How long that will last and how fast the disease progresses is beyond my powers of prediction. But I am ready for whatever comes my way.

Speaking of luck (like Gehrig, I consider myself an amazingly lucky man, with the finest and most supportive family and friends and colleagues a person could have), it has been a wonderful coincidence—or perhaps something a little stronger—that Lou Gehrig has been my role model since my childhood and that there is nothing new or shocking to me with this diagnosis.

I thought long and hard about when and how to tell you this. Although I am not ashamed of my status, I know that it might scare—even offend—some of you. But, as I see it, my relationship with my readers has always been one of openness and honesty, and I did not want you to remain in the dark. If I continue writing the *Men* column, I will not often focus on this subject again. If it seems best that I stop writing *Men*, I accept that verdict.

Your good thoughts and support would be appreciated, but the last thing I need is sympathy. I am doing well, thank you, and mentally and spiritually, I have never been stronger. Unlike Woody Allen, I am actually willing to show up for my death whenever it occurs, because I allow for the real possibility of some kind of existence in the hereafter.

I ask those of you who might be interested in the subject to learn more about ALS. If the idea appeals to you, please send your best wishes and support to the doctors and nurses and researchers and social workers and therapists and fundraisers and volunteers and families who have chosen to become the caretakers of those of us who have it.

And hello, Lou, wherever you are.

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# MANTRACK hey...it's personal

## Castle Keep

If you want to indulge your inner Harry Potter, Amberley Castle in West Sussex, UK is the place for you. Outside, it's a fortified castle (which was started in 1103) that Elizabeth I held the lease on from 1588 to 1603. It has 60-foot stone walls, battlements and a working portcullis that is lowered every night. Inside, it's a leisure hotel ranked among the world's best. The rooms have four-poster beds and are furnished with antiquities. The bathrooms are modern and are equipped with Jacuzzis. The castle also offers a superb restaurant. Amberley is near other Sussex castles such as Arundel, Cowdray and Lewes, as well as the Houses of Goodwood, Petworth and Parham. For a quintessential whiff of old England, Amberley Castle can be a pampering indulgence—whether or not you aspire to the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

HOW TO TAP A KEG
1
LET KEG REST FOR 30 MINUTES AFTER MOVING IT.
2
CLEAN TAP AREA.
3
TURN TAP ON TOP OF KEG CAREFULLY UNTIL IT LOCKS INTO THE KEG'S NOTCHES. THEN TWIST TAP VIGOROUSLY UNTIL IT RESTS TIGHTLY AGAINST THE LIP OF THE KEG.
4
PUSH SMALL METAL BUTTON AT BOTTOM OF TAP – TO REDUCE KEG PRESSURE – WHICH CUTS DOWN FOAM. AS BEER IS DRAWN, ADJUST PRESSURE USING PUMP.

## Shark Alert

*Tiburon* is Spanish for shark, and the name fits Hyundai's new 2003 sports coupe. The car comes equipped with a four-cylinder 140 hp engine or a six-cylinder 181 hp version. Hyundai calls the latter model the Tiburon GT V6. It's our choice for performance and value. A fully loaded six-speed GT V6 with leather seats, 17-inch wheels and sunroof is priced at $19,997. That's with air-conditioning, a stereo with six speakers, and keyless remote entry, plus power doors and windows. A base Tiburon is about $16,000 and both models are covered with a 10-year or 100,000-mile powertrain protection that Hyundai claims is the best in the business. You also get 24-hour roadside assistance for five years with no mileage limit. Time to get back in the water.

# MANTRACK

## Hemingway Style

Ernesto wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in the Havano hotel Ambos Mundos in 1940. He probably kept his stogies in a humidor thot was similar to the mahogany, leather and rotton one pictured at the bottom of this paragraph. (Price: $400.) It's just one of mony business-, sports-, ond travel-inspired items being offered by the Ernest Hemingwoy Collection. We're talking neat stuff, such as a cork-lined travel bar (left) with comportments for spirits, wine and glasses plus leother straps to hold down your corkscrew or cheese knife ($650 and it's also covered in leather ond rattan). The journol ($65) and orgonizer ($180) at right are both made of black embossed leather with brass accents, ond the flosk ($150) is block embossed leather and rotton. Not pictured is o rattan, leather and mahogany suitcase ($1000), motching travel desk ($700) and briefcase ($760). You con even purchase a rattan and leother creel ($180) that would be right at home on the *Big Two-Hearted River*. Call 800-582-7690 for more info and to order.

## The Thrill of the Grill

A full season of outdoor cooking awaits, and it's time to refresh your arsenal of recipes. *Williams-Sonoma Grilling* (Simon & Schuster) is a beautifully produced book with both classic and innovative dishes. Of course there ore tips on the perfect hamburger (shown here) and butterflied leg of lamb with rosemary-garlic paste. But olso included are recipes for grilled duck breost with dried cherry-zinfandel sauce, whole grill-roasted turkey, pork loin stuffed with greens and garlic, as well as herbed pizzas with prosciutto, bosil and goat cheese. Happily, there's a large section on seafood (we like the spicy scallops with wasabi-soke sauce) and vegetobles (try the grilled red pepper, sweet onion and tomato salod or the wild mushroom quesadillas). The only trouble with food this well photographed is that the recipes should come with a disclaimer: Your results moy differ—at least in looks. But the point of grilling is thot it should be fun, ond this book will help you hove some.

## Clothesline: Nikki Sixx

"My style is funky junkie," soys Nikki Sixx, Motley Crue's bass player, who's pictured here with his Playmote and *Baywatch* wife, Donna D'Errico. "I'll wear a Dolce & Gobbano or Jean-Poul Goultier suit and still look like I've had too many cocktails. Most of the time I'm o Diesel jeans, Lucky 13 shirts ond Skechers boots kind of guy. I also wear leather pants ond jockets, plus jewelry, from the Los Angeles company Chrome Heorts. My two favorite things ore my wedding ring and a choin neckloce with o pendant of a lock with a skull and crossbones made for me by a company in Tokyo. My body is covered with tattoos that incorporate skulls and crossbones with Fifties rock-and-roll imogery of guitars, girls and hot rods with Jopanese cherry blossoms and flowing water. My whole back is a huge sun. At the bottom are the devil and an ongel fighting."

## Guys Are Talking About...

*Battlebots*. This Comedy Central hit show is secand anly to *South Park* in popularity. To help you sort aut the killer machines, McGrow-Hill has published *Battlebots: The Official Guide*. It's o comprehensive look at the actian that authar Mark Clarksan soys "has all the guilty pleasures af a violent sport—fierce competition, carnage, destruction—withaut o trace of guilt." Pictured here is TazBat, a superheavyweight rabat that was voted coolest robat in a competition last November. • *Organic cigors*. S. Plasencio in Nicaragua manufactures Plasencia Reserva Organico cigors. What makes these smokes different is the purified soil and lack af fertilizers ond chemical sprays in the growing process. Cannaisseurs take nate: The cigor's leaves are from o hybrid habana seed. Price: $160 for a box af 20 Rabustos, which are 4¾" x 52 rings. Three other cigor shapes ore olso avoilable. • *UV-free tonning*. Hallywaod Tans is intraducing a UV-free tanning booth ta its solons. Ta achieve o golden glow in six seconds, tanners stand in o private booth ond are misted with a combination of self-tanner, bronzer and moisturizer. The results will lost for approximately ane week, ond each session is $25. Packages are also available.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

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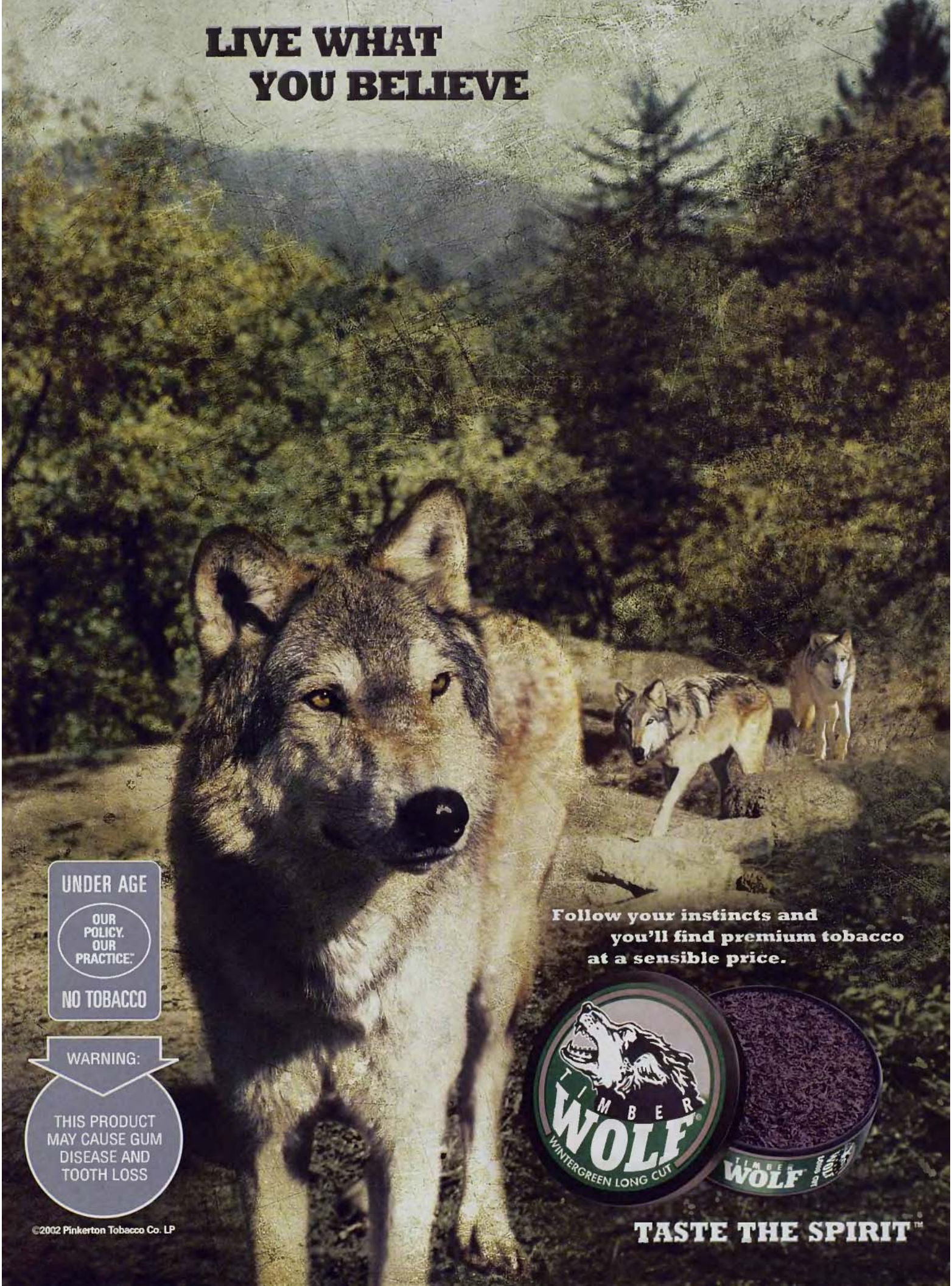
# LIVE WHAT YOU BELIEVE



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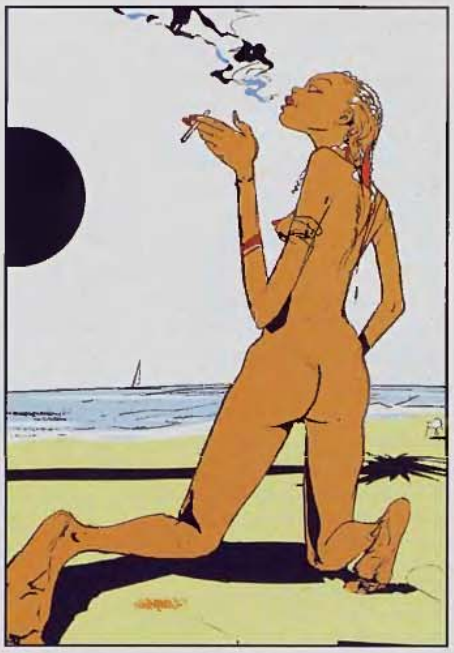
# The Playboy Advisor

For her 40th birthday, I bought my wife of five years a 1982 Corvette. We are Corvette nuts—for more than 20 years I've been buying, restoring, selling and maintaining them, and my wife has always liked them but didn't get into them until we started dating. I own a 1972 convertible that is my treasure. It's a little tricky to drive, so she had always asked me before she took it. Now the tables have turned. She says I must ask to take her car—the one I bought, maintain, fix, clean, polish and wax. She checks the mileage and last night threw a fit because I had used her car to go to lunch. I sold my Camaro Z-28, my motorcycle and my kid's four-wheeler to get this car for her. I consider myself the leader of the household and I'm not inclined to ask her to drive the car. I recognize that it's hers—her name is on the title—but who's out of line here? I think she's being ungrateful. Frankly, I'm sorry I bought her the car. I am not so sure I don't want her to pack her shit in it and take off.—J.C., Memphis, Tennessee

*Didn't we see you on Springer? You have a lot of control in the relationship, and your wife sees the car as a way to claim some for herself. So, leader of the household, share the power. Tell your wife you'll ask. Accept her decisions graciously (once she sees you respect her wishes, she won't turn you down often). In the meantime, put aside the idea that you earned chits by cleaning the car, waxing it, etc. You're not doing that for her benefit. Don't make us come down there to straighten this out, because we'll take both cars away.*

I am an outdoor-sports enthusiast who just turned 45. Lately it seems I'm constantly suffering from injuries such as torn muscles and cracked bones, even from minor falls. Am I getting too old for aggressive sports, or can I adjust my training regimen and continue to hack the occasional 20-foot cliff?—S.R., Pacific Palisades, California

*You can make adjustments but also need to accept your body's limitations as you age. It helps to stretch like a madman, use proper form and make sure you have the best equipment—which you can afford now that you're middle-aged. Dr. Nicholas DiNubile, an orthopedic surgeon in Philadelphia who works with the 76ers, refers to the injuries he sees among athletic patients over 40 as boomeritis (including the subsets tendinitis, bursitis, arthritis and fix-me-itis). By that he means no one wants to hear injuries will occur more easily and take longer to heal. The most common ailments Dr. DiNubile sees among boomers are rotator cuff problems (typically in guys who throw around too much weight); tendinitis-related problems in the heel, under the knees and at the elbow; early arthritis in*



*the knees and hips; and lower back stiffness and pain often caused by degenerating disks. He says it's crucial to have a balanced, year-round fitness routine. "As you get older, you can't just be a weekend warrior or a springtime softball player," he says. "You need a regular regimen that includes cardiovascular exercise, strength training and flexibility. It's the rare boomer who has all three." A trainer or physician who specializes in sports medicine can help you establish a safe zone and then design a program to expand it. When starting a new sport or returning from an injury, it's a good idea to increase your level of activity by no more than 10 percent each week.*

In February a reader from Texas argued that certain men will always be unwanted and undatable. The Advisor disagreed, arguing that "many" women prefer short, bald guys. As a short, fat, bald guy, I can say you're dead wrong. Women are as shallow as men when it comes to dating. Their rules are more numerous than those used by men—but no deeper. Both sexes are driven by evolutionary biology: Good-looking = healthy = good mate. Admit it: Losers exist. I know. I'm one of them—and you have no idea how it hurts to write that.—V.P., Knoxville, Tennessee

*By your theory, how are there ugly people? Tommy Lee Jones had a line in the movie Jackson County Jail that applies here. He said, "I'll play what's dealt." You can't be taller, and you can't get your hair back, but you can lose weight—and the chip on your shoulder. We know some hefty guys who do OK, but they possess rare charm. Without that, you have to work harder. Of course women judge men initially by appearance—just as men judge women. But most guys talk their way into most women's lives rather than leading with their perfect chins. Social skills don't come naturally for everyone, but awkward and shy people still manage to reproduce (they're introduced to each other by mutual friends). Another obstacle for many men is their belief that having a girlfriend or spouse solves larger problems. If you're searching for a savior, you'll judge every woman who crosses your path solely on whether she can change your life. That puts incredible pressure on the encounters, and it changes how you're perceived.*

The reader who claimed that "losers, creeps and dorks" should leave women alone is right. It's important for a man to recognize his limitations. I suggest other losers do what I've done for the past few years—pay for sex. First, you won't have the hassle of dating. Second, by the time you've spent the money, time and effort to take out a woman who may or may not sleep with you, you've spent as much as you would in a massage parlor or with an escort. There are risks, but sex is always a gamble. You may not go on any dates, but at least you'll get laid.—T.B., Sausalito, California

*It's a rare man who can survive on sex alone. Here's one more perspective:*

I've worked in a number of bars and I have noticed a lot of couples who I thought would never go for each other—a gorgeous redhead with a short, fat, balding guy; an overweight woman with a petite guy. I'm 6′2″ and 240 pounds, and I've dated women as short as 5′1″ and as tall as 6′3″. In my experience, if you act desperate or smothering, it won't matter how you look or how much money you have—quality women won't respond. But when you interact with women as you would with your friends, they respond in kind. Striking up a conversation is the hard part, because it can feel artificial. That's why you go out with a group.—M.P., Sandusky, Ohio

*Well put. How drunk were those mismatched couples?*

The other night my girlfriend gave me an amazing blow job. When she was finished, I thanked her. Later that evening she told me my thanking her made her feel cheap. I didn't mean anything by it. Is thanking someone for giving you pleasure taboo?—P.T., Detroit, Michigan

*Your girlfriend heard "thank you" and felt she had serviced you. Not every woman has a problem with that, as fantasy or favor, but you're with one who does. Next time say*



ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

*something encouraging: "That was amazing. You're amazing. Lord, how did I get so lucky?" Then reciprocate.*

I was ready to buy a DVD player when I heard about a new type of high-definition video called D-VHS. Which way should I go?—P.L., Peoria, Illinois

*We'd go with DVD. D-VHS makes sense only if you own an HDTV set that can display its higher resolution, and it's far from certain the format will survive. Just four studios have agreed to release films on D-VHS, and the tapes will include a security feature that currently prevents them from being played on any deck but a $2000 model by JVC. The reward for taking the plunge is resolution that's five times that of a DVD. Nine other manufacturers are developing a competing technology called Blu-ray.*

My girlfriend and I have been dating for two months. We haven't had sex but have done a lot of petting. After she told me her best friend had a rabbit vibrator and raved about it, I bought her one. Now it's her second-best friend. To add to my anxiety, the clerk at the sex toy store said no guy could ever do what this thing does. I asked my girlfriend about it and she said the vibrator is fun but could never replace a man. I'm eager to get down to business, but now the rabbit is in her life. Tell me I have nothing to worry about.—F.M., Chicago, Illinois

*You have nothing to worry about—maybe. Rather than seeing it as an obstacle, we'd try to catch a ride with the rabbit, since it's going someplace you want to be. Bring your girlfriend flowers and fresh batteries, then point out that a vibrator can be even more fun when someone else is holding it.*

In February a concerned reader asked if he could get an STD from used panties he bought online. You suggested he microwave them. According to *The Doctor's Book of Home Remedies*, in 1989 a woman in Idaho called the fire department because of smoke in her attic. She had been zapping her nylon panties to battle a yeast infection. The book suggests instead boiling the panties, soaking them in bleach or touching them with a hot iron.—S.L., San Francisco, California

*That's why we prefer cotton.*

A female friend took me to a swingers' club in Kentucky and we had a great time. The club charged $35 per couple as an entrance fee, and $50 for single guys. We filled out applications at the door to become members and to attest we weren't cops or reporters. The booze and food prices were outrageous. With at least 50 couples inside, the club must have made a fortune. I recently lost my job. What better way to get back on my feet than to start a sex club? My friend says she knows enough people to fill a club every weekend. I'm sure that wherever I set up the local authorities will fuck with me, but if I'm not breaking any laws, what can they do?—B.J., Laurelville, Ohio

*If they disapprove, they'll find a way to harass you out of existence. The club you visited sounds like it's ready to be closed down—first, because it had you join at the door, and second, because it sold booze and food. Both make it look suspiciously like a business, which invites scrutiny from zoning, health and tax authorities. That's why most owners don't open their doors to the public. Instead, they collect applications and dues at a separate office (but also may charge party fees at the door). They also have members bring their own alcohol. Sex isn't the stated reason most clubs get shut down—it's noise complaints and parking problems. It helps to have a few cops and bigwigs as active members. And you may want to host parties somewhere other than your home. One Chicago-area owner decided with her husband to move their events to local hotels. "I want my house back," she says. "People pee in our hot tub, they leave their shaving cream, razors and pubic hair everywhere, they drink too much because they're nervous and then throw up on my floor. We started with a house where we hosted fun parties and ended up living in a swing club." Even sex club owners need a hug sometimes. As for profits, you might make some money, but "it's not the road to millions," says a spokesman for the North American Swing Club Association. He means dollars, not partners.*

My girlfriend lets me tie her to the bedpost but only if she is blindfolded. Is she ashamed, or is there something extra-erotic about this?—R.P., Reno, Nevada

*This is supersize erotic. Gather a sexy tool kit that includes feathers, velvet gloves, massage oil, her favorite vibrator (plus a new one to surprise her), dildos in three sizes, a book or CD of erotic stories, ice, a hand warmer, chocolate (to reward her), a small butt plug and extra lube. And take your sweet time.*

One of my balls is larger than the other. I'm hoping it's not a sign of cancer. Is there a self-exam that I can do like the ones women perform on their breasts?—R.K. Burlington, Vermont

*One testicle is almost always larger than another—no worries there. Eight out of 10 times the left ball hangs lower. What's not normal are hard, painless lumps. Testicular cancer is relatively common among men under the age of 35, so it's prudent to check yourself once a month after a warm shower. Gently roll each testicle between the fingers and thumb of each hand. Don't be confused by the soft, tube-like structure behind each testicle—that's the epididymis, which carries sperm. And free-floating lumps in the scrotum are not cancer. See a doctor if you feel anything out of the ordinary, if one of your testicles swells or decreases in size, if you feel a heaviness in your scrotum or a dull ache in your abdomen or groin, if you have pain or discomfort in your balls or scrotum or if your breasts are enlarged or tender.*

In March a reader asked about the wisdom of sticking a loaded gun into a woman's mouth during sex. I think this activity is more prevalent than you'd expect. I had the joyous and miserable experience of dating a stripper. One day I took her to a shooting range to fire my Tec-9. She went through five boxes of ammo, then suggested we play out a fantasy she had of being overpowered by a man with a gun. She wanted to do this in public, but I thought better of it. We reached a compromise: I knocked on the door of my house carrying a coat over my arm to hide the gun. She answered the door pretending to be a real estate agent showing the house. The muzzle went into her mouth as soon as we got inside and the door was closed. She insisted that the gun be loaded, and that the safety be off. She even made me load it while she watched. I tried to discourage this fantasy, but her response was always "If you can't kill me, you can't thrill me." There is no way I would ever put a loaded gun into someone's mouth. Once I got outside the door, I would pull the active clip, put in an empty one, remove the round from the chamber and pull the trigger at least three times. The scenarios that followed included her being held up against a wall while slowly shedding her clothes and being backed through the house to the bedroom with her hands up, then being told to strip and move to the bed. As long as the fantasy was intense, she was hot for it. You can bet your ass I never had a sip of alcohol before we played these games. If anything went wrong, can you imagine a jury buying my story? Our relationship ended after a year. I'm certain I will never again run my hands over such a beautiful body, but, unfortunately, the body was attached to a brain that was part bitch and part psycho. It was creepy fun while it lasted.—J.M., Tucson, Arizona

*Your ex is lucky she had you. You'll enjoy this story: A resident of Hamburg called the police this past February after hearing gunshots, followed by moaning. Turns out a guy was shooting at his girlfriend to fulfill her cops-and-robbers fantasy. He practiced safe sex by using blanks.*

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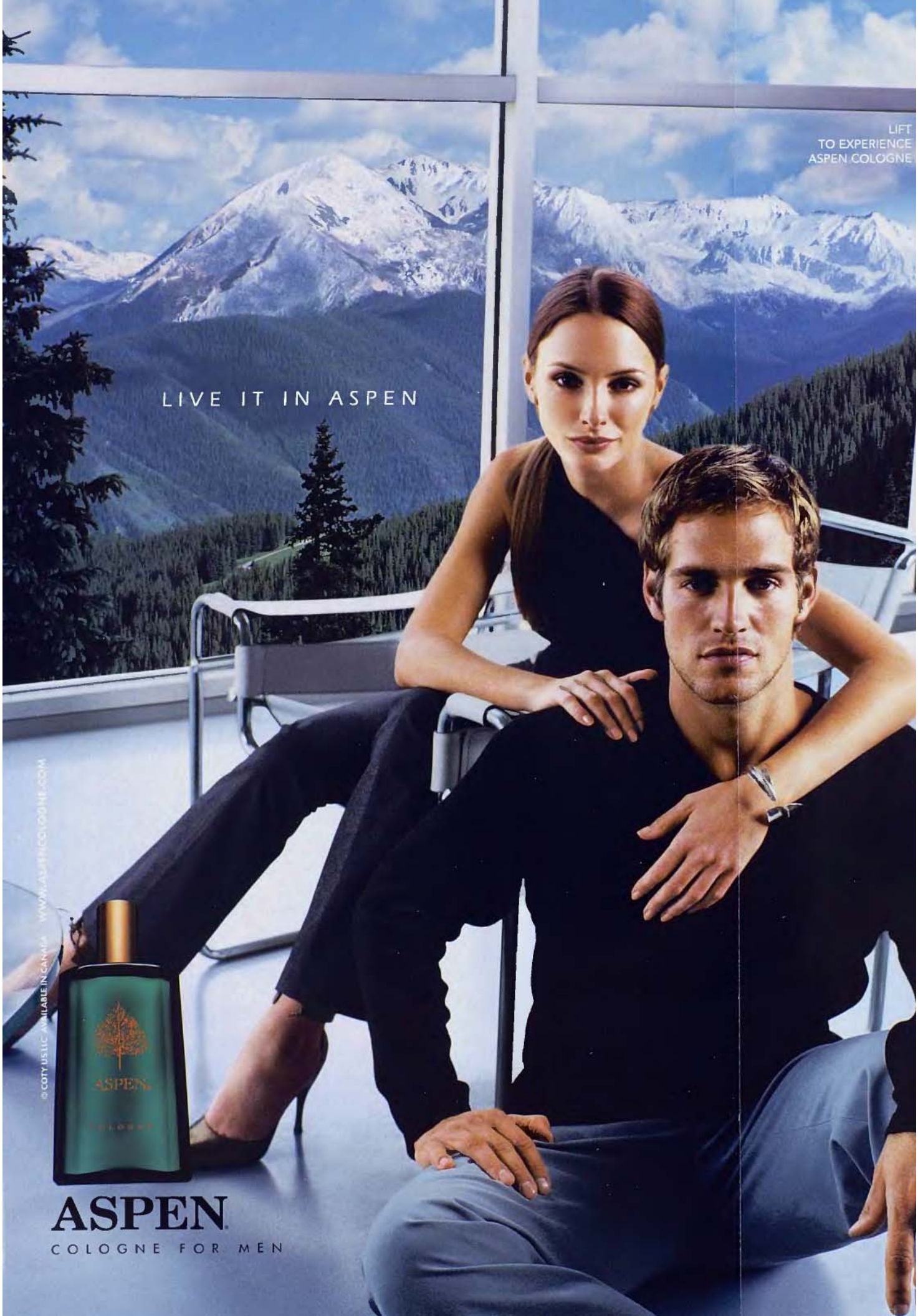
*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com.*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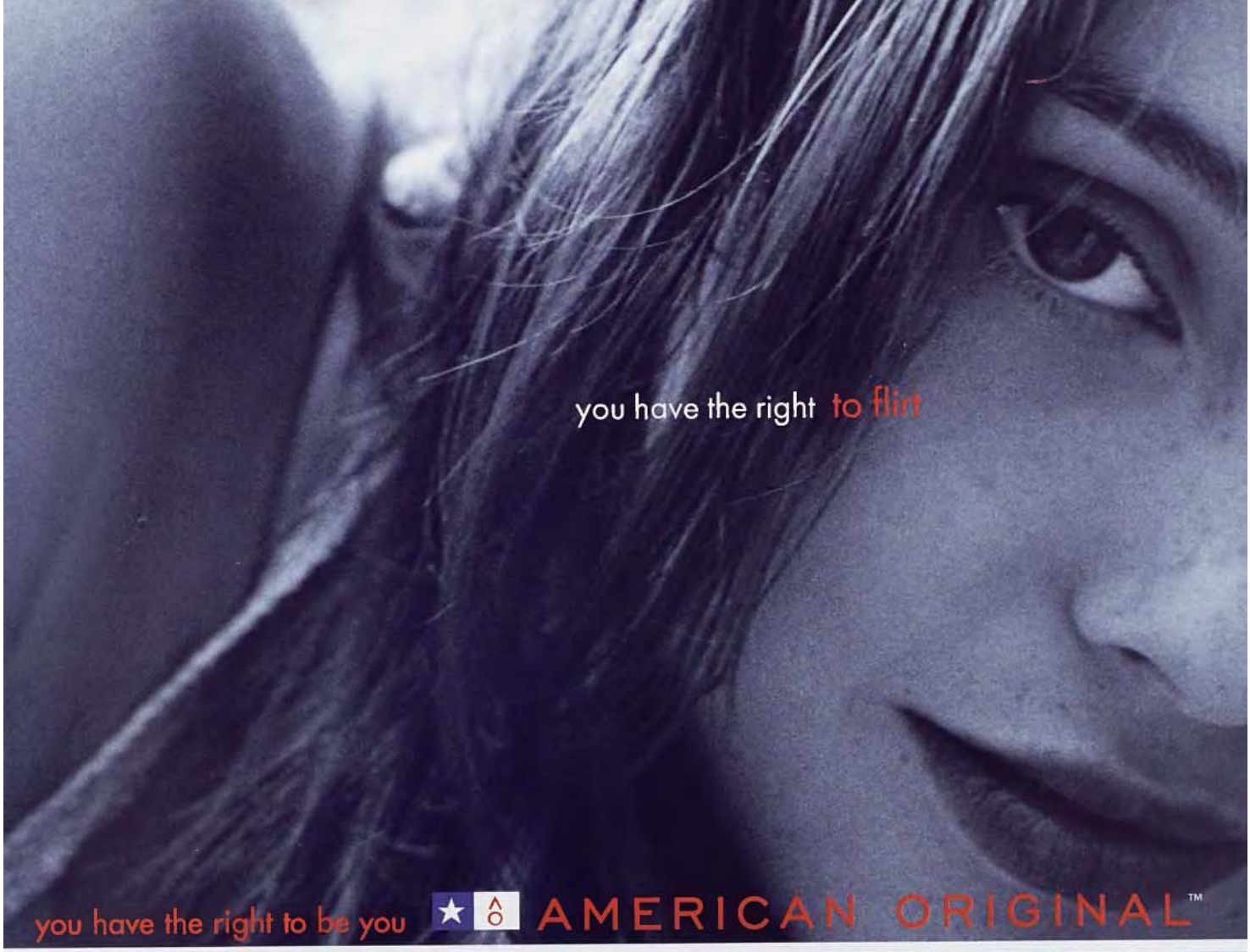
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# GUILT TRIP

## ONE TOKE OVER THE LINE?

Did the events of September 11 change America? Apparently not. One constant has been the ability of opportunists to exploit the tragedy. We've kept a list of behavior that went beyond bad taste into the realm of "what were they thinking?" Among the many examples: A few days after planes flew into the WTC and the Pentagon, a cremation society ran an ad illustrated by a line drawing of the twin towers.

Then there was the porn company that offered for sale a videotape called *Vengeance*, with the promise that all proceeds would go to the Red Cross. Then Detroit appropriated a hero's last words ("Let's roll") to inspire us to buy GM gas guzzlers (Keep America Rolling). We watched the government wrap the term homeland security around every pork project from farm subsidies (keep America eating) to a bogus economic-stimulus package (keep America shopping). But the trend peaked during the Super Bowl, when the Office of National Drug Control Policy tried to link casual drug use with world terrorism in a series of television commercials.

"Where do terrorists get their money?" asked a voice-over as the camera showed an Osama clone buying AK-47s, fake passports and plastique explosives. "If you buy drugs, some of it might come from you."

The feds spent nearly $3.5 million to place the spots. In the weeks that followed, more money went to sponsor ads in 293 newspapers. Over a picture of a slightly stoned youth, the copy read: "Yesterday afternoon I did my laundry, went for a run and helped torture someone's dad." The text over a shot of a young girl is similar: "Last weekend I washed my car, hung out with a few friends and helped murder a family in Colombia. C'mon, it was a party." Another helpful teen claimed to be an accessory after the fact in the killing of a judge.

The tag line at the bottom of the ads directs the curious or guilty to theantidrug.com, an official website that provides yet more propaganda, some of it unintentionally hilarious: "If you are using drugs in America, whether you're shooting heroin, snorting cocaine, taking ecstasy or sharing a joint in your friend's backyard, evidence is mounting that what you're doing may be connected to events far beyond your existence."

Heavy, man. Feeling connected to events far beyond their existence is one reason people take drugs, as anyone who saw the Grateful Dead perform can attest. But the folks at the antidrug.com hold the recreational drug user responsible for much worse.

How many of the 28 organizations identified as terrorists by the State Department are funded by illegal drugs?

According to theantidrug.com, 12. How much did the Taliban make from the sale of heroin? Some $40 million to $50 million. The site fails to mention that just months before September 11, the U.S. government pledged a similar amount to reward the Taliban for eradicating the poppy crop. Where would that money have gone? Yesterday's ally in the war on drugs is today's terrorist and tomorrow's world leader.

The British director who made the spots boasted of the "unprecedented" fact checking between the copywriters and the FBI, DEA, CIA and the Departments of Defense and State over such niggling details as the going price of AK-47 assault rifles. Certainly, given the war on drug's past history with truth, unprecedented was the right word.

None of the ads touch on the basic civics lesson of the war on drugs. Prohibition creates astronomical profits. Our misguided war on drugs has created the ready cash that corrupts governments and creates havoc. Make drugs a health problem, rather than a legal one, and the prices would drop.

We don't have the drug office's $180 million advertising budget, nor the services of giant Ogilvy and Mather, which created the Super Bowl campaign. But here are a few ads we'd like to see:

John Ashcroft in front of a cloaked statue of Justice: "Today I held a prayer meeting at the office, issued another red alert in the war on terrorism and denied an inexpensive form of pain relief to a terminally ill cancer patient."

A police officer in full SWAT gear: "Yesterday I worked out at the gym, spoke at a high school DARE program and served a warrant on the wrong address, accidentally killing an innocent citizen, a father of five, as he lay sleeping on the couch."

A congressman: "Yesterday I had a three-martini lunch with a lobbyist, put my daughter, who was caught trying to fill a fake prescription, into a drug treatment program and upheld marijuana laws that since 1982 have resulted in more than 8 million arrests."

A well-dressed prosecutor: "Yesterday I played racquetball, took a steam bath and sent a mother of three to federal prison for 20 years because her boyfriend was a drug dealer."

A Peruvian air force pilot: "Yesterday I kissed my wife goodbye, flew patrol over a jungle and shot down a small plane, killing a missionary and her daughter."

Support the war on drugs and you support terror.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

# Hard-Core From A to XXX

## what we've learned from porn documentaries

By DANIEL RADOSH

In the Sixties and Seventies, smut merchants slipped their films past censors by calling them documentaries about nudity and sex. One of the first mass-marketed adult films was a 1968 quickie called *Pornography in Denmark*, followed by a collection of stags billed as *The History of the Blue Movie*. Today, porn is respectable enough that serious filmmakers regularly visit the San Fernando Valley, where most adult videos are shot, to search for the meaning of choreographed sex. They drop by sets and production offices and corner the usual suspects, such as Bill Margold, a former performer who now heads the Free Speech Coalition. Even the National Film Board of Canada (*Give Me Your Soul*) and PBS (*American Porn*) have dispatched crews to the Valley; PBS distributed its report in edited and unedited versions and presumably made sure Jesse Helms didn't see either.

Curious about all the porn documentaries being released one after the other (at least a dozen since 1999), I watched as many as I could find—nearly 15 hours of hot intellectual action, with just enough exposed breasts and cussing to keep me alert in the homestretch. Some focused on individuals and included *Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy*; *Wadd: The Life and Times of John C. Holmes*; and *Sex: The Annabel Chong Story*. Others had themes: The director of the hilarious *Fluffy Cumsalot, Porn Star* asked performers how they chose their stage names, while *Porn to Rock* explored the collision of erotica and music. The rest were overviews of the biz, with *Porn Stars: Life in the Adult Industry* and *Rated X: A Journey Through Porn* being the most valuable. If you can watch only one, go with *The Girl Next Door* (gndmovie.com), which profiles housewife turned performer Stacy Valentine. Rather than bore you with reviews of each film (which, like porn, would have gotten repetitive fast), I gleaned the most interesting facts and insights for this A-to-Z guide:

### Adult Entertainment

Preferred industry term, validated by 1984 California and 1988 U.S. Supreme Court rulings that affirmed First Amendment protection for porn films. Legalization changed the business dramatically, and not entirely for the better. See Pimping and Pandering, Quantity Over Quality.

### Blood, Goats and Kids

Vice squad phrase for the criteria that opens a film to prosecution. Alternatively, CURB-FHP, coined by a Los Angeles prosecutor, stands for Children, Urination or defecation, Rape, Bestiality, Fisting or foot insertion, Homicide or dismemberment, and severe infliction of Pain.

### C Light

Handheld lamp that's used to illuminate close-up shots of "the hard-core."

### Douche Commercials

Term used by director Toni English when referring to the "girls in transparent dresses running through fields of daisies" movies made by other female porn directors.

### Erection

The ability to achieve and sustain wood in a room filled with bored crew members is the main talent required of male performers, according to director Ira Levine, a.k.a. Ernest Greene.

### Fluffer

"There's no such thing," insists Brittany Andrews, whose cynical wit and honking laugh made her the most memorable of the female performers interviewed. "A fluffer is called your fucking hand."

### Gang Bang

Video genre in which women set records for continual sex acts. Annabel Chong, who had sex with 251 men (actually it was fewer than 80 guys, most of whom got back in line a few times) for a 1995 video called *The World's Biggest Gang Bang*, is resented by other adult performers. The stunt "gives porno a bad name," complains actor Michael J. Coxx.

### HIV Test

A monthly requirement for all performers. Despite the death of John Holmes in 1988 and a handful of infections recently, the industry is divided over how serious the threat is and whether condoms are necessary. The Adult Industry Medical Health Care Foundation (whose director, former star Sharon Mitchell, has made a porn documentary of her own) issues periodic alerts about performers who have faked the test results they must show producers before shoots.

### Intimidation

Why stalking is uncommon. Fans "are more likely to think they wouldn't be enough for a porn star rather than thinking, Oh yeah, I'm the guy she needs," says director Bud Lee. On the flip side, it's "the word that keeps Brittany Andrews from getting laid," according to Brittany, who says men are afraid to hit on her.

### Johnny Wadd

Character that made the famously endowed John Holmes a star. The Wadd movies, which spanned the Seventies, are considered the first hard-core

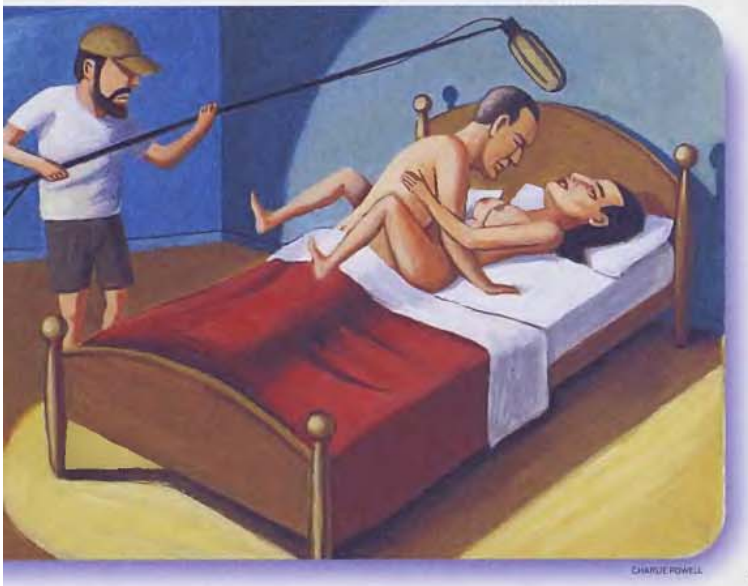
series. Holmes does not come off as an action figure in the documentary about his life. A typical anecdote: He was stoned on Valium when he married Misty Dawn in Las Vegas, an event he learned of only after seeing a wedding photo weeks later.

### Kiplinger's Personal Finance

Magazine that performer Asia Carrera says she reads religiously, along with *The Wall Street Journal* and *Smart Money*, so that she can retire at the age of 30.

### Luke Ford

Cynical journalist who is known as the Matt Drudge of porn. As a religious Jew, Ford is conflicted about his symbiotic relationship with the industry. He believes most pornographers are scumbags, and the feeling is mutual. His exposés at lukeford.com have gotten him banned from most sets.



CHARLIE POWELL

### Money

The women earn $300 to $1500 per scene, men from $200 to $450. The most recognizable female talent also can make up to $20,000 a week at strip clubs. That's one reason you see so many fake boobs in porn; the actresses make more money stripping, and implants generate better tips.

### Noms de Porn

Inspirations range from favorite whiskey (Jenna Jameson) to *The Karate Kid* (Mimi Miyagi). The famous formula—name of your first pet plus name of the street you grew up on—is never actually used. If it were, Juli Ashton and Nina Hartley would be Tikki Baldwin and Bingo Stewart.

### Orgasms

Several female performers claim to have them on-screen consistently, but the men always fake it. Footage of the actor's face in ecstasy is filmed separately from the ejaculation, or money shot. The latter is more often called a pop shot, while the former is a FIP (fake internal pop).

### Pimping and Pandering

Charges that were brought against John Holmes in 1973, when the law viewed actors who were paid to have sex as prostitutes. Holmes avoided jail time by becoming an enthusiastic snitch for the LAPD.

### Quantity Over Quality

The formula that ruined porn, according to its practitioners. Twenty years ago, according to Bud Lee, a feature film might have sold 12,000 copies at $40 apiece. In today's market—with as many as 11,000 features produced every year—it's more likely to sell 1800 to 2000 copies at $12 each. Low profit margins translate into low production values. This situation is generally blamed on the legalization of the industry, which encouraged every hustler with a camcorder to get into the business.

### Rosa Parks

Civil rights leader to whom black starlet Midori says she is sometimes compared. Racism is systemic in the industry. Many white actresses refuse to appear in scenes with black men, and some Southern cable stations won't air interracial scenes. That gives producers little motivation to cast blacks in anything but low-budget trash.

### Soft-Core

Version of a film made to air on pay-per-view cable channels. It's shot simultaneously with the hard-core video version, but without close-ups and using FIPs instead of pops.

### Tampa Tushy Fest

Video that last year became the focus of the first obscenity trial in Los Angeles since 1993. Prosecutors say its depiction of one woman with her fist in the vagina of another violated community standards. The director, Seymore Butts, said he intended to distribute the video only in Europe but that a few copies accidentally made their way to U.S. outlets. Another producer is being prosecuted for a bukkake video (in which groups of men ejaculate on a single woman) and a pissing video called *Liquid Gold 5*. *American Porn* discusses the Bush administration's plan to crack down on porn after years of "neglect" by the Clinton administration. Former Attorney General Janet Reno has responded that the administration had more important things to do.

### Utopia

Goal of some Golden Age pioneers who believed that X-rated films would bring about a world free of sexual hang-ups. Their kind is increasingly rare in today's industry, where quick money motivates most performers and brings hundreds of ambitious or desperate women from around the world to the Valley each year.

### Viagra

Changed the business by reducing erection problems that often delayed filming and limited producers to using only a handful of reliable actors. Few male performers will admit to using the drug and instead usually claim that secret home-brewed energy drinks account for their stamina.

### War Casualties

What Ron Jeremy thinks about to make a scene last longer. Also: dead dogs, his grandmother.

### X, Family of

Filmmaker cum PR man Bill Margold's term for the industry. Margold, who has also appeared in about 60 films, calls himself its "papa bear."

### Young Women

The industry's fuel. "After three years, a hardworking performer may have done 200 or 300 features," says Ira Levine, and is ready to be replaced. There is no shortage of bodies. In *Give Me Your Soul*, Margold is shown driving to pick up a newcomer at the bus station. He claims it's the first time he's ever known a performer who literally arrived "fresh off the bus." Usually they fly or take the train.

### Zits

Appear on performers' butts at the worst times. Pimples and tattoos are why directors hire makeup artists.

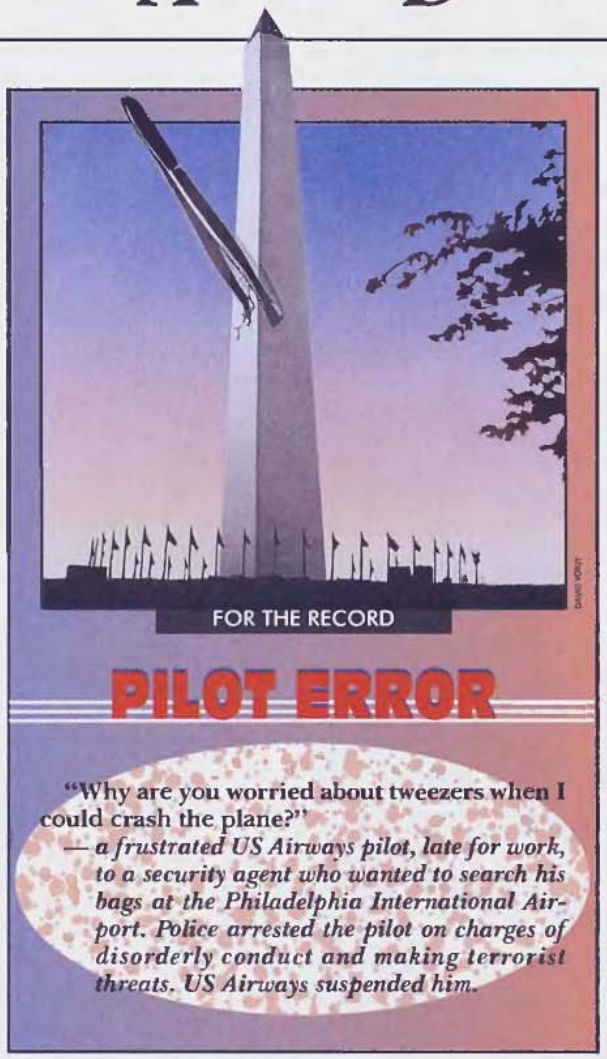
# READER

### THE DEBATE ON TORTURE

James R. Petersen was right to be appalled at our indifference to published reports that the FBI is contemplating harsher interrogations ("Thinking About Torture," *The Playboy Forum*, March). In January *60 Minutes* interviewed a variety of so-called experts on the topic. A French general who had tortured detainees in the Fifties during the French–Algerian war claimed that his techniques (electricity to the ears, hands and testicles, a water-soaked towel wrapped around the head, etc.) had been successful. Since Algeria is no longer a French colony, perhaps this only shows that one man's torture session is another movement's call to arms. Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz paraded his notion of torture warrants, saying that in a ticking-bomb scenario, a suspect should be fair game for force. He dismissed constitutional protections. "Due process is the process you are due under the circumstances of the case. And the process that an alleged terrorist who is planning to kill thousands of people may be due is very different than the process that an ordinary criminal may be due." So much for the presumption of innocence. (I couldn't help comparing Dershowitz' firm belief in the power of suspicion with the British judge who released an Arab pilot we had been told was one of the September 11 conspirators. The government's evidence did not hold up under scrutiny. Maybe we should have tortured him anyway.)

*Sixty Minutes* also presented Abdul Hakim Murad, the convicted terrorist mentioned in Petersen's article. Murad's lawyer noted that besides claiming in his confession he and others were planning to crash several airliners at once, including one into CIA headquarters, his client also claimed to have played a part in the Oklahoma City bombing. U.S. investigators didn't act on his claims, and the anecdote seems to emphasize the lack of faith torturers put in the information gleaned.

Paul Jones
Killeen, Texas


FOR THE RECORD
PILOT ERROR
"Why are you worried about tweezers when I could crash the plane?"
— a frustrated US Airways pilot, late for work, to a security agent who wanted to search his bags at the Philadelphia International Airport. Police arrested the pilot on charges of disorderly conduct and making terrorist threats. US Airways suspended him.

### THE WAR IN CINCINNATI

Daniel Lazare spoke with several residents of the Over-the-Rhine neighborhood for his "Occupied America" (*The Playboy Forum*, March). But I notice he didn't speak to any officers.

I have been a police officer in Cleveland for four years and have worked in the city's most dangerous district. We are losing the drug war. It's easy to see why: Bureaucrats, the community and the media criticize efforts by police to curtail the trade. I don't have the answer, but blaming officers who risk their lives on the streets isn't it. Lazare claims that when the drug trade is concentrated in the ghetto, police lump drugs, the people and the community into one. I can assure you that any experienced officer knows the difference between a drug dealer and a good citizen. I hope Lazare sleeps well at night, protected by the people he considers thugs.

Brian McEntee
Cleveland, Ohio

Once again the *Forum* has showcased its disdain for law enforcement. Instead of spewing venom at police, why not direct your anger toward lawmakers? After all, the officers are only enforcing the laws that legislators have enacted.

Carrie Gralinski
Savannah, Georgia

*We have taken shots at those who make the laws, but they're not the ones on the street. "I was just enforcing the law" sounds a lot like "I was just following orders," and neither is an excuse for injustice. Daniel Lazare got an earful from pro-police forces in Cincinnati. After hearing both sides, he concluded that when you send cops to do an impossible job, bad things happen. We also should correct an error. A quote about Prohibition we attributed to H.L. Mencken in fact originated with Heywood Broun, who described Prohibition as a scheme to discourage the drinking of good beer in favor of indifferent gin.*

### THE PRISON BUSINESS

"Pork Barrel Prisons" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) is dead-on. The California Correctional Peace Officers Association controls the prison industry here. I have firsthand knowledge of this—I'm incarcerated in a California prison. My case is one of thousands examined by Families to Amend California's Three Strikes. The group documents the effects of the state's three-strikes law, which requires that people convicted of three felonies be given long prison terms, regardless of the severity of the third crime. As a result, people convicted of petty crimes such as shoplifting, writing bad checks and selling small amounts of drugs are sent away for decades. I landed here after being convicted of perjury for filling in false information on a DMV application. I'd been previously convicted three times for burglary. In no case was anyone hurt. I received 25 years to life.

Politicians say that without the law, violent repeat offenders will remain on the streets. I'm not proud of what I did, but I am not a violent criminal. Murderers have gotten the same punishment that I received, or less.

George Anderson
Lancaster, California

# FORUM RESPONSE

California's prison system is one reason the state's schools stink. Education is not a priority for our governor, Gray Davis. It costs tens of millions of dollars to house nonviolent inmates who ought to be released. If there were any logic in the Golden State, officials would close prisons before cutting $98 million from the state's education budget, as happened this year. As long as the prison guard union keeps donating huge amounts of money to elect politicians like Davis, no prison will close. The self-proclaimed education governor is actually an incarceration governor. Victimizing prisoners and their families will be his legacy.

Walter Lewis
Soledad, California

I am an inmate in Nevada, where the Department of Prisons mirrors California's system in many disturbing ways. The prison I'm in has been open since the fall of 2000. It currently houses 2300 prisoners, but it's not finished yet—there are hundreds of acres of land here waiting for more prefab units. Eventually, the facility will hold 10,000 prisoners. How will the corrections department justify the cost of this superprison? By packing in nonviolent drug offenders by the busload.

In many cases, these are men who were caught with marijuana or methamphetamine. They're not criminals. I'm a criminal. I'm serving five years for armed robbery—a sentence I deserve. But I'm in the minority. Most of the inmates I meet seem to be here for nothing more serious than possession. These guys belong in treatment centers and at work, so they can provide for their kids.

Prison guards may have job-related stress, but I can't believe it's any worse than a kindergarten teacher's. Their unions tell horror stories to justify higher salaries.

Changing the way things are done would mean we'd need fewer correctional officers. But we also would need drug counselors and social workers. The prison guard unions don't need to rally for political battle. They need to consider a new line of work.

Chris Frasher
Indian Springs, Nevada

*We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and your city and state or province.*

## FORUM F.Y.I.

### COVER UP!

In Washington, D.C., the Justice Department has installed $8650 worth of TV-friendly curtains that conceal a partially nude female statue representing the Spirit of Justice. Its exposed breast often shows up in photos taken at news conferences (right). In San Francisco, organizers of a benefit performance of *The Vagina Monologues* agreed to cover a 300-pound sculpture of a vulva, a ball made of bras and other artwork they'd placed in the marble lobby of the Masonic Auditorium (top left). The artist who created what she bills as the "world's biggest pussy" offered to obscure her sculpture in lace during work hours, but the theater insisted the covering be opaque. In Halifax, England a trust commissioned three statues for display at the Calderdale Royal Hospital. The artist envisioned two of the three as female nudes (one sitting, one standing, at left) "because the form has always been a means to express life, hope, beauty and dignity." The hospital has asked the artist to add slips, saying the nudes might distress its breast-cancer patients.

# POT CLUBS UNDER ATTACK

## why raid medical marijuana co-ops now?

By DEAN KUIPERS

By midafternoon on Thursday, October 25, 10 people had gathered in a storefront in West Hollywood to bake pot brownies and fill 400 sandwich bags with weed. If all went according to plan, about two pounds of marijuana would be distributed the next morning to members of the Los Angeles Cannabis Resource Co-op, just as the group had been doing three times every week for the past five years.

Founded in 1996, the LACRC had grown to include 960 members who relied on marijuana for medical purposes, including relief from the nausea associated with AIDS and cancer treatments. Pot keeps meds down and appetites up. It relieves the pain and spasticity of multiple sclerosis. It reduces intraocular pressure in glaucoma patients. It's easy to grow and less expensive than pharmaceuticals. One of the side effects is a pleasant buzz—a similar effect to what one might feel on codeine or other pain relievers.

The center had operated with immunity because of Proposition 215. Passed in 1996 by California voters, it allowed doctors to recommend and seriously ill residents to use (and grow) medical marijuana. The federal government took a different view. Drugs not prescribed by a physician are illegal and therefore a threat akin to terrorists. That's one conclusion that can be drawn from what occurred at the LACRC six weeks after September 11, with the World Trade Center still smoldering and the country on edge because of an anthrax scare.

Around 5 P.M., an officer from the Drug Enforcement Administration rang the bell at the co-op. Behind him stood 29 other agents, most armed with pistols. Their unmarked sedans clogged the street. Anyone passing by the nondescript building on Santa Monica Boulevard might have assumed a drug kingpin lived inside.

When he heard the bell, Scott Imler, the center's 43-year-old director, looked up at the security monitor in his office. He noticed a crowd. Then he spotted the letters DEA on the back of a jacket. He raced to the front door, but it was too late. The security guard, a volunteer with AIDS who had been assigned to check ID cards and prescriptions, forgot to look at his own monitor before opening the door. Who else would it be but a patient or volunteer? Two agents pinned him against a wall as the others swarmed into the building, their guns holstered. They herded everyone into the lounge, including Imler, who uses cannabis to control his epileptic seizures and cluster headaches. One agent asked him for his keys to the building while others raised the delivery door and backed two rental trucks into position.

DEA agents chopped up 400 pot plants in the center's basement and loaded the debris into rental trucks.

As Imler and the others waited, the agents searched the offices. According to its warrant, the government suspected the LACRC of three federal crimes: manufacture of marijuana for sale, maintaining a drug house and money laundering.

In the basement, agents chopped up the center's 400 plants and loaded the debris into rental trucks. They also carried out 56 grow lights and an array of power tools. Timers used to regulate the water intake of the plants couldn't be removed from the walls, so the agents smashed them. They removed the processing units from five computers used to track patients and carted away 60 boxes of dispensary chits—the records of every pot prescription the center had ever filled. When a cabinet filled with medical records proved too heavy to move, the agents dumped its contents haphazardly into more boxes.

Shortly after the raid began, the LACRC's attorney, John Duran (who also serves on the West Hollywood city council), arrived. Agents claimed the center was a "federal crime scene" and that Duran would have to wait outside. He asked if he could phone his clients. He was told no.

He waited for nearly six hours. At 11 P.M., the agents piled into their cars, started the trucks and left en masse. They had with them almost the entire contents of the LACRC's offices, excluding furniture. They made no arrests.

The next morning, more than 150 people showed up at the center to fill their prescriptions. Either by design or accident, the feds had overlooked a six-ounce bag of pot in the dispensary. That was just enough for everyone present to get a one-gram dose, and then the LACRC was out of business.

Scott Imler had anticipated the raid long before the agents arrived. At one time, the movement to legalize medical marijuana had been gaining momentum. Besides California, eight states (Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Hawaii, Maine, Nevada, Oregon and Washington) allow patients to smoke weed under controlled circumstances. Voters in Washington, D.C. also approved a referendum, though Congress squashed it. But last year the U.S. Supreme Court decided that states could not legalize marijuana for any purpose, regardless of what voters thought. The court ruled that the federal Controlled Substances Act, which makes marijuana the legal equivalent of heroin and cocaine, trumps any local measure. So much for states' rights. The ruling coincided with the arrival of Bush appointees John Ashcroft as attorney general and Asa Hutchinson as director of the DEA. Both men support the drug war without exception.

Federal agents had been harassing other pot clubs before September 11, but the attacks forced them to suspend their campaign—for two weeks. On September 28, DEA agents took thousands of records from a medical research center in El Dorado County. The California Medical Association

denounced the raid, saying it threatened the confidential physician-patient relationship. It wondered why federal agents were "tossing doctor's offices" in a time of national crisis. On that same day, agents raided the LACRC's gardens in Ventura County, removing 342 plants and cultivation equipment.

So on October 25, Imler was more saddened than surprised to see the DEA at his door. The agency admits it targeted the LACRC because the center had generated too much publicity, which flew in the face of the official line that marijuana use has to be stamped out. "In light of the Supreme Court ruling, it became incumbent upon us to establish federal law with regard to this cannabis buyers club, which was basically being flaunted," said a DEA spokesman.

In fact, the LACRC is a model of civic responsibility and of the American way of revolutionary change. Imler, a former high school teacher, tested the waters in 1992 by pushing an ordinance in Santa Cruz County that legalized medical marijuana there. Over the next four years, he worked to get the issue on the state ballot. Before the LACRC opened its doors to patients, Imler and his board met with the Los Angeles County sheriff and the West Hollywood City Council to coordinate how it would be integrated with the legal and health care systems. Everyone seemed content with the arrangement—except the White House.

To prevent anyone from abusing the system, the club created ID cards for patients who could produce valid doctors' prescriptions. Since the raid, Imler has spent most of his time reconstructing the LACRC's records. He also takes regular calls from local deputies attempting to confirm that a person found with pot is a member of the club.

Captain Lynda Castro, who oversees the West Hollywood office of the LA Sheriff's Department, condemned the DEA raid and defends the way her office monitors the club. She relates an anecdote about a co-op member whose neighbor turned him in for growing a potted marijuana plant on his stoop. Her officers impounded the weed. But once they had received certification from the LACRC (including a copy of the prescription), a deputy gave the man and his plant a ride home.

Had the Justice Department been involved, the man might still be in jail. Federal authorities have been mired in paranoia since Richard Nixon launched the drug war in 1971. Even the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress generally viewed as an independent watchdog, appears to be entrenched. Last summer an official from the GAO told Imler that his agency had been directed by Congress (specifically, the Government Reform Subcommittee on Criminal Justice Drug Policy and Human Resources) to review medical marijuana facilities. Paul Jones, director of the GAO team, says its main interest was how the club makes sure pot goes to prescribed users. When the four investigators arrived, however, Imler says they seemed interested only in examining the basement grow room and in learning more about the club's Ventura County gardens. An hour after they left, a judge signed a warrant authorizing a raid on the Ventura gardens, which took place the following day. Jones says there is no connection between the events: "We don't show our information until the report is done, and then only to the requester in Congress." The GAO's report is expected in August.

Imler says the LACRC has not grown or distributed marijuana since the October raid. Patients must grow their own or find a dealer. With its stubborn and senseless marijuana policy, the White House has provided a stimulus package for the illegal drug trade.

Following the raid, a grand jury reviewed the two truckloads of material seized from the LACRC. As of presstime, there's been no word about its conclusions. Pot clubs in the Bay Area hid their medical records in anticipation of more raids. San Francisco officials declared the city a sanctuary for medical marijuana, and the district attorney made it clear his office and other city agencies would not be assisting in any raids. These measures, however, could not protect the clubs. On February 12, hours before DEA director Hutchinson gave a speech at the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco in which he claimed "science has told us so far there is no medical benefit to smoking marijuana" (a disingenuous claim given that the government refuses to allow researchers access to marijuana so they can test the drug's effectiveness), his agents raided the Sixth Street Harm Reduction Center along with several of its alleged suppliers, including one in British Columbia. The agency arrested four people, including the center's executive director, and seized 8300 plants.

Just as in Los Angeles, agents ransacked the center, which fills prescriptions for about 200 patients each day, and loaded a rental truck with plants and other evidence. The center was able to locate other sources of marijuana and reopened within hours. Protestors, including four city supervisors, later disrupted Hutchinson's speech, yelling "liar," blowing kazoos outside and chanting "Go away, DEA." Tom Ammiano, president of the board of supervisors, stood before the crowd and called the Drug Enforcement Administration "obnoxious" and "grandstanding," adding, "I don't want somebody in my house who isn't invited."

In Washington, D.C. that same day, Attorney General Ashcroft issued the federal government's latest warning that another attack on the U.S. could be imminent. The government then distributed the names and photographs of 15 suspects. The DEA acknowledges that "there are other events going on in the world that are of a crisis nature" but says "the citizens of the United States expect us to continue to do our job." Otherwise, of course, the terrorists win.

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## DON'T FUCK NOW

WARSAW—*An Internet company is offering women a "contraception service" via their mobile phones. A woman first answers questions online about her menstrual*

*cycle, then receives text messages to indicate when she's ovulating (and therefore fertile). The company expects the service to do well because 90 percent of Poland's population is Roman Catholic, and the Church forbids artificial methods of birth control.*

## WHAT WOULD SATAN DO?

HONOLULU—*The dress code at Kaimuki High School forbids gang symbols and clothing that promotes alcohol, tobacco, profanity or Satanism. That last provision bothered the Hawaii Citizens for the Separation of State and Church. It said of the restriction: "It singles out one religion over others, and you can't do that under the Constitution. If you can wear a shirt that says* JESUS LOVES YOU, *you should be able to wear a shirt that has a pentagram." The school agreed and revised the code.*

## NAME GAME

ARVADA, COLORADO—*Ex-lovers David Rosenthal and Barbara Newman spent more than $30,000 in legal fees bickering over the surname of their two-year-old daughter. He wanted Newman-Rosenthal, she wanted Rosenthal Newman (no hyphen). Newman claimed the girl responds more readily to her last name. Rosenthal said, "She responds to 'punkinhead' too." A judge ruled that the child's last name would be Newman-Rosenthal.*

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—*Edward Forchion, who is serving a 10-year prison sentence for possession of and intent to distribute marijuana, wants to change his name to match his online domain, Njweedman.com. The county prosecutor is fighting the request, claiming that Forchion wants to be known as a URL to promote his illegal business. Forchion says it's a gimmick to sell copies of his books.*

## DOWN ON SHIRTS

DELAWARE, OHIO—*Ohio Wesleyan University officials ordered the rugby team to stop wearing T-shirts that read* WE MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT WE'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR SISTER. *The moderator of the campus women's house said the shirts "target women." However, administrators said nothing about T-shirts worn by the women's swim team that read* WE SWIM FOR DICK—*a tribute to their coach, Richard Hawes Jr.*

## BUSTED

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*Police said they would ticket any woman who bared her breasts during the city's Mardi Gras parade, expressing concern that flashing could lead to violence. Resident Caroline Estes called for a mass "tit-in" of topless women and drag queens. She noted that city law does not prohibit women from going topless. "I'm 43, and I'm not going to incite any riot with my breasts," she said. "I might start a stampede the other way."*

## YOUR THUMB HERE

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*Following September 11, investigators discovered that several of the hijackers had used fake Virginia driver's licenses. In response, a Republican state senator introduced a bill that would require every person who applies for a new or updated license to provide the DMV with a thumbprint. The print would be reproduced on the license, and banks or government agencies could be allowed to demand a matching print. Other options discussed included submitting a DNA sample or sitting for an eye scan. When privacy activists voiced concerns, the senator responded: "Those who say George Orwell has arrived in Richmond should look over their shoulders. He got here 10 years ago."*

## NO ESCAPE

STOCKHOLM—*A man who did a good deed for a lesbian couple now finds himself the father of three kids. The man had donated his sperm to the women on three occasions so they could have children. When the women's relationship ended last year, the children's biological mother took the man to court. A judge ordered him to pay $280 per month in support.*

## NAKED VICTORY

TORONTO—*Police suspected that organizers of a lesbian party called the Pussy Palace might be violating their liquor license by allowing visitors to have sex, so the department sent two female undercover agents to investigate. Soon after, the women called in five male officers to raid the gathering, which was being held in a rented bathhouse. The cops spent 90 minutes on the scene, where about 70 percent of the 350 participants were topless or nude. That lingering prompted a judge to dismiss all charges brought against the hosts. He ruled that the partygoers had a reasonable expectation of privacy and that the of-*

*ficers had unnecessarily humiliated them. In their defense, the cops testified that the women didn't appear upset. "They just continued lounging and drinking," one of the police officers said. "One joked that I was overdressed."*

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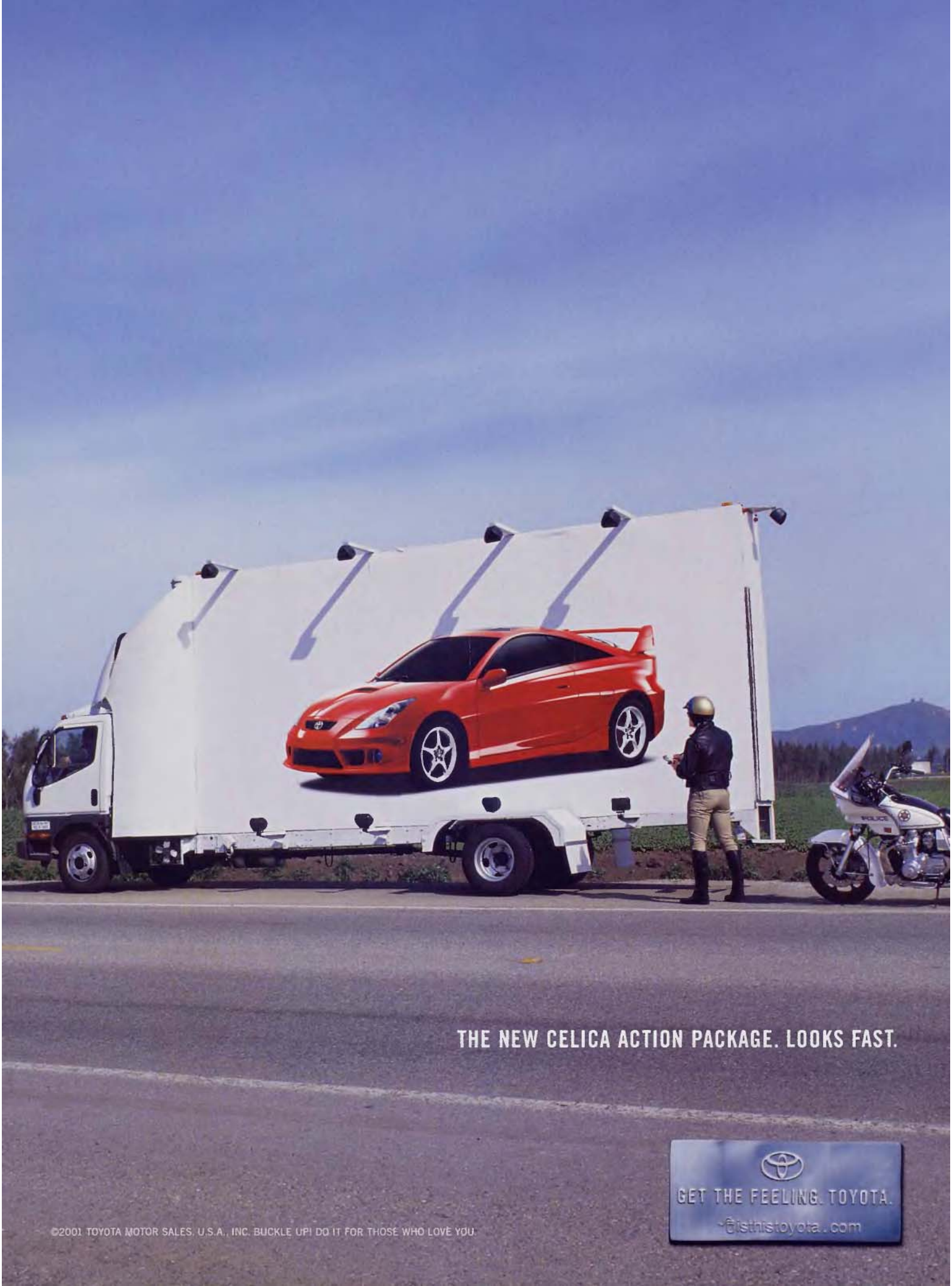


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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CURT SCHILLING

*a candid conversation with the diamondbacks' ace about world series heroics, minor league sex, playing with pain and how his laptop helps him smoke derek jeter*

*The World Series hero as gung ho geek? You might think so, given Curt Schilling's collections of sports and military memorabilia and his fondness for role-playing games. But put a baseball in his hand and Schilling changes from Dilbert to Superman, a 6'4", 230-pound fireballer who humbles .300 hitters. Last year Schilling, 35, won 22 games and lost only six for the Arizona Diamondbacks, with an earned run average of just 2.98. He dueled teammate Randy Johnson for supremacy among big league pitchers, and together they led the D-backs into a classic World Series against the mighty Yankees. And when game seven began, it was Schilling who took the ball for his team. Pressure? Nah. Schilling, who makes $10 million a year, knew what to expect that night. He had worked it all out on his laptop.*

*Life wasn't always so predictable for the Anchorage-born right-hander, who grew up in Alaska, Arizona, Missouri and other places the Army sent his father. Cliff Schilling was a master sergeant with a pragmatic worldview. "Don't expect life to be fair. You'll be disappointed," he told his only son. "All you can do is take what comes and deal with it." Cliff Schilling had a heart attack in middle age and died when Curt was just 21. Though he didn't live long enough to see his son pitch in the majors, he knew where Curt was headed. "Son," he said, "you have a gift. You are going to pitch in the big leagues."*

*Curt made his major league debut in 1988, eight months after his dad died. The kid was smart enough to know how to spell discipline, but dumb enough to think he didn't need any. His first team, the Orioles, traded him to the Houston Astros, who made him their closer. He flopped, got demoted and was shipped off to Philadelphia. In 1993 he went 16–7 for the Phillies, but by 1996, the year he turned 30, his career record was 52 wins, 52 losses.*

*Then something strange began to happen. The middling 30-year-old morphed into a 35-year-old superstar. Such mysteries can be hard to explain, but three events played vital roles: Schilling became a father, he emerged from arm surgery with a better fastball and he got an attitude adjustment from noted sports psychologist Roger Clemens. Another way to look at it: Schilling grew up. The results are clear between the baselines as well as off the field, where he has become a spokesman for the world champion Diamondbacks, for other ballplayers, even for Americans who don't know a slider from a slurve. When the team visited Manhattan during the Series, it was Schilling who gave a passionate, patriotic speech that left rescue workers in tears.*

*Schilling has been what baseball people call a horse—an ace who takes the ball every fifth day, wins 15 or more games a year and gets richer than most other athletes. From 1997 through 2001 his record was 80–49, with a 3.28 ERA and a blazing 1232 strikeouts in 1170 innings. Those are Hall of Fame numbers, and Schilling's brilliance in the regular season pales beside his mastery in last fall's playoffs and World Series, when he went 4–0 with a 1.12 ERA. For one of the best postseasons ever, he shared Series MVP honors with Johnson.*

*We sent* **Kevin Cook** *to meet baseball's reigning superstar and to get to the bottom of his impressive transformation. Cook reports:*

*"For a $10 million a year jock, he's kind of lumpy. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, looking pink in Arizona's desert sun, Schilling could pass for the star of the local bowling league. 'This isn't a body,' he likes to say, 'it's a cruel family joke.' We met at his huge new house in Paradise Valley, northwest of Phoenix. Casa Curt is across the street from D-backs first baseman Mark Grace's house, just up the road from Johnson's.*

*"Curt dandled two-year-old Grant, the youngest of his three kids, while I stared down a burly rottweiler named Slider. This four-time All-Star isn't just a thinking man's pitcher. He is a thinking man. When I*

*"You hear a player say he's not 100 percent. Well, I haven't been 100 percent for 17 years. Not since high school. But as long as I'm not injured, which means hurt too bad to get guys out, then I want the ball."*

*"In my sport, you do whatever works. If you don't have sex and you win the game, you don't have sex the next time. If it's three times on the day you pitch, you keep it at three times. My wife understands all that."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK HENDRICKSON

*"Some fans seem to think that because we make so much money, we can't have values or opinions. Of course it's preposterous for me to make $9.9 million more than my son's first-grade teacher. That's our system."*

*mentioned the dodecahedron-shaped dimples on a brand-new golf ball, he took a look and said, 'Those are hexagons.' One of my favorite moments came when he jumped up, grabbed his laptop and brought up a sequence of pitches he threw in last year's World Series. As we watched grainy video of Schilling facing Derek Jeter, he narrated, explaining his thinking on the mound. For me, it was like getting a quick voice lesson from Sinatra. It was clear that the thought behind every pitch was as important as the fire on Schilling's 97-mile-an-hour fastball.*

*"We talked for half the day, starting with a flashback to the best of all baseball moments, game seven of the World Series."*

---

**PLAYBOY:** In the ninth inning of game seven, the Yankees led your Diamondbacks, 2–1. They had Mariano Rivera on the mound. You thought your team was done, didn't you?

**SCHILLING:** I felt like, Aw, it's over. Baseball players know the numbers, and in that situation Rivera is practically a lock. I'm in the dugout, thinking I'm going to be the losing pitcher in game seven of the World Series. But Mark Grace gets a hit. Gracie gets us going, and then Rivera makes a bad play on a bunt—he fails to make a fundamental play we've all practiced since spring training. Now we have a rally, and the whole world changes in two or three minutes. I was just wishing I could see it.

**PLAYBOY:** You weren't able to see from the dugout?

**SCHILLING:** No. No, I couldn't. I was behind Randy Johnson.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you move?

**SCHILLING:** You can't move when there's a rally going! The one time in that inning when I jumped up to see what was happening, we bunted into an out at third base.

**PLAYBOY:** With the series on the line, Yankees manager Joe Torre brought in his infield. It was a tough call. His infielders might save a run on a ground ball, but a blooper could go over their heads. Were you glad to see Torre bring in the infield?

**SCHILLING:** Absolutely. In New York, game five, they kept the infield back. Reggie Sanders hit a line drive up the middle and Alfonso Soriano caught it with the last bit of webbing in his glove—one of those Yankee miracle plays. Now they bring the infielders in, and Gonzo hits one over them.

**PLAYBOY:** You had to see Luis Gonzalez' game-winning hit.

**SCHILLING:** Not until three and a half weeks later, when I called it up on the web. When it happened I was sitting there, blocked out. But from the way our guys started jumping around, I knew he hadn't popped up.

**PLAYBOY:** You started that game on three days' rest. During the regular season you get four, but you and Johnson pushed your limits last fall, pitching on short rest through the postseason.

**SCHILLING:** R.J. and I sat down with the skipper, Bob Brenly, before the Series. We said, "If you want to throw us on three days' rest, do it. Don't think you're pushing us or reaching into some magic bag of tricks. We'll get the job done."

**PLAYBOY:** Could you have made another start on short rest? Two more starts?

**SCHILLING:** I don't know how many. There are times when you reach down and find out things you never knew about yourself. I count myself lucky, because a lot of people never get to do that, to go up against their limits and see if they can go past them.

**PLAYBOY:** But your arm doesn't care about pep talks. Wasn't it hurting?

**SCHILLING:** I was sore after game four. I had what I call resting soreness. Your arm might hurt when you throw, that's one thing. But it's something different if you're sitting around with the kids and it's throbbing. That's not just fatigue.

**PLAYBOY:** That's something worse.

**SCHILLING:** But I always have that late in the season. After 200-some innings, you'd be sore, too. It's not the same as being hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference between sore and hurt?

**SCHILLING:** You can't play if you're hurt. But if it's just pain, you play. That's a difference some guys don't understand, even in the big leagues. You'll hear a player say he can't go, he's not 100 percent. Well, I haven't been 100 percent for 17 years. Not since high school. But as long as I'm not injured, which means hurt too bad to get guys out, then I want the ball.

**PLAYBOY:** Your family has had some serious health problems lately. At various times last season your son and wife were hospitalized. How can you pitch under those conditions?

**SCHILLING:** I'm analytical about it. When the playoffs started last year, our youngest son, Grant, was in the ICU, having trouble breathing. But it's like my father always said: Life isn't fair. You just have to take what it deals you. A sick child? Something like that consumes your every waking thought when you're not working, but during the game I focus on my pitching.

**PLAYBOY:** That takes discipline.

**SCHILLING:** What it takes is a strong wife. My wife, Shonda, said, "Here's the situation, and we are going to deal with it." That's how we got through our scare with Grant and another one we had with Gehrig, our older son. Gehrig is six. He had a mole on his foot. There's skin cancer in our family; the doctor didn't like the look of that mole. On the morning of the last game of the World Series, we got the results of the biopsy. Negative—Gehrig was fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Your wife had the biggest scare of all.

**SCHILLING:** We found out last year, during spring training, that Shonda had skin cancer. It's a shock, but she handled it as few human beings could have. She had her fourth surgery two weeks ago. It had to be under local anesthesia,

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because she's pregnant with our fourth child. I sat in on this one. I really had no idea how much cutting they do. She had four incisions, each one about four inches wide and a couple inches deep.

**PLAYBOY:** What is her prognosis?

**SCHILLING:** So far, she's clean. Everything's fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Shonda has a blood condition as well.

**SCHILLING:** Right. When she was pregnant with Grant, she developed an arterial blood clot in her leg. Turns out she had a rare blood disorder, like her mother. She'll be on blood thinners for the rest of her life. She gets an injection every day—sometimes I give her the shot. And then, about a year ago, Shonda's thyroid shuts down. With all that plus three kids plus my career to deal with, it's a humongous burden. But she amazes me. You know, a lot of ballplayers talk about "marrying over your skis." It means that if you didn't play pro ball, you could never get a girl of this caliber. Shonda was Miss Photogenic in the Miss Maryland pageant, probably the sexiest woman I ever met, a beautiful woman who conceded a lot of her identity to be my wife and the mother of my children. I married over my skis.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard that the next baby was conceived during the World Series. Randy Johnson's wife said that Shonda was making sure that you were a relaxed pitcher.

**SCHILLING:** It's true. A Series conception with an All-Star break delivery, we hope.

**PLAYBOY:** Heavyweight champ Lennox Lewis told us he follows the old boxing rule: no sex before a big fight.

**SCHILLING:** In my sport, you do whatever works. If you don't have sex and then win the game, you don't have sex the next time. If it's sex three times on the day you pitch, you keep it at three times. My wife understands all that. She's in tune with what it takes. On occasion she has pulled some tricks out of her closet, and they have worked.

**PLAYBOY:** Has she ever rolled her eyes and said, "Oh, no, he won again"?

**SCHILLING:** [*Smiling*] I remember a time when she was OK with it when I got a no-decision.

**PLAYBOY:** Five years ago you were an average pitcher, a 30-year-old with a career record of 52–52. How did you go from mediocre to stellar?

**SCHILLING:** First, I got my shoulder fixed by a great doctor, Craig Morgan. And I got religion about taking care of my shoulder. You know how runners take care of their legs? I'm like that with my arm.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened to your arm?

**SCHILLING:** At first it was misdiagnosed. One night I was pitching in Colorado, throwing 92, 93 miles an hour. Next inning I can't throw 87. Nothing hurt, but the next morning I couldn't lift my arm over my shoulder. The Phillies' team doctor at the time sent me for an MRI. A couple of days later, I get a phone call. "We had one of the technicians take a look at your films," he says, "and you have a torn rotator cuff. So go out and play catch, see how it feels."

**PLAYBOY:** Was this 1995 or 1930?

**SCHILLING:** My thought exactly. But Jeff Cooper, the team trainer, gave me Dr. Morgan's number, and that saved my career. It wasn't a rotator cuff. I had a SLAP lesion.

**PLAYBOY:** A slap what?

**SCHILLING:** Lesion. In my labrum, which is like a thick rubber band around your shoulder. It stabilizes the shoulder when you throw. My labrum was torn off the bone. Morgan made three little holes and fixed it arthroscopically, and after a lot of rehab I actually gained three or four miles an hour on my fastball.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Morgan famous for doing that?

**SCHILLING:** He's more of an outcast. Baseball has a little circle of medical people, and if you're not in it, they don't want to hear what you can do. They send players back and forth to each other, and if something goes wrong they cover each other's butts.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd think teams would be careful with the guys they're paying millions of dollars.


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**SCHILLING:** Look under the surface. There's a story there. I mean, if they misdiagnose me, who's going to know? Will they cut open my shoulder and say, "Hey, nothing wrong here. We must have messed up"? No. A guy goes in to get his arm fixed and if he comes back, great. If not, he's a statistic.

**PLAYBOY:** You had other problems with the Phillies. You said they weren't trying to win. They shipped you to Arizona.

**SCHILLING:** Ed Wade is the Phillies' general manager, and Eddie and I had a love–hate thing. He'd say, "Every fifth day, Curt's our horse. On the other four days he's a horse's ass." Philadelphia is an old-school organization, a bunch of older folks with old money. Winning the World Series isn't necessarily the bottom line for them. The Diamondbacks are different. Jerry Colangelo gives us everything we need, from money to good facilities to day care for our kids. In return, he expects us to win championships. I think that's fair.

**PLAYBOY:** You weren't always such a winner. Weren't you a goofball as a rookie, with streaked hair and an earring?

**SCHILLING:** Before I came up I was with the Rochester Red Wings, the Orioles' AAA team. So I shaved a line in the side of my head and painted it in the team colors, red and blue. OK, it was stupid—kind of a football thing to do. Drinking beers with the hosts on a Rochester radio show was stupid, too. The Orioles kept sending a team psychologist to Rochester to see me. He said, "Listen, your off-field habits are costing you. They can't trust you to act like a big leaguer." But I didn't learn. One night in 1990, after I got back to the majors, we were playing a big game in Toronto. Kelly Gruber comes up, and I'm running out of the bullpen, asking, "How do I pitch to this guy?"

**PLAYBOY:** Hadn't you discussed it with the coaches and catchers before the game?

**SCHILLING:** I wasn't paying attention. So now it's ball one. Ball two. Game-winning homer. In the locker room, Jeff Ballard just went off on me: *"Fucking be prepared to pitch!"* That's when it hit me that I had a duty to my teammates. It's bad enough to cost them one game. You'd sure better not let it happen twice.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, Roger Clemens sat you down for a talk in 1991.

**SCHILLING:** By then I was with the Astros. Our strength coach told me that Roger wanted to see me. I said, "Oh, cool—Roger Clemens!" But it was an ass-chewing. Roger said, "Sit down and listen. It's time for you to wake up."

**PLAYBOY:** He wasn't even a teammate.

**SCHILLING:** No, but he thought I had a good arm. "I see a guy with an arm that can do anything," he said, "but he's going to waste away to nothing." He talked about preparation, and about why you pitch. You do it for the respect of your teammates, the respect of your opponents, and your family name.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you thank him for what he said that day?

**SCHILLING:** Sure. I said, "I want you to know I appreciate this." He said, "I'll know if you appreciate it when I watch what happens."

**PLAYBOY:** More than 10 years later, you faced him in game seven.

**SCHILLING:** The coolest thing happened after we won. I came out of the press conference and Roger was waiting for me. He gave me a hug and said, "I want you to know how proud I am of you." That's when I choked up. He's one of the guys I occasionally think about when I pitch. I want to impress him with my work. It's peer pressure. When we play the Braves, I'm aware of Greg Maddux and Tom Glavine, sitting there watching. You can't help wondering what they think. On our team, it's Randy.

**PLAYBOY:** As much as you love Clemens, isn't he a headhunter?

**SCHILLING:** That's tough to talk about. I once asked Bob Gibson about his reputation as a headhunter, and he said, "I never drilled people. I wanted to clean the inside part of the plate." Frank Robinson was the guy he hit more than anyone else, but Gibson swears he never tried to do it, because Frank would hit a homer the next time up. Some teams had standing orders: Don't hit Frank, because he'll hit a home run.

**PLAYBOY:** Nolan Ryan was another guy who threw at people. Isn't it wrong to put a batter's life in danger?

**SCHILLING:** Look, you have to pitch inside. You can't let guys dive out over the plate and hammer the ball. So what can the pitcher do? He can make the hitter conscious of the inside corner. If I make you think about the ball inside, and I throw a ball 95 miles an hour on the outside corner, you won't hit it. It's basically impossible.

**PLAYBOY:** But there's a difference between headhunting and pitching inside. You can back a hitter off the plate at waist level.

**SCHILLING:** Backing a guy up does nothing. In the major leagues, there are three balls inside that matter—the one that hits a guy, the one that knocks him on his ass and the one that jams the crap out of him and breaks his bat. You pitch for effect, and that's how you have an effect on a hitter. His teammates see it, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't batters get mad and try harder, like Robinson?

**SCHILLING:** Not all of them. Some hitters, you knock them down and they're done for the rest of the game.

**PLAYBOY:** Name a player who you hit on purpose.

**SCHILLING:** Scott Elarton. And he knew why. He was pitching for the Astros last year and he hit one of our guys. It was blatant retaliation for a base hit. So I

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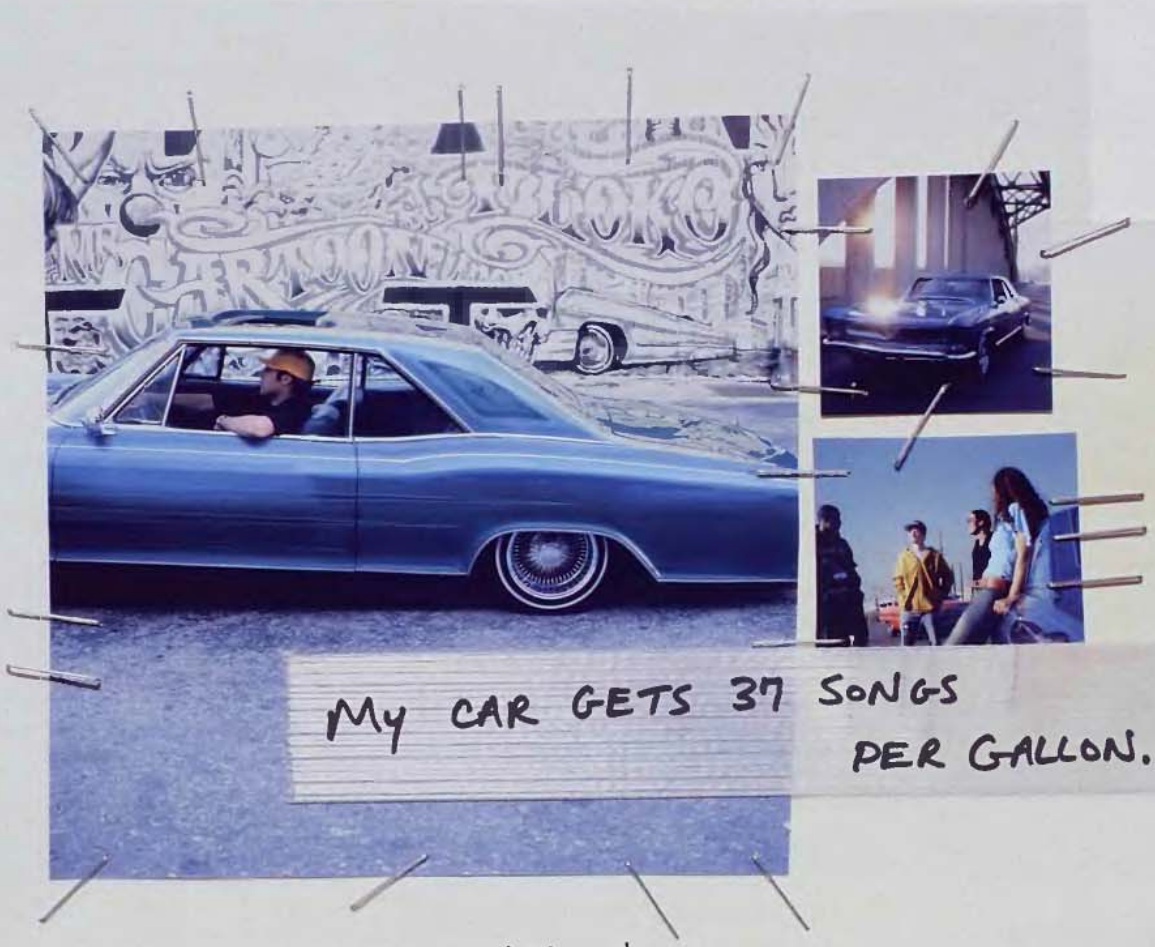

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threw at Elarton and hit him. We saw each other in the weight room the next day and said hello. He understood.

**PLAYBOY:** What if you maim or kill a man? Could you live with that?

**SCHILLING:** I've come close. But the guys I've thrown in on are guys I knew could get out of the way.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is the most dangerous pitcher you ever saw?

**SCHILLING:** Rob Dibble. I love Rob now, but that guy had no regard for where the ball was going.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Ryan?

**SCHILLING:** He hit very few guys in the head, mainly because they were never comfortable facing him—they were ready to get out of the way.

**PLAYBOY:** You make it sound tough to be a big league hitter.

**SCHILLING:** It's the hardest thing in sports. I could hit in high school, but now I'll be up at the plate thinking, There is no way I can hit that. The fans don't really see that. One of the odd things about baseball is that 90 percent of the fans have played our sport. They sit out there saying, "I can hit that." But give me a crowd of 50,000 people and 49,500 of them couldn't play catch with a big league ballplayer. The velocities at this level are such that you can't comprehend the speed unless you try it.

**PLAYBOY:** Who did you face in your first big league at-bat?

**SCHILLING:** Dibble! I singled up the middle to drive in a run. He throws at the next hitter and we get into a brawl.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the rule that lets umpires eject pitchers they think are throwing at batters?

**SCHILLING:** It's the stupidest rule ever, and umpires hate it. It's asking them to read my mind. Let's say it's game seven and I drill Clemens, just to pay him back for every guy he ever drilled. Then he throws at me and gets ejected. That rule could change an entire season.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us about rookies and veterans. The vets were tough on the young players when you came up.

**SCHILLING:** I'd been a big leaguer for about three minutes when I walked into the Orioles' clubhouse. Mickey Tettleton was sitting by his locker. I smiled. He said, "What the fuck are you looking at?" The guys on that team—him, Billy Ripken, Joe Orsulak, Jim Traber—they were relentless. They'd rip you about your clothes, your hair, your body, your car, your girlfriend. They would break you down. I'd go home almost in tears. I thought those guys despised me, but it was just how they treated rookies. Today if you rag a young player, he'll take it personally. He'll either want to fight or demand a trade.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a mischievous kid in high school?

**SCHILLING:** No. I didn't do drugs—never even experimented—and didn't hang around the popular jocks.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a funny thing for a big league star to say.

**SCHILLING:** I was no star. My cousin started ahead of me at third base on the school team. One of life's ironies—we're still close, and now he sells beer at Bank One Ballpark. Back then, I got cut from the varsity baseball team my junior year. My dad just said, "Deal with it." Some of the dads of the other guys who got cut started a petition. They wanted to get the coach fired. One of those fathers came to our door with the petition and my dad said, "You will turn around and walk away from my house. If you don't want your son to grow up, that's your problem. Mine is going to learn to stand on his own."

**PLAYBOY:** Your father, Cliff, was an Army man.

**SCHILLING:** He was in the 101st Airborne, the Screaming Eagles. He was big, like me, but wasn't a big talker. But we would sit on the couch watching Cubs games on cable, talking about leadoff walks and first-pitch strikes. I can still see him in his blue shorts, nasty-ass white socks and T-shirt. He was a Pirates fan, born in Somerset, Pennsylvania. When he took me to my first big league game, it was a Pirates game—Roberto Clemente's last game, in fact.

*Today everybody wants to hit a home run and be on Sports Center. You have leadoff hitters striking out more than 100 times a year. I just love a guy who strikes out like that.*

**PLAYBOY:** That was 1972, so you were only five. Do you remember Clemente?

**SCHILLING:** I remember getting lost in the stadium and crying. A security guard brought me back to my dad.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father had to leave the Army after he had a heart attack.

**SCHILLING:** He had a triple bypass and eventually a melanoma developed on his nose. Then he got lung cancer. In the winter of 1987 we found out it had spread to his brain. One day the doctors told us he might have six months to live. He lived for three days. But the night before he died, we sat up talking until four in the morning. We had never done that before. We talked about pitching, life, everything. The next morning, I was getting ready to drive him to the airport. He was going to have a bowl of soup. The funny thing is, he always used to fake heart attacks. He'd grab his chest and roll his eyes, just joking. That's how he looked that morning, but I knew it wasn't a joke. It was a massive heart attack. His eyes were still open; I was talking to him, trying to get a pulse, calling 911. I remember holding the IV bag in the ambulance, holding it up above him, and when we got to the hospital my arm was about to fall off.

Half an hour later, a doctor comes out. He says that my dad's on life support. There's no brain activity. I had to decide, and I did what he would have wanted. They stopped the life support, then I went in to say goodbye. He was cold, his skin was so cold. I went out and called my mom, who was in Colorado, waiting for his plane. "Dad's not coming," I said. "He's . . . gone." Then I just remember driving in my truck, pulling over to the side of the road and crying so hard I was almost convulsing.

**PLAYBOY:** You have had your share of turmoil.

**SCHILLING:** One thing that offends me is when people say, "Boy, your wife's getting cancer sure puts things in perspective for you." They assume I lack perspective, because of what I do. But Shonda and I have been working with people affected by ALS—Lou Gehrig's disease—for 11 years. They've given us all the perspective we'll ever need on life and death. I mean, my kids are comfortable around people in wheelchairs. One of them, Dick Bergeron, e-mails me every night before I pitch. Dick is in the latter stages of the illness. Last spring he e-mailed me and promised he would live through the year if we would win the World Series. The night of game seven I e-mailed him: OK, you're still breathing. It's up to me to deliver on my end.

**PLAYBOY:** As if you needed any more pressure.

**SCHILLING:** We're in touch with a lot of ALS people, and I know they watch the games. When I do bad, they have bad days. It's an incentive.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you hear from Dick Bergeron after the game?

**SCHILLING:** He said thanks, and I said, "Now you've got to hang around another year, so we can repeat."

**PLAYBOY:** Will the Diamondbacks repeat?

**SCHILLING:** If Todd Stottlemyre is healthy, we might do even better than last year.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your start in pro ball. You were drafted out of junior college by the Red Sox.

**SCHILLING:** Ray Boone signed me—Bob Boone's father, Bret and Aaron's grandfather. I got a $15,000 bonus, bought a used Jeep and gave the rest to my dad. The club flew me to Elmira, New York, a town I had never heard of. We got paid monthly. My first month as a pro I made $6000. I took that check to the bank and got 300 $20s, threw them on the bed in my hotel room and just lay there, watching TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you like minor league life?

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**SCHILLING:** It's like living in a frat house with no classes and getting paid for it. In all these little towns, where the ballpark is the center of things, you're a bigwig. That's a lot of power for a 19- or 20-year-old, and I played it for all it was worth. The Garage Door in Rochester was like my home. I'd walk behind the bar, open a beer and hang out with the guys.

**PLAYBOY:** What time did the Garage Door close?

**SCHILLING:** When we left.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a big drinker?

**SCHILLING:** I was a big guy, so I could throw down my share. Never hard liquor, but I drank a lot of Bud Light. Three six-packs was nothing; I was just getting started.

**PLAYBOY:** Social life?

**SCHILLING:** Groupies everywhere. Every town had its known girls, the ones you didn't want to be seen with. Nobody wants to be a bottom feeder. The guys would go out, three or four teammates, and usually one of us had the bad job: He was the designated grenade faller. He'd take on the one girl nobody wanted, so the rest of us could hang out with her friends.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever play that role?

**SCHILLING:** Sure. I wasn't too proud.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the grenade faller spend the night with his date?

**SCHILLING:** It depends. He might take her home and then sneak back to the team hotel after curfew. The manager caught me every time I did that. And not just the manager. Once I was renting a room from a lady about 90 years old, living in her attic. I bring in a female companion, and the landlady wakes up. She calls my manager, wakes him up at three A.M. He calls an assistant coach, who is standing outside at dawn, when I walk this girl downstairs.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you wake the landlady? Going up the stairs?

**SCHILLING:** I got too loud with my female friend. And I'm sure my wife isn't going to love it when this story comes out——

**PLAYBOY:** What happened with the coach?

**SCHILLING:** He said, "Show the lady out to her car. I'll see you at the park." I'm thinking, God, my career is over. Finally I get to the ballpark. We work out. He doesn't say a thing. I go home, come back the next day, play a game. He never said a word about it. The worry was punishment enough.

**PLAYBOY:** And the landlady?

**SCHILLING:** She kicked me out, but I wound up moving in with a college girl and her four female roommates. This was nirvana, living in a big old house with five college girls.

**PLAYBOY:** How many did you get to know well?

**SCHILLING:** I cannot disclose that material for fear that my wife will hear about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do ballplayers still pull pranks on one another?

**SCHILLING:** There's the three-man lift, which can be comical or disgusting, depending on what's in the bucket. One player says he can lift three men. They lie on the floor, and the guy in the middle is the victim. The other two pin him down, then you grab a bucket and pour stuff all over the guy. Food, drinks, shaving cream. I've seen guys urinate in the bucket. That's the worst, but pine tar is pretty bad. It gets in your hair and you have to shave all over.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you superstitious?

**SCHILLING:** Every season I wear the same outfit on the days I pitch. The kids pick it out during spring training.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have some input, or they'd have you in shorts and a cowboy hat.

**SCHILLING:** Shonda helps them. She's the fashion doll in the family. The one constant is my Scooby Doo underwear. Gehrig started that when he went through a Scooby Doo phase. Then Gonzo got me a pair of Scooby Doo boxer shorts. I'm pitching in them this season.

**PLAYBOY:** Any other rituals?

**SCHILLING:** I always leave a ticket for my dad at the ballpark. And when I go back and forth to the mound, I don't step on the baseline. The only time I step on the line is when I get taken out of the game, and then I'll kick it.

*Bud Selig doesn't care more about baseball than I do. From a personal standpoint, I have more invested in the game than he'll ever dream of having.*

**PLAYBOY:** You have practical habits, too, like moving your fielders around. Isn't that the coach's job?

**SCHILLING:** I set up my own defense. I'll use hand signals to move our fielders, during an inning or even between pitches, because if I make this pitch in this spot to this hitter, I know where the ball will be hit. The guys behind me know they're not playing shortstop or second base today, they're playing where I need them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever help set the defense for other pitchers?

**SCHILLING:** One time when Randy was pitching in the Series, Derek Jeter was due to lead off an inning. I knew Jeter was going to bunt. He hadn't had a hit for a long time; I just felt it. I told Matt Williams, "Derek's bunting." Matty moves in two steps at third base and throws him out. It was a good bunt, too.

**PLAYBOY:** These days, at least in the regular season, we see plenty of 12–10 games. Home-run kings hit 70-plus homers. But at the same time, you and Johnson and a few other pitchers dominate like Koufax and Drysdale used to. How can that be?

**SCHILLING:** It's about strikeouts. I used to talk about this with Richie Ashburn, one of the great old Phillies. In his day, hitters hated striking out. It was embarrassing. Today everybody wants to hit a home run and be on *Sports Center*. You have leadoff hitters punching out more than 100 times a year. Now, someone like me just loves a guy who strikes out like that, because it means he has holes in his swing. I'll study him, find the holes and exploit them, because I do my homework. Every hitter I face, I've watched on video. If I have faced him before, I'll study those at-bats. If I haven't, I'll get tape of how he hit similar pitchers.

**PLAYBOY:** Who's similar?

**SCHILLING:** Right-handed four-seam fastball pitchers. To get ready for the Yankees I watched Seattle's Freddy Garcia. Our stuff isn't all that alike, but watching a right-handed power pitcher helped me see where I could get first-pitch strikes, and where my fastball needed to be with two strikes. I watched Oakland's Tim Hudson, too. You like seeing guys who throw well against the Yankees.

**PLAYBOY:** How much video do you have?

**SCHILLING:** About 25,000 pitches of history—me facing different hitters. I keep my games on CD-ROM, two games on a CD, and keep a notebook during games. I've also got my umpire media guide, with bios in it. You should never call an umpire, "Hey, Blue." They're human—it can't hurt if you call them by their names.

**PLAYBOY:** You're working all the angles.

**SCHILLING:** [*Grabbing his laptop*] But this is the main thing. I have 475 players in here. Want to see my history of Derek Jeter? Right here I have all the times I faced him, 65 total pitches, broken down by dates of games, balls, strikes, outs, pitch types, locations, outcomes. I can find patterns. Let's look at all the first pitches——

**PLAYBOY:** Two clicks and you have a list of first pitches to Jeter.

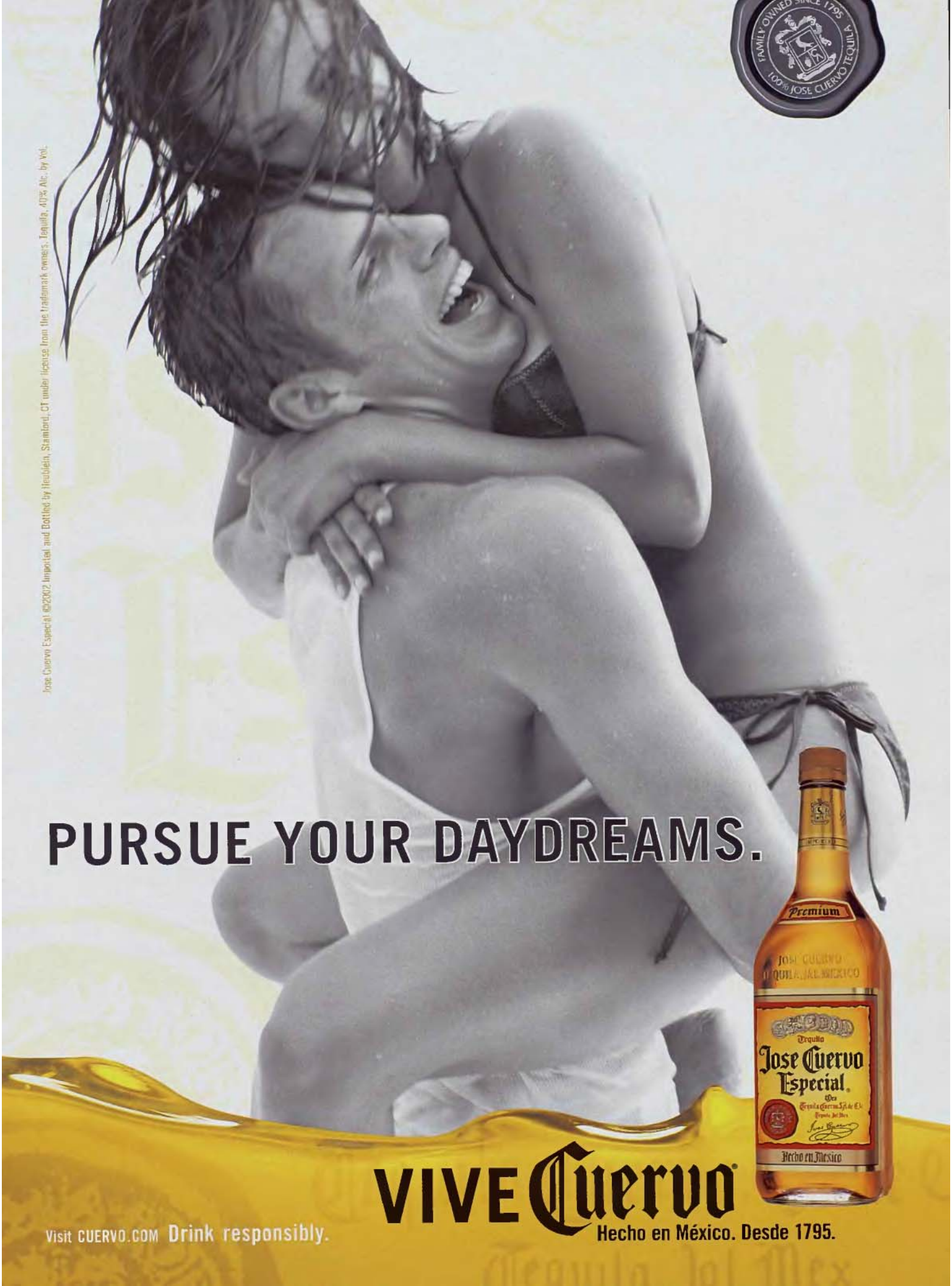
**SCHILLING:** Eighteen first pitches. OK, did he swing? One, two, three, four, five, six—six out of 18 times he swung at the first pitch. Some guys would be 15 of 18. In the first two pitches they might be 18 of 18: They've always swung at one of my first two pitches.

**PLAYBOY:** What does that tell you?

**SCHILLING:** I can take advantage of their aggressiveness. It all comes down to presentation: I want to present a pitch the batter likes when it's halfway to the plate, so he'll swing, but when it gets there he can't do anything with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Not necessarily to make him swing and miss, but to make him beat

*(continued on page 164)*

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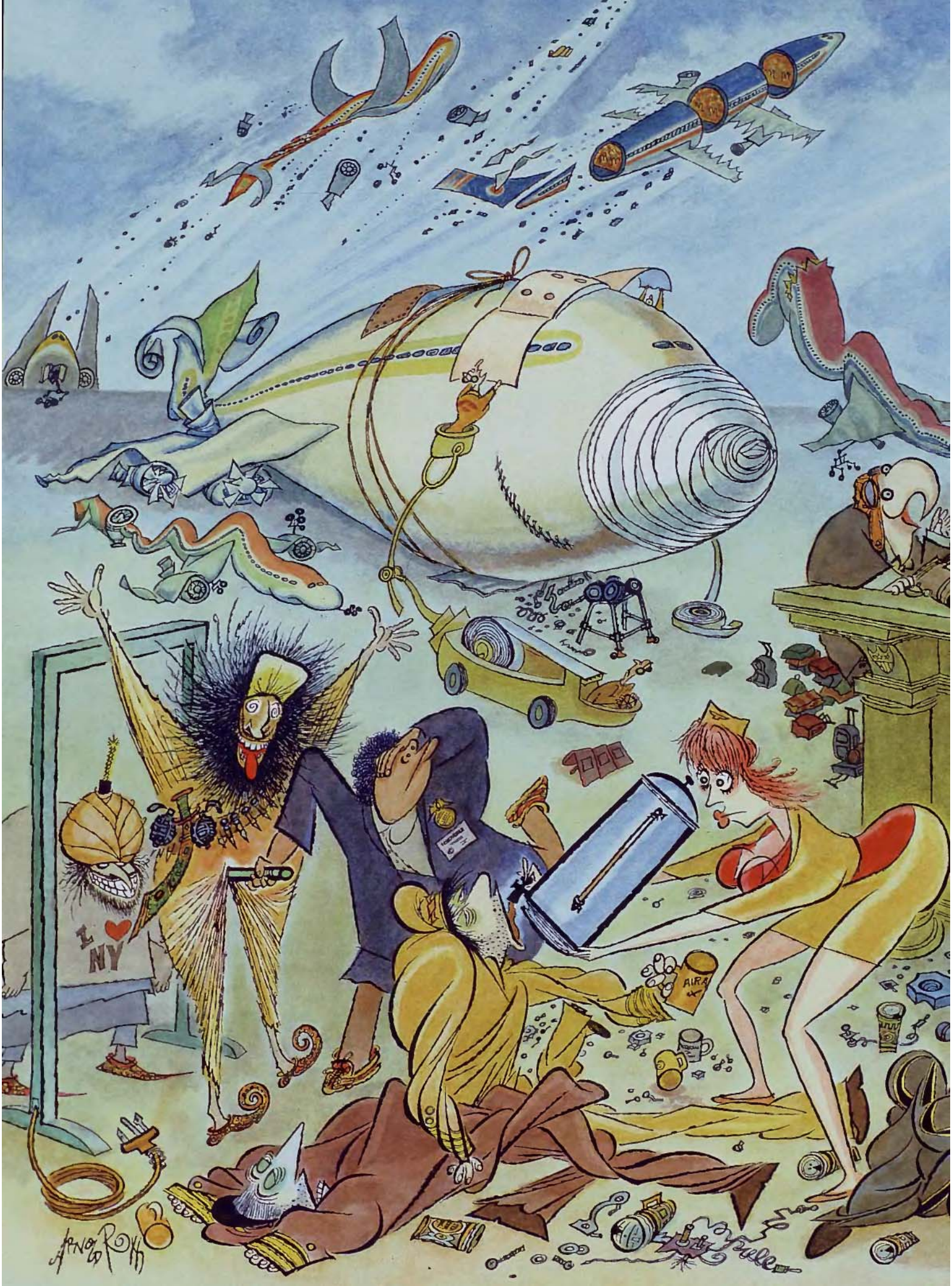
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# air sick

***Barbarians at the gate, chaos on the ground, pilots asleep in the air—all thanks to the deadly neglect of the FAA***

**By BRIAN KAREM**

On a typical day, there are 32,000 commercial flights in the U.S. With more than 3 million people in the air, the American sky is like a 51st state—only it's governed by a single agency with a record of unimaginable negligence. Since the Federal Aviation Administration came into existence in 1958, it has been torn between two mandates: to promote air travel and the fiscal health of airlines while ensuring passenger safety. For years, the FAA has played a central role in the government's unwillingness to protect its citizens.

A suitable analogy for the FAA would be a cop who never makes an arrest, a district attorney who never prosecutes a case, a judge who never passes sentence. Ask the man on the street whose responsibility it is to keep air travel safe, and he'll tell you it's the FAA's. But the agency is really just a straw man, a puppet doing the bidding of Congress and the aviation industry. Although the FAA is supposed to protect the flying public, managers and administrators are told their primary focus is to keep planes in the air. "It's a sick organization and you survive in that environment by not making



ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLD ROTH

# THE NUCLEAR THREAT

The Indian Point nuclear power plant is situated just north of Manhattan on the Hudson River. At a press conference outside New York City Hall last November, Robert Kennedy Jr., who heads the legal team for the environmental group Riverkeeper, called for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to shut down the reactors "until a full review of the plant's vulnerabilities and safety system is conducted." Activists called the plant a "nuclear bomb 30 miles north of New York City"—a meltdown of the reactors would imperil 20 million people and turn New York City into a ghost town. Weeks later, Senator Hillary Clinton announced plans to expand evacuation plans in the event of a meltdown from a 10-mile hot zone to a 50-mile radius that would include New York City. Nuclear plants are obvious targets, but there is no consensus on how to deal with an attack from the air.

"I won't comment on the wisdom of placing a nuclear power plant that close to NYC," says Congressman Jerry Nadler of Manhattan. "But a suicide bomber's taking out that power plant could conceivably make Manhattan uninhabitable for many years. It has to be closed until we figure out how to make it safe. You may joke, but you can't protect it—or any other reactors—without anti-aircraft batteries ringing the power plants."

According to the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, there are currently some 202,000 general aviation aircraft in the U.S. About 170,000 of those weigh less than 6000 pounds, making them smaller than most SUVs. "Those planes alone aren't much of a threat," says Phil Boyer, president of the AOPA. "A small single-engine airplane hitting something like the Hoover Dam would be little more than a bug splat."

But what if several planes coordinated to attack Indian Point or other nuclear facilities? Engineers are unsure whether the massive concrete domes of Indian Point could survive being hit by a modern jetliner or small planes loaded with explosives.

The FAA is aware of the problem and has created no-fly zones. Pilots are accustomed to receiving the exact latitude and longitude of such zones, but because of pressure from the NSA and other security agencies, the new flight restrictions are intentionally vague. Apparently, the FAA doesn't want to let terrorists know exactly where the power plants are. Phil Boyer finds it absurd—particularly because three of the power plants had websites where the information was readily available. The AOPA gathered the information and informed its pilots.

"We want to discourage loitering over sensitive areas for national security," says FAA spokesperson Bill Schuman. "We will not speak about specifics. Where it is practical, private pilots will have to avoid these areas."

Boyer points out: "Imagine being a pilot who gets a notice to avoid a power plant 35 miles west of Phoenix. That covers a lot of sky. In the past the directions have been precise enough to plot the exact location of the no-fly zone on a map."

The AOPA has dutifully reported the restricted-flying zones to its members. But restrictions are so frequently issued and sometimes so confusing that the AOPA magazine carries ads for lawyers who can assist pilots who get in trouble with the FAA. Boyer is frustrated with the lack of communication coming out of the FAA. "We've never understood what they are trying to do. It seems like nonsense, and they could clear it up if they sat down with us and said, 'This is what we want to do.' Then we could help them do it."

"You cannot depend on no-fly zones," says Congressman Nadler. "You cannot scramble F-16s quickly enough to shoot the terrorists out of the sky. What are the F-16s going to do but get a nice view of the radioactive plume?"

waves," says Billie Vincent, former FAA chief of security. "The mediocre survive. They go along to get along. Leadership is weak. You rise in that organization through the art of compromise, and compromise is not a salient feature for a safe system. We need to start dealing honestly with our aviation problems and make sure the influence peddlers in the airline industry have no say."

A look at four recent U.S. airline crashes—Valujet flight 592, TWA flight 800, American Airlines flight 1420 and Alaska Airlines flight 261—shows how the FAA has failed the public. Since the September 11 attacks on the Pentagon and World Trade Center, the FAA has been charged with revamping its security system. But the record demonstrates the agency has approached the security issue with the same foot-dragging it used during the aftermaths of past disasters.

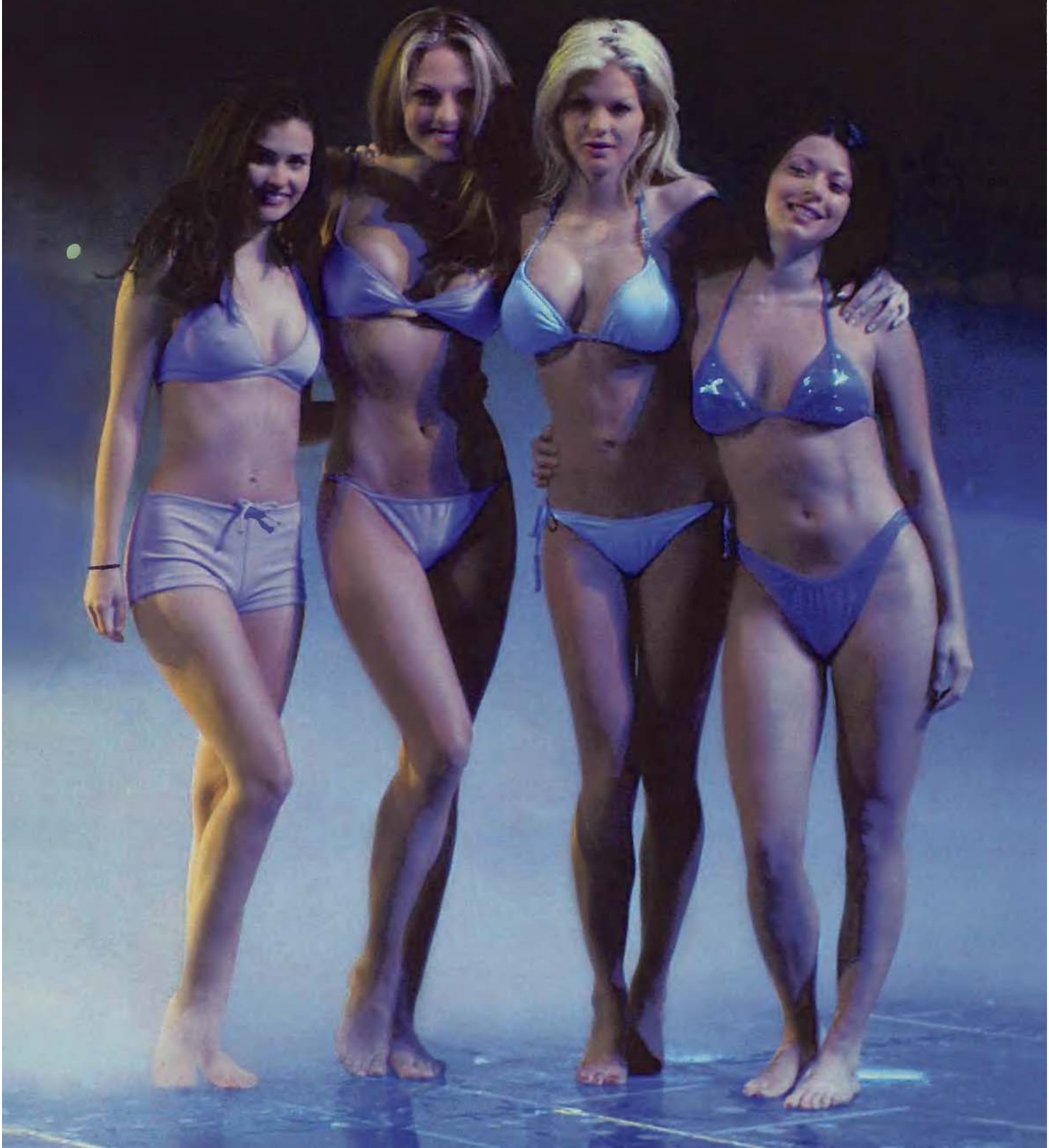
The FAA's recent pattern of neglect starts with Valujet. By 1996, Valujet was one of the fastest-growing—and most troubled—airlines in operation. As early as 1994, FAA inspectors in charge of Valujet's flight standards were alarmed at how quickly the airline trained and certified pilots. According to testimony at a National Transportation Safety Board hearing, inspections in 1994 and 1995 revealed "problems" with the carrier. The airline was warned about its practices in a 1996 report: "It is apparent that Valujet does not have the structure in place to handle your rapid growth and that you may have an organizational culture in conflict with operating with the highest possible degree of safety." These accusations were not unsupported; in fact, they were soft. A midlevel manager later testified he had written a comprehensive report on Valujet months before the crash of flight 592 in which he called for increased surveillance of the airline. He told the NTSB his findings were not sent to the FAA Valujet supervisors. In his testimony he also stated that the hierarchy at the FAA routinely stifled subordinates' recommendations. Another inspector alarmed at Valujet's flight practices (prior to flight 592, three planes had slid off runways) called for extra inspectors to be added to the team, and was denied.

In May 1996, flight 592 experienced a fire in its cargo hold and crashed into the Everglades. One hundred and ten people died. The fire was blamed on old oxygen canisters, improperly packaged and illegally stowed in the plane's cargo hold. That's when the FAA again stiffed the public. Logistically it's impossible to inspect all materials that

*(continued on page 153)*

*"There's a lot of foolish, immature behavior going on here!"*

# PLAYMATES
## in Prime Time



Producers say the real action in TV takes place off camera. We'll let you be the judge. But first, consider this behind-the-scenes look at the Playmates who lit up living rooms this year on *Fear Factor* and *Weakest Link*. *Fear Factor* winner Lauren Hill (below) shares some backstage secrets: "You are there all day, and they make you wear blindfolds—in the car, anyplace you go. You have no clue what's going on. Every event is a complete surprise until they show it to you, and it's time to do it. You think, My God, I can't believe I'm going to do this. You can't be scared. You have to go for it. You forget the cameras are there because they are constantly filming you, even when you're not doing anything. For the water stunt, they had cameras up above, in the water, everywhere." All those lenses, and we're still the only ones with the money shots.

Opposite page, left to right: It was 43 degrees the night Lauren Hill, Stacy Sanches, Priscilla Taylor and Angel Boris stripped to bikinis for some water sports—retrieving glowsticks from an underwater maze. Other stunts saw Playmates eat strawberries suspended in a box of flies and walk a tightrope 100 feet above a Los Angeles street. This page: That's Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain (top) and Lauren, Miss February 2001. "I did not think I was a competitive person at all," says Lauren, a former cheerleader at the University of South Carolina, "until after I did the first stunt. Then I was immediately asking, 'What was my time?' When you get in that situation, your competitive nature really takes over."

Long before *Fear Factor*, Julie Cialini (above), Miss February 1994 and 1995 Playmate of the Year, showed her spunk by driving Playboy's 35-foot Cigarette boat at speeds up to 72 miles per hour. Angel Boris (left), Miss July 1996, stumbled in the final event—she grabbed the most sticks but lost her way in the underwater maze. All of the Playmates said they had eaten flies during the strawberry event, but Miss March 1996 Priscilla Taylor (below) found that some of the critters were still in her hair as she was leaving the set. That just shows the universal appeal of beautiful blonde hair.

Above, Julie gets ready to walk the high wire—she was the first contestant. The event quickly turned on empty street into o sea of cheering fans—10 stories below. At right, and below (preporing for the same event), is Stacy Sonches, Miss March 1995 and 1996 Playmate of the Year. Stacy, Priscillo, Angel and Lauren all mode it to the final round. While it's true that Louren walked away with a cool $50,000 in prize money, millions of Super Bowl viewers who juked their way oround the halftime show were the real winners. (Watch for Lauren on the all-stor edition of *Fear Factor*.)

Fear factor

Rabbit ears were once used to tune in shows. Now people tune in shows to see them. Above, left to right: Shanna Moakler, Daphnee Duplaix, Laura Cover, Julie McCullough, Stephanie Heinrich, Jennifer Walcott, Reneé Tenison and Anna-Marie Goddard on *Weakest Link*. Right: Whose lingerie drawer is a pair of panties short? Stephanie Heinrich, Miss October 2001. Below right: 40th Anniversary Playmate Anna-Marie Goddard, Miss January 1994. (You are the sweetest link.) Below are Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott (top) and Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler. Asked how she and her colleagues dealt with host Anne Robinson's famously derisive quips, Jennifer said, "We can be brutal back—we're Playmates!"

Above: Miss February 1986 Julie McCullaugh (top) and Miss November 1989 and 1990 PMOY Reneé Tenisan. National TV was nothing new for these two—you've seen Julie on *The Drew Carey Show*, *Growing Pains* and *Wha's the Boss?*, and Reneé on *VIP*, *Judging Amy* and *The Steve Harvey Show*. Right: Miss October 1998 Laura Caver, an admitted *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* fan. Below: Miss July 1997 Daphnee Duplaix figured to be a favorite. After all, she's a triple threat: She has a competitive edge from being on Playboy's physically challenging X-Treme Team, business savvy as creative director of an urban magazine and intellectual rigor from writing screenplays.

# THE POSSIBILITY OF Love

fiction by **ETHAN HAUSER**

*Sara*

Was an artist. Which meant that there was paint everywhere—all over her jeans (knees artfully ripped), crusted under her fingernails, spattered on the floor of her studio. There were splotches on her forearms in the shapes of African nations. Sometimes she brushed her bangs away from her face, inadvertently trailing white streaks in her hair. Her being an artist was probably the reason her name lacked an "h" as well.

I remember the music too, always blaring while she painted. She liked to work to Metallica, sometimes Verdi, Wagner. Anything pastoral, really.

*Bridget*

I've always been a sucker for girls with grandmothery names. Hazel, Gertrude, Betty, Esther. I love them all, I love the anachronism. And more often than not, they act a little grandmothery, as if living up to their Forties monikers. They wear shoes that are slightly off, or they drink a lot of tea, knit. One was a quilter, another one played bridge. Still another dabbled in shuffleboard. They walk a lot slower than I do, and I have no doubt Florida is in their future.

I like watching them act prim, knowing what happens when the turtleneck comes off, when we're alone. It's like a secret, and every important love requires a secret.

*Lulu*

One year I told every girl I met that I was a filmmaker. All because Sara once said, "Martin Scorsese makes me horny."

"Martin Scorsese?" I asked her. "With those eyebrows?"

"Yeah," she said. "He's a total fucking genius." (She also said firemen made her horny, but I have neither the build nor the uniform to pull off that one. UPS guy, maybe. And certain skyscrapers—the Chrysler Building—made her horny.)

You tell women you're a filmmaker and they get a glint in their eye. They touch your arm. They laugh at your jokes. They're thinking Kubrick, Coppola. They're thinking house on the beach in Malibu, fawning starlets, Tom Cruise inviting you to lunch. The more delusional ones imagine a trip to the Oscars. Then they realize you wait tables or tend bar. You proofread, you file. You're someone's assistant.

I met Lulu at a fancy party at my friend Tiffany's apartment (the size of Rhode Island, I swear). There were exceedingly well groomed people serving drinks and carrying trays of food in portions meant for babies or birds. Tiffany, a friend from college, was an heiress, and everyone she knew seemed to have perfect hair and names like Paige or Cece or Lulu. Often there was a "de" or "la" involved (the men frequently had numbers or "Jr." attached). They had porn star or stripper names, which is kind of excellent. These girls are about the furthest things—behavior-wise, family history–wise—from strippers and porn stars as you can get.

When I introduced myself to Lulu, I told her I directed movies, but she seemed more interested in my retro sideburns and my history with a minor punk-rock band. True story: In high school I wore a dog collar and ripped T-shirts and sang in a band called Misrule, a name we chose after looking up "anarchy" in the dictionary. But for the purpose of impressing girls and introducing a sexual element right off, I always change the name. Fuckers. We were called Fuckers, and at one point David Geffen came to see us at CBGB (our only gig outside our parents' basements and the school gym) and was interested in signing us. Only when he wandered backstage, our drummer yelled,

**HERE'S TO ALL THE GIRLS HE LOVED BEFORE**



ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

Albinski

"Who let Frank Perdue in? No Frank Perdues allowed. Frank Perdue, go back to Arkansas." Sammy the guitarist explained that it wasn't the chicken magnate but David Geffen, Cher's ex-boyfriend. To which the drummer started chanting, "No Cher ex-boyfriends, no Cher ex-boyfriends. Go back to Cher."

Lulu was sufficiently impressed by this story to sleep with me that night and for the next few weeks. She had the best underwear of any girl I've ever gone out with—drawers full of disturbingly sexy silk and lace things. Camisoles, fancy bras, teddies, garters (for Christ's sake), feats of engineering that would have had me baffled in my teens. I had no idea of all the options available to a woman of means.

*Em*

Another one with missing letters. Short for Emily, right? I asked early on. She shook her head. "Just Em," she chirped. "My father's name is Evan, and my mother's is Mary. So, Em." Congratulations, I thought, your parents deserve a medal for compromise.

I met her in a bookstore where she was a cashier. I was into Foucault and Lacan and Bataille at the time because I was in college and smoked British cigarettes, and I didn't know better yet. I thought a bunch of French intellectuals had figured out our darkest secrets. I thought those idiots had all the answers—their books were impossible to understand, and their theories had a whiff of sex, so they must be on to something. Besides, they weren't American. When you're that age you're convinced that America is vapid and superficial and that true enlightenment exists only where you need to show a passport.

Em must have had the same feelings because when she rang up my stack she was impressed enough to ask me out for a beer. At the bar I pretended to be interested as she prattled on about the panopticon and the Other. She used the words narrative and deconstruct repeatedly. She pointed to the dartboard and marveled at the preponderance of the circular form in the world. Deleuze may have been mentioned, Roland Barthes. Let's drown this pitcher and then another, I thought. Then you won't give a shit about those motherfucking frogs. As she talked I imagined her shedding her clothes, touching her, kissing her until dawn.

She tired of me before I tired of her. In fact she was too beautiful to be with one boyfriend. She looked like a model, which is something lots of guys say about their girlfriends—especially when the women live in Canada and it's impossible to verify. But in this case it was true. And she was smart as hell, despite the misstep into useless critical theory, one I'm sure she's outgrown by now. It's a dangerous thing to be both brilliant and beautiful—you end up wrecking people even if you don't intend to. When she broke it off, I said, "I still love you." She said, "Don't say that. Everyone says that." First I wanted to kill her, then I wanted to kill myself.

I wrote her desperate letters. Drunk on heartbreak and gin, I ripped out pages from a Derrida book and used them as stationery, writing my own pleas on top of the dense paragraphs. I thought she would appreciate the postmodern gesture of it all, my destroying one thing while creating another. But she never answered the missives, and now I own several books with random missing pages. Not that I'll ever crack them again. Those clowns would surely approve of my passion.

*Susie*

She loved Nascar, cocaine and talking dirty. She wasn't real—she was like some fantasy cooked up in the mind of a randy teenager from South Carolina. (I suppose these days, with the Internet and all, you can get a lot closer to realizing your fantasies, but Susie happened pre–Information Age, so I believe I deserve some credit.) I knew from the moment we met—snorting lines at a New Year's Eve party—that we wouldn't last. We were doing the drugs off a framed picture of the host's geeky cousin, some Sears portrait of a kid beaming a smile full of braces. When Susie bent over the glass I couldn't help looking down her shirt at her braless breasts. They were perfect, and I got lost.

I took her voracious appetites as a challenge. She had the energy of a comet. I wanted to turn myself into some kind of machine, with gears and pistons that never tired, that could click into service at a moment's notice. I wanted to sell everything I owned and stay with her. I thought peanut butter sandwiches had all the nutrients we needed to survive. Once while we were having sex, she made me pull out of her and she snorted a line off me, right below my belly button, caressing me all the while. When I looked down, there was stray coke nestled in the hairs snaking toward my crotch. It's hands-down the sexiest thing a woman has ever done to me. Ever will do.

*Jason*

There was a time when someone decided that cool girls should have boys' names. I'm guessing it started with all those women's magazines swollen with noxious perfume strips and sex quizzes.

So I started meeting cute girls who were named James, Mason, Nick, Adam. No joke, I actually knew a girl named Adam. I never got over the weirdness of calling my girlfriend Jason; I abbreviated it "J" or "Jas" whenever I could. Fortunately we stopped seeing each other before we got to the "I love you" stage. I don't think I would have been comfortable saying "I love you, Jason." Someone might have overheard.

*Nancy*

Nancy's father was a famous sculptor, and in a way I was much more in love with him than with her. He would disassemble old cars bound for the junkyard and then use every piece, down to the upholstery and nuts and bolts—even the red needle from the speedometer and the black-and-white digits from the odometer—to fashion an abstract sculpture. The pieces filled entire rooms, and they were far more delicate than their previous incarnations. If you looked hard enough, you'd see faces emerge, limbs, people laughing and crying and praying. The installations captured me for hours.

Nancy caught on because I peppered her with questions about her father. I wanted to know all the details of how he worked—when he got up in the morning, what kind of music he listened to in the studio, which tools he used. Things he said at the dinner table, books he read. I made her show me family photo albums repeatedly, and I hurriedly flipped past the pages of her in pigtails and braces. I even raced through the shots of her in a bikini, 18 and nubile and flawless. In fact, I skipped any pages that didn't have snapshots of him.

Finally she said, I think it's weird how obsessed you are with my dad. I guess I was supposed to refute it, say something like, Don't be silly, you're the one I'm infatuated with, then turn back to a shot of her sunbathing on a beach in Mexico. But instead I said, Why? It was one of the few moments I can remember when I've been completely honest with a woman, aside from the unstinting honesty of lust.

*Cynthia*

She went Amish. One day, a couple of weeks after we stopped seeing each other, she called and left a message on my machine. "I've decided to join an Amish community," she said. I had to play it a few times to be certain I was hearing it right and it wasn't just some strange fantasy. Indiana was where she was headed, I think, maybe Iowa—one of those lonely "I" states marooned in the Midwest (weird stuff happens when you get too far from the ocean). I remember being surprised that it wasn't Pennsylvania, because that's where I thought all those people lived and raised barns and sold pies, wore bonnets and were quiet.

*(continued on page 166)*

*"Miss Dalby, I'm afraid you lied when you said you'd come quietly."*

# CALL OF THE WILD

Fashion by Joseph De Acetis

Photography by Spicer

## UNLEASH YOUR INNER ANIMAL WITH STYLES THAT ARE READY TO ROCK

When rock stars hit town, they make a statement. They understand that showmanship is part of the game. Even when they're not onstage, it's all about stealing attention and flashing confidence. To prove the point, we lined up some of our favorite new musicians to model the latest nightlife styles. Get ready to jam. Don't make a living with a band? You can still dress the part. All you need is flair. Nothing says wild like leather. And remember: The shirt you wear out at night should be so vibrant it wouldn't feel right during the day (unless you really are a rock star). So don't be afraid to spend a chunk of your fashion budget on clothes your boss would not appreciate. Think a crazy mélange of clothing and don't forget the finishing touches—shiny accessories can make all the difference when you're basking in the spotlight.

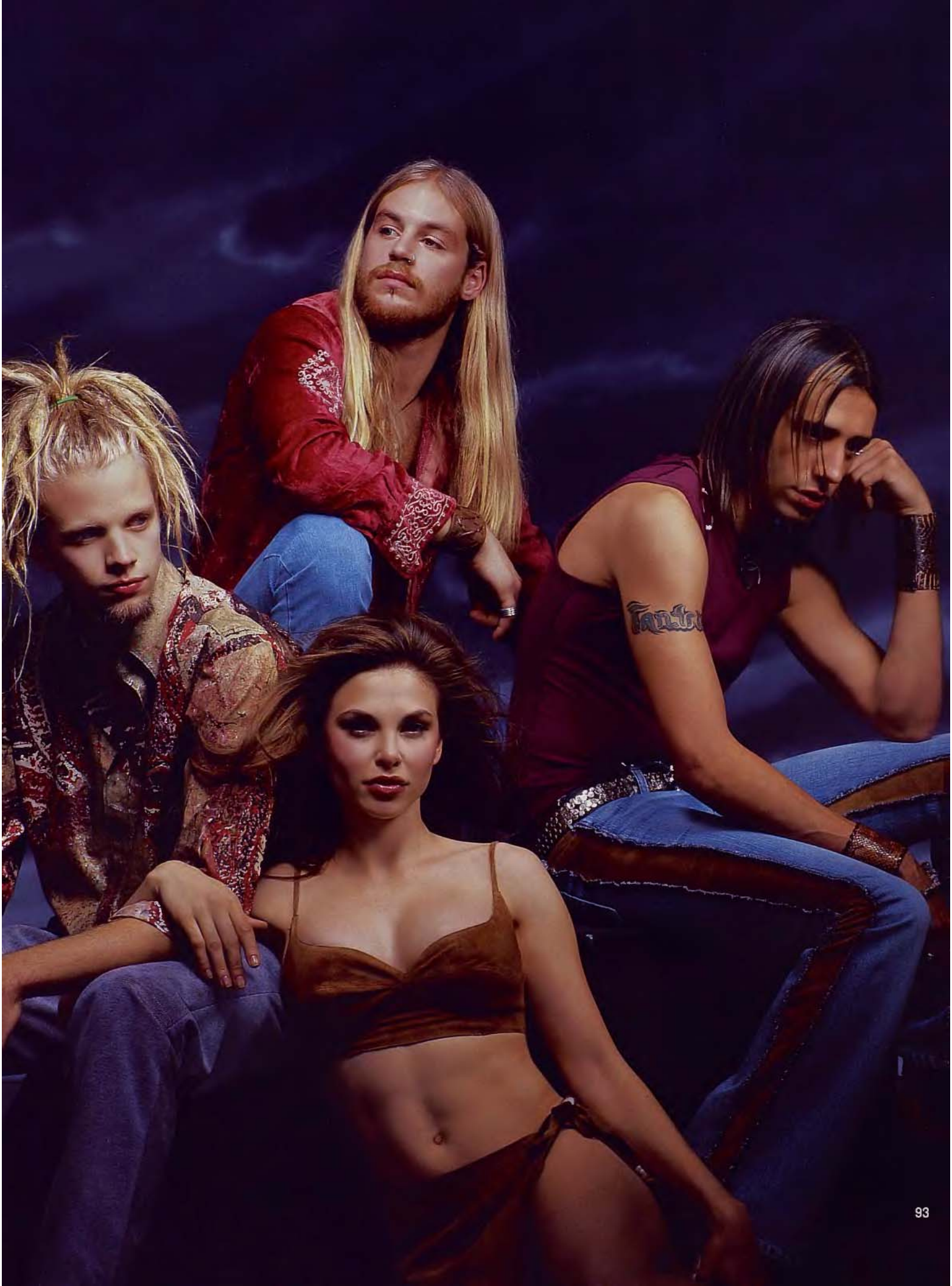


WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

Opposite page: Jazz musician Chris Botti single-handedly created a new musical genre. Think of him as Chet Baker for the Cafe del Mar set. He has toured the world, both with Sting and as a solo artist—and he'll play the Playboy Jazz Festival on June 16 at the Hollywood Bowl. When Chris heads out clubbing, he never needs to blow his own trumpet. Here he's in a black seersucker tuxedo by Hugo Boss, French-cuffed shirt by Paul Smith, silk tie by Donna Karan and shoes by Rockport. (Rising to the occasion, Nicola is in a satin dress by MoMo FaLana, jewelry by Jose and Maria Barrera and shoes by Giuseppe Zanotti Design.)

This page: Members of Tantric bring out their party gear. The band formed when guitarist Todd Whitener (left), drummer Matt Taul (center) and bassist Jesse Vest (not pictured) split up Days of the New and joined with singer Hugo Ferreira (right). Here Todd wears a suede jacket, shirt and distressed-leather jeans by DKNY. Matt is in a shirt by Dolce & Gabbana and leather pants by Chrome Hearts. (Katia's leather jacket is by Andrew Marc.) Hugo is in leather chaps by Harley-Davidson, tank top by Diesel and suede jacket with whip stitching by Chrome Hearts.

THIS PAGE: CHRIS BOTTI WEARS A VELVET SMOKING JACKET WITH QUILTED RED SATIN CUFFS AND COLLAR BY PAUL STUART, COTTON SHIRT WITH SATIN STRIPES BY DONNA KARAN, JEANS BY DIESEL AND JEWELRY BY CHROME HEARTS. (NICOLA IS IN A JACKET BY FERNANDO SANCHEZ, LINGERIE BY LA PERLA AND JEWELRY BY JOSE AND MARIA BARRERA.) OPPOSITE PAGE: TODD WHITENER IS IN A PRINTED SHIRT BY ICEBERG AND SUEDED DENIM JEANS BY JOHN BARTLETT. MATT TAUL WEARS A VINTAGE VELVET SHIRT FROM WHAT COMES AROUND GOES AROUND AND JEANS BY TOMMY JEANS. HUGO FERREIRA IS IN A TIE-DYED T-SHIRT AND JEANS WITH SUEDE SIDE INLAY BY DOLCE & GABBANA. HIS BELT AND CUFFS ARE BY BUFFALO CHIPS. (SUSAN WEARS A SUEDE TOP AND WRAP SKIRT BY DOLCE & GABBANA.)



## THE SPORT

Want to cook up a new thrill? Mix the aerial insanity of motocross with the punk rock attitude of skateboarding and the rugged off-road toughness of mountain biking. What you get is all-terrain boarding, the newest extreme sport, also known as dirt boarding, off-road skateboarding, earth boarding or mountain boarding. The sport dates back to the mid-Nineties, when Hugh Jeffreys, a snowboard maker living in Hawaii, designed a Frankenstein contraption that combined elements of a snowboard, skateboard and BMX bike. He used it to tool around his home turf in Maui, and soon people were clamoring to buy one of the beefy, badass boards. There are now more than a million boarders worldwide and Jeffreys has gained renown, if not wealth, as the founder of Earthboard, one of the best-known board companies. This year's All-Terrain Boarding Association world championships take place at Kratka Ridge and Mountain High resorts in southern California in August. Riders will compete in disciplines including big air, distance jumping and dual slalom, with racers reaching speeds of up to 50 miles per hour. A good place to learn more about the sport is the website of the ATBA, atbaonline.com.

# SHRED THE EARTH

## ALL-TERRAIN BOARDING IS READY TO RIP IT UP

### THE BOARD

Even Sasquatch could barrel through the underbrush on an all-terrain board. These three-, four-, six- and eight-wheel knobby-tired earth shredders are skateboarding SUVs. Boards can cost from $180 to $500, and as riders go for more daring stunts and thrills, their equipment gets more sophisticated—manufacturers are developing advanced suspensions, braking systems and steering mechanisms. With more advanced boards, you can rip harder, and the possibility of getting ripped up yourself is even greater. Serious all-terrain boarders say the sport is as safe as you want it to be and advise using a helmet, knee pads and elbow pads, a wrist guard and even padded shorts. You can check out boards and gear at mountainboardshop.com.

### THE LEGEND

Dreadlocked Hawaiian Akoni Kama (pictured above) is the Evel Knievel of all-terrain boarding. His signature trick is called the Superman—a radical aerial maneuver in which he launches off a ramp and flies through the air with his board in front of him, Man-of-Steel style, before landing back on the turf. Kama has a go-anywhere, do-anything attitude about the sport: "Mountain boarding is all about freedom. My board gives me the freedom to ride wherever I want to ride. I've taken it on a glacier, on snow and into the mountains. I get to hang out and play in the dirt—it's a blast." The 28-year-old lives and trains in Hawaii. You may have seen him dropping out of a helicopter on his mountain board in a television ad for the Honda CRV.

BY JOHN D. THOMAS

*"This is a prescription for Viagra. Take two and come back in two hours."*

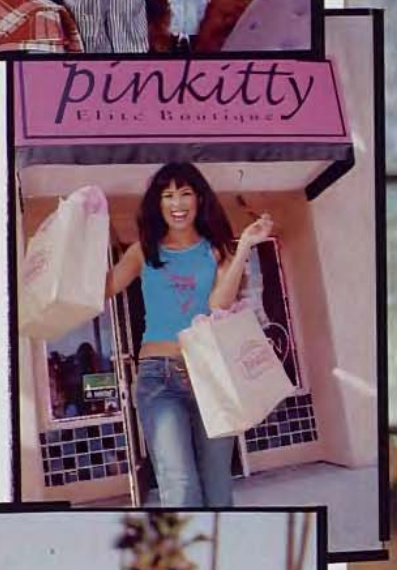
# Michele, Ma Belle

## miss june is a tall, cool drink of hawaiian punch

I am a mutt," says Michele Rogers of her exotic good looks. "My dad is Hawaiian and my mom is a mixture of French, Irish and German." The Honolulu native abandoned leis and pristine beaches when, at the age of three, she moved to Michigan with her mother after her parents' divorce. "It was total culture shock," she says. "From there we moved to California, but I like to go back to Oahu or Maui a couple of times a year." The 26-year-old makeup artist is now in the business of making women more beautiful. "I've been doing makeup since I was 18," she says. "I love art, and my work is so creative. You can transform a person by using different colors and textures. It's fun."

Michele is also drawn to body art of a more permanent nature. "I find it sexy when guys have tattoos," she says. "My boyfriend is fully sleeved on both arms and has a big maze on his back. It is completely sexy. I just got Chinese symbols on my ankles: One means love and the other

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG



Although she would be adorable dressed in a pototo sack, Miss June looks even better os a roller girl. "I would love to run my own little boutique," she says. "Like Carrie from *Sex and the City*, I have a weakness for shoes. I bought these pink Puma roller skates so I could skate around the block. I am so bad ot roller skating, but I think I look pretty cute doing it."

refers to the ethereal. I also have a star tattoo on my ankle that I got with a friend. I'm not sure why we got them—I despise it!" Besides serious body ink, what attracts Michele's attention? "An ideal first date would definitely not be the movies," she confesses. "You want to be someplace where both of you feel comfortable and you can get to know each other. Why not do something creative like take a gondola ride or go to the batting cages? Stupid stuff like that can be so much fun. I love humorous guys. I would much rather have somebody who is not good-looking but is funny than somebody who is good-looking and isn't funny." What about a guy who just dresses funny? "I don't like it when men wear white sunglasses or shiny shirts," she says, laughing. "Leopard-print clothes and big hoop earrings are deal breakers, too. My type of guy is Johnny Knoxville, Billy Idol or Jack Nicholson. I like older men because they're so confident and they have their shit together." As far as music is concerned, Miss June is a classicist. "I love Guns n' Roses, Motley Crue, Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath. It seems like everybody has moved on to whatever rock and roll has evolved into today, but I just can't get past the old stuff!"

PLAYBOY is Michele's foray into modeling. "I feel comfortable being nude," she says. "Having to change facial expressions and building a relationship with the camera were difficult, but you get used to everyone being around you. If this leads to other modeling jobs, I'll go for it." Michele says she is protective of her family and friends and has zero attitude. "People have a preconception that I'm bitchy or stuck-up, but I am really goofy and approachable," she says. "In five years I see myself married and starting a family. I want five kids and want to be surrounded by my friends and loved ones, having the time of our lives."

"Gracing the pages of PLAYBOY is my ultimate dream," says Michele. "I thought that maybe I was setting myself up for disappointment, because I am not your typical blonde, blue-eyed, big-boobed girl. But I walked in and they said, 'We need you.' It's such an incredible honor."

SEX
and
the
CITY

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Michele Rogers

BUST: 32B WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 5-14-76 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To lead a happy, healthy and prosperous life surrounded by friends & family.

TURN-ONS: Rock and roll, full lips, intellectual strength & most important, someone who can make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Men who tweeze & shape their eyebrows and guys who are overly cocky - it only proves their insecurities!

FAVORITE BANDS: Billy Idol, Guns n' Roses and Motley Crue. (I can't help it. I'm addicted to glam rock.)

THREE PLACES I NEED TO EXPERIENCE: Greece, Tahiti and Thailand!

WHAT I MISS MOST ABOUT HAWAII: The laid-back vibe of the locals, the true blue ocean, unspoiled beaches and the lush rain forest.

PETS: I just got the cutest, fattest pug - Lola !! (She's not a showgirl!! ☺)

me @ age 14. What is going on w/ my hair?

age 18 w/ high school buddy in Puerto Vallarta.

age 25 - my first Head shot!! ©

THERE ARE MORE PHOTOS, PLUS VIDEO, OF MICHELE AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The ousted CEO of a company decided to help out the incoming CEO. "I've left two envelopes in the safe," the departing CEO said. "When you encounter a crisis you can't handle, open the first envelope. If you run into more trouble, open the second one."

A few months later a crisis hit. The new CEO opened the safe and took out the envelope marked #1. Inside was a note that read, "Blame me." It worked like a charm. A few months later the company's stock plummeted. The CEO took out the second envelope. This note read, "Prepare two envelopes."

What does a dominatrix give her clients on their birthdays?

Gag gifts.

A man walked into his neighborhood bar and the bartender said, "Welcome, George. What'll it be?"

"The usual," George replied. "But from now on, call me Lucky."

"Why Lucky?" the bartender asked.

"Well, my girl and I were having sex last night, and the guy downstairs got so mad at the noise we were making that he picked up a gun and started shooting at the ceiling. One of the bullets came through the floor and missed my girl, but it got me in the nuts."

"I don't understand," said the bartender. "Why does that make you lucky?"

"Well," the guy said, "a minute earlier and it would have got me right between the eyes."

Why does a bride smile as she walks down the aisle on her wedding day?

She knows she's given her last blow job.

A man and a woman got onto an elevator at the same time. The man asked the woman which floor she wanted. "The second floor," she said. "I'm going to the blood bank. They pay $25 to blood donors."

As he pressed the button for the second floor, the man said, "I'm going to the fourth floor. They pay $200 for fresh donations at the sperm bank."

A couple of weeks later, the man met the same woman in the elevator again. "Second floor?" he asked.

Her mouth full, she shook her head no and held up four fingers.

A man complained to his therapist about having two unhappy marriages. "Tell me about them," the therapist said.

"Well," the man said, "my first wife divorced me and my second wife won't."

What do you call four blondes standing on their heads?

Brunettes.

A woman suffering from chronic headaches visited a New Age doctor. He advised, "When you feel a headache coming on, stare at yourself in a mirror and say, 'I do not have a headache. I do not have a headache.' I guarantee you will be cured of your ailment right away."

The woman left the doctor's office. In the elevator, her head began to throb. She noticed that the elevator had mirrored walls. She looked at herself and repeated the mantra. Her headache immediately disappeared. Elated, she ran back to the doctor's office. "It worked," she said. "You're a genius. I must send my husband to see you. We haven't had sex in months."

A few days later her husband visited the doctor. When he returned home, he headed straight to the bathroom and locked the door. A few minutes later he emerged and made passionate love to his wife. When they finished, he returned to the bathroom and shut the door. Ten minutes later he came out and they had sex again. When he locked himself in the bathroom a third time, the curious wife peeked through the keyhole. Her husband was staring at himself in the mirror, repeating, "That woman is not my wife. That woman is not my wife."

A man visited a friend whose wife had just died. No one answered the door, so the man walked inside. He found his widowed friend on the kitchen floor, having sex with the maid. "What are you doing?" the man asked. "Your wife just died."

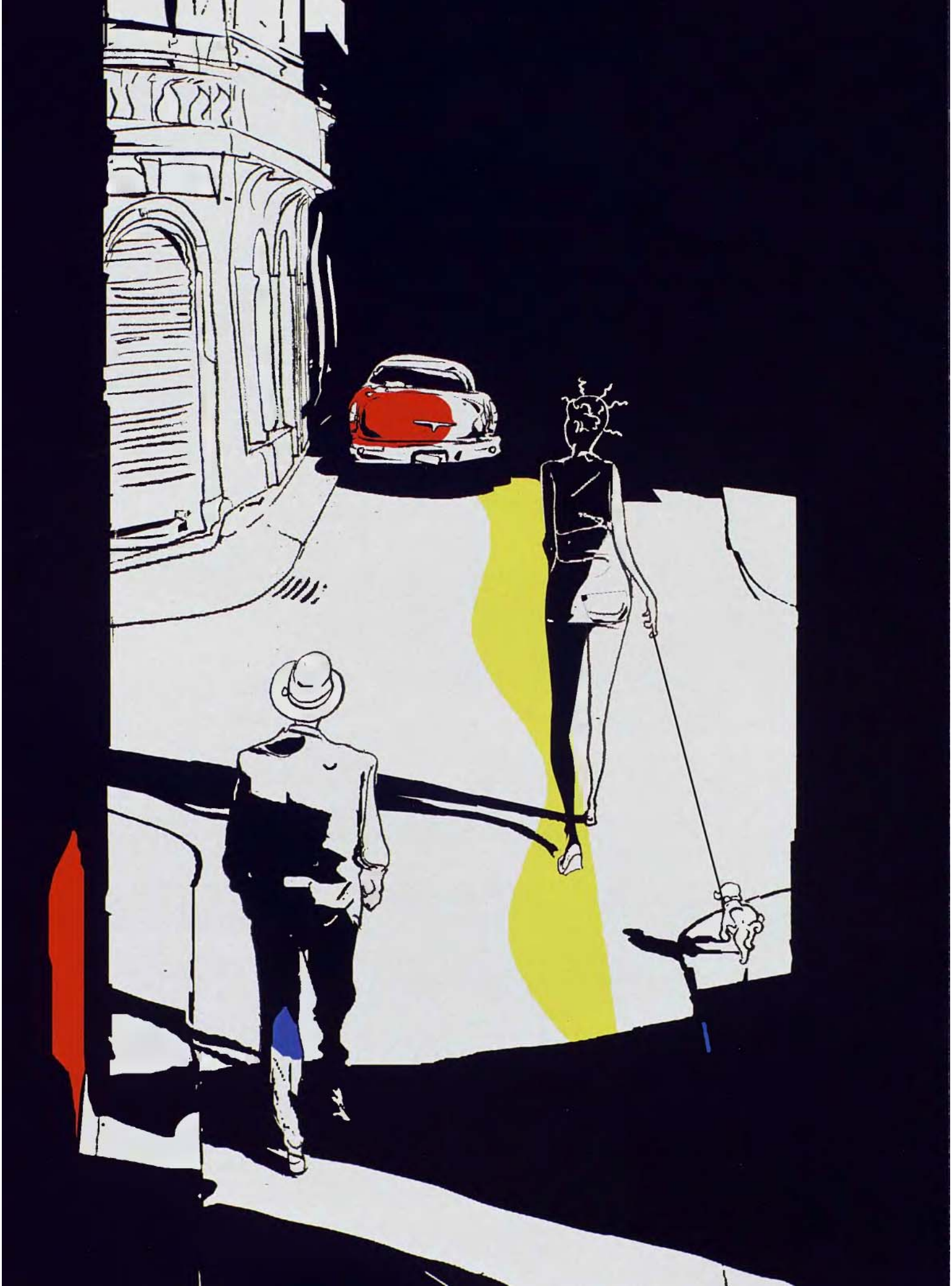
The widower replied, "In this state of grief, do you think I know what I'm doing?"

What is the difference between sex for money and sex for free?

Sex for money usually costs less.

*Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

*"OK! Now fast-forward!"*



# HAVANA HEARTBREAK

**WHAT MAKES CUBAN WOMEN SO AMAZING? OUR WRITER WAS ABOUT TO FIND OUT**

**"There are no borders in this struggle to the death. We cannot be indifferent to what happens anywhere in the world, because victory by any country over imperialism is our victory, just as any country's defeat is a defeat for all of us."**
**—Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara, addressing the Organization of Afro-Asian Solidarity**

**"Get a load of the ass on that girl!"**
**—Cuban tourist A.J. Benza, addressing his New York City buddies**

## ARTICLE BY A.J. BENZA

Hemingway knew. Big Papa wasn't the first guy to hop a plane to Havana and drink his mojito in La Bodeguita del Medito and his daiquiri at El Floridita, but he was smart enough to know there was something different about the Caribbean sweet spot 90 miles south of Key West. Maybe it was as simple as Cuba being the perfect spot for a man to write. Pull up a bar stool, watch the pretty girls go by and wait for the words to come.

Maybe it was Fidel Castro and his trustworthy soldier Che Guevara who discovered the sweaty seduction and unchained lust that courses through the island's women. Did the Cuban guerrilla revolution, which started high in the Sierra Maestras in 1956—and which led to the overthrow of President Fulgencio Batista three years later—begin because a couple of guys just wanted to get laid? It's not hard to imagine.

Perhaps it began before all the bloodshed, even before President Teddy Roosevelt's charge up San Juan Hill. Before the Spanish flag was replaced by the British flag and replaced again by the Spanish flag before finally being taken down for today's Cuban flag. Maybe Christopher Columbus knew something when he first spotted the luxuriant crescent-shaped island and called it the most beautiful island he had ever seen. Why? What is it about this land that has had men landing on it for five centuries with nothing but conquest on their minds?

I wanted to find out. So some 500 years after the Italian explorer found her, four of my Italian buddies and I left the self-absorbed women of New York City and descended on the island to find something for ourselves, to maybe claim parts of her as our own.

Among my crew, one took along his girlfriend for the adventure, while one left his girl back home in the States. Two were single men on the prowl. And a fifth was making his second trip to Cuba in the hopes of getting some information on a *jinetera*—a prostitute—whom he had met the previous year and fell in love with after a three-day tumble. The last time he saw her she was being dragged off a beach by a policeman, unable to speak. He spent a good part of our trip with tears in his eyes. *(continued on page 140)*



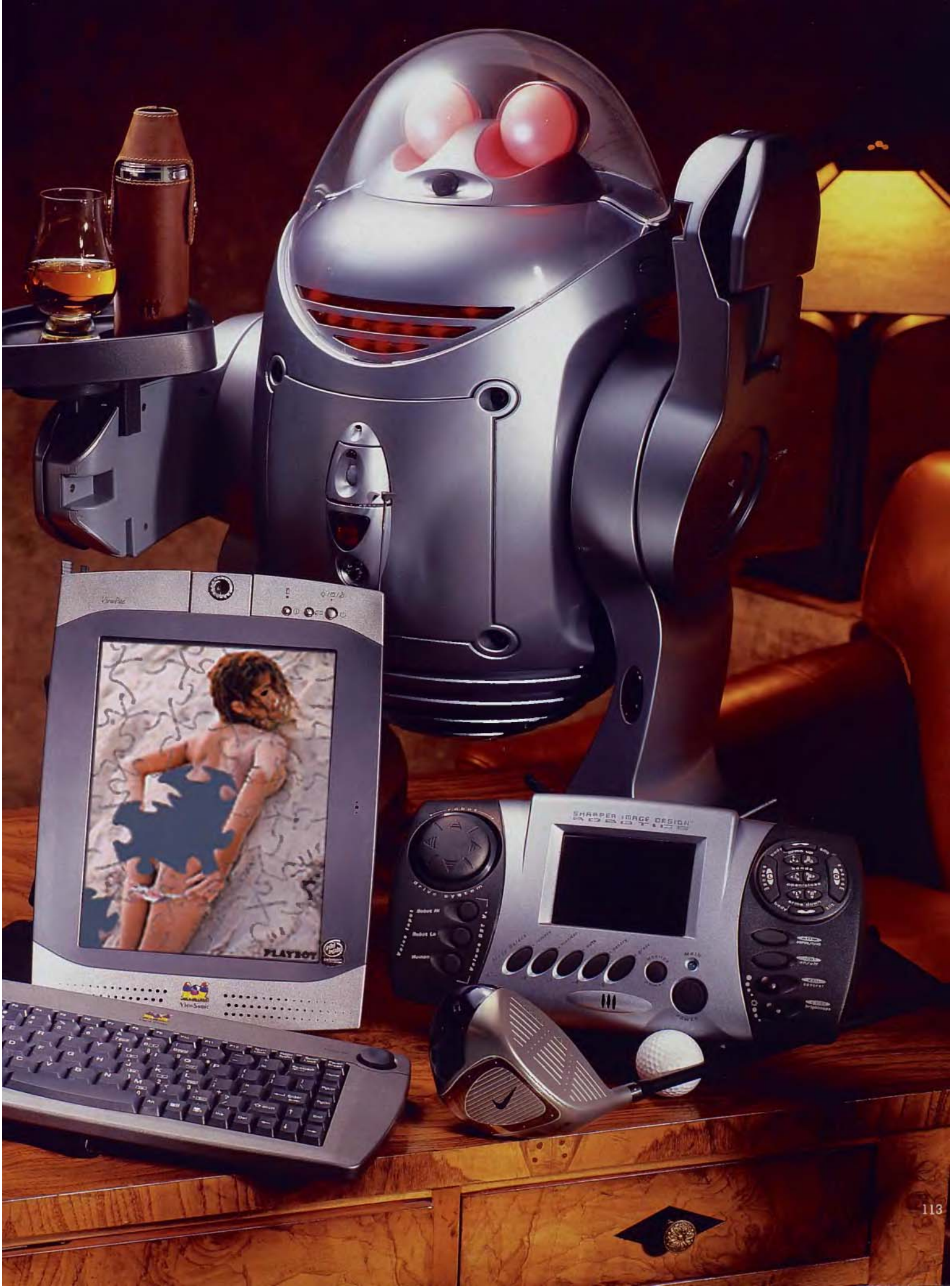
ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

# Dads & Grads

**DADS** Below, left to right: Only 6000 bottles of Talisker's superb 25-year-old single-malt scotch are being produced, with 1500 available in the U.S. Each is numbered and signed by the distillery's manager ($200). La Perla Habana's Maduro Torpedo cigar is a perfect evening smoke ($170 for a box of 25). One is resting in a Colibri crystal ashtray from UpDown Tobacco ($200). The stainless steel blades of Henckels knives are ice-hardened for strength. The seven-piece Twin Select Series includes a wooden knife block with a granite finish ($500). Atomic clocks use a pretuned radio receiver to respond to time-setting signals generated by the United States Atomic Clock. Proton's R5A clock radio includes an atomic signol receiver and a standard radio receiver ($150). Sitting atop the radio is Panasonic's PV-VM202 Palmcorder, a digital camcorder with detachable still camera, which can use SD memory cards to store MPEG-4 video, still images and voice memos ($2200). The remote-controlled RoboScout Personal Robot from the Sharper Image features a 2.4 gigahertz processor that relays video and sound received through its sensors to an LCD screen on the remote ($900). Its adjustable arms hold up to two pounds. On RoboScout's troy is a Blenders Nosing Glass by Glencairn designed for whiskey ($10) and a 10-ounce leather sportsman's flask by Mulholland Brothers ($92). Move e-mail to any room on ViewSonic's ViewPad 1000. The four-pound tablet PC uses an 800 MHz processor, 10.4-inch touchscreen and wireless connectivity to keep the user online from room to room ($2000). Loaded on it is Playboy's interoctive *Babes of Summer* jigsow puzzle game ($20). Nike's driver is made of beto-titonium and forged (insteod of cast) to improve accuracy and distance ($469).

*the best gifts for*

*the best guys*


PLAYBOY
SHARPER IMAGE DESIGN
ROBOTICS

**GRADS** Below, left to right: Under the hood of Tamiya's Terra Crusher remote-controlled monster truck is a high-powered nitro engine with a 150cc fuel tonk. With monster tires ond o two-speed transmission, the Terra Crusher can handle a variety of terrain ($400). The six-ounce captive-top flosk by Mulholland Brothers is available in three leather options: lariat, stout and red latigo ($60). Speed skater Apolo Anton Ohno wore Nike's Mojo sunglasses at the 2002 Olympics. The wraparound design provides clean sight lines from oll angles, and the lenses are cooted to repel sweot ($80). The glasses are sitting atop Pioneer's Elite DV-47A, o DVD player that offers playback of DVD audio, DVD video, Super Audio CD and several other formats ($1200). In front of it is the Moestro Pocket PC from Audiovox with a 206 MHz processor and slots for compoct flosh and SD memory cards. Because it uses Microsoft's Pocket PC 2002 operating system, the Maestro con run Pocket versions of Internet Explorer, Word and Excel (about $500). Motorola's T193 cell phone con send and receive AOL instant messages and make hands-free calls with voice-activated dialing ($150). The T09-P pocketknife by Williom Henry Knives has o mother-of-peorl handle and titanium bolsters and frome ($300, which includes a leather slip pouch). JVC's sleek and versatile VS-DT2000 CD player con be positioned horizontally, vertically or mounted on a wall. Its reversible display con be adjusted for easy viewing ($650). Nonino's UE lo Riservo dei Cent' Anni grappa is oged 12 years and comes in a handblown bottle. It's sold in a briar box that con double as o humidor for your cigars ($450, including o humidification disc). The grappo gloss is from Reidel Glasswore's Sommeliers series ($40).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

*"Just a moment, ladies, and I'll take your things."*

# CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

## LISA DERGAN

How do you get what you want from a man? If I'm not getting an orgasm and I'm not telling him what he's doing wrong or what he's doing right—whatever the problem is—it's half my fault. There must be at least a moment in the night where something he was doing felt so good, so I would tell him, "That feels really good." He knows to stay there and work with it. I mean, no girl is going to feel the same pleasure from a certain stroke or movement. We all have different sensation buttons. I know a lot of girls who don't have an orgasm unless a guy goes down on them. Why doesn't she show the guy what she's doing to her own body to get herself off and then he could add to it? Just by being a man, he adds to the whole experience and makes you feel good. When I'm in love and I'm having sex with the guy I love, it's making love and I'm feeling pleasure from it. If I'm not feeling pleasure, then I'm not intimate enough, and I'm not in love with him.

There are girls who say they're not aroused unless they use their vibrators. OK, then have the guy use the vibrator on you. Get off with him doing all that. Try new things. See what he can do to make you feel good and go from there. How can you not find one thing about your man that makes you get off? I don't understand. If it's a problem, you're with the wrong person—or you're hiding something, too. There's something going on in your mind where you're not letting it all go. Go see a sex therapist. Go see a porno together. Bring pornos home. I'm not threatened at all by pornos. I think they're fun sometimes.

Lisa Dergan

SEE LISA IN THE PLAYMATE VIDEO JUKEBOX AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

# BUILDING A BETTER BATTLE

BY OWEN WEST

WAR MOVIES AND COMBAT VIDEO GAMES HAVE BECOME SO REALISTIC THAT THEY'RE BEING USED TO TRAIN ACTUAL SOLDIERS.

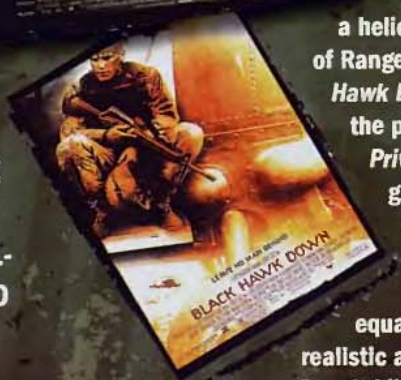
THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAYHEM

ICONS OF WORLD WAR II: ROMMEL . . . GRABLE, DAMON AND HANKS.

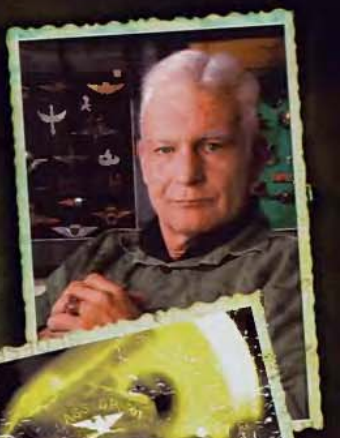
**WHEN** THE BOW RAMP OF THEIR HIGGINS AMPHIBIOUS LANDING CRAFT FIRST OPENED ON JULY 24, 1998, TOM HANKS AND THE REST OF THE ACTORS PLAYING ALPHA COMPANY SOLDIERS IN *SAVING PRIVATE RYAN* WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES SHOCKED BY THE ENSUING HORROR. MOVIEGOERS WERE YANKED FULL FORCE INTO THE HURRICANE OF SAND, METAL AND VIOLENCE. BLOOD AND SAND SPLATTERED THE SCREEN. THERE WAS NO MUSIC; INSTEAD, A RELENTLESS DIGITAL ORCHESTRA ERUPTED FROM THE SPEAKERS. MEN SCREAMED. LIMBS CARTWHEELED. HOLES SNAPPED OPEN IN HELMETS. THERE WAS NO PLACE TO HIDE; EVEN SOLDIERS COWERING BEHIND OBSTACLES AND BERMS WERE BLOWN APART.

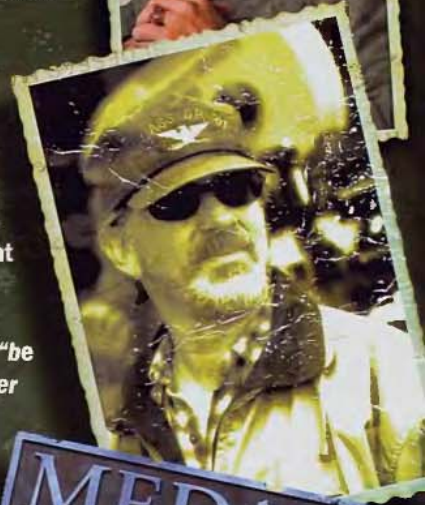
The Omaha Beach we saw in *Saving Private Ryan* was not real, of course, but you'd never guess that from the reaction of the audiences who experienced the first 25 minutes of the film. Even combat veterans—no, combat veterans *especially*—were overwhelmed by the verisimilitude that a filmmaker who had never been in uniform managed to put on the screen. World War II veterans across the country paid respect to Steven Spielberg's accuracy. "It couldn't be more real," said John Harrison, a judge and veteran of D day, on *NewsHour With Jim Lehrer*, echoing countless others.

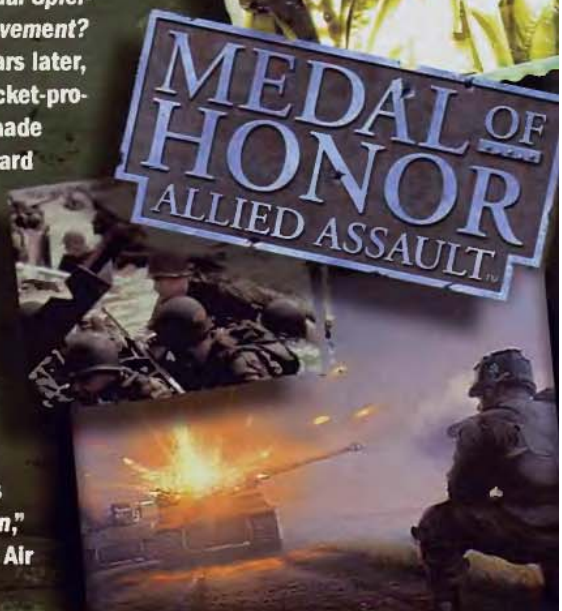
It was not a generational phenomenon. I saw *Private Ryan* on opening night with my father, a former Marine who fought in Vietnam, in a packed theater in a Navy town. "Absolutely incredible realism," he said, agreeing with other men around us. "Wonder how they did it." I saw the film again two weeks later with a Gulf war veteran, and all he said was, "I don't know how, but it was right on." I had two questions: *How did they do it?* and *If on-screen combat cannot "be more real," would any other film ever equal Spielberg's achievement?*




Three years later, the first rocket-propelled grenade hissed toward a helicopter full of Rangers in *Black Hawk Down*. For all the praise *Saving Private Ryan* garnered, *Black Hawk Down* proved its equal. "It's just as realistic as *Private Ryan*," says Dan Schilling, a former Air








A NOSTALGIA FOR GRIT AND GUTS: MOVIES SUCH AS SAVING PRIVATE RYAN AND BLACK HAWK DOWN PUT THE FIREFIGHT BACK IN PATRIOTISM. REALISTIC VIDEO GAMES HAVE SERVED TO TRAIN TROOPS FOR ACTUAL COMBAT, NOW INCREASINGLY COMMON FOR U.S. SOLDIERS.

MEDAL OF HONOR'S AIRFIELD OBJECTIVE

IS PROTECTED BY ENEMY ARMOR

SET TO AMBUSH YOUR SQUAD.

IN GHOST RECON, SOLDIER ACTORS

WERE MODELS FOR DIGITIZED WARRIORS.

Force special operator who fought in the battle of Mogadishu (on which *Black Hawk Down* is based). "I don't think it's possible to do it better."

In 1998, Mike Clark of *USA Today* wrote that *Saving Private Ryan* was "the rawest screen portrayal of 20th century combat." Clark said of *Black Hawk Down*: "No war movie I have ever seen so vividly shows battle from differing perspectives."

*We Were Soldiers*, based on the 1965 battle in the Ia Drang valley, continued the tradition. According to UPI reporter Joseph Galloway, who took part in the battle, *Soldiers* is "extremely realistic. When I saw the hundreds of Vietnamese extras rise out of the grass with their AKs blazing, it gave me the willies." Clearly a standard of excellence has been established for realistic war movies.

Video game designers have also made enormous strides in simulating battle. Some of the games you can play at home are so realistic that the military now uses the skills of video artists to prepare its soldiers for actual combat.

## TECHNOLOGICAL LEAPS

There's an astonishing sequence in *Saving Private Ryan*: The camera follows soldiers as they leap overboard to escape the rain of bullets. Underwater now, it's quiet for the first time, almost soothing. Soldiers struggle to free themselves from their anvil of gear. Suddenly, bullets cut through the water, leaving tiny contrails of bubbles behind. One bullet buzzes past but quickly decelerates, dancing harmlessly to the bottom. Others slam into the soldiers, who react with silent screams. Then, clouds of blood bloom from the torsos of the dying men.

In the Marines, where I served for six years, we learned that a bullet has about 10 feet of killing power underwater. Here we were watching a celluloid bullet do the same thing with incredible accuracy. Were they real bullets? Of course not. And yet the way their trajectories dipped, the way the bubbles expanded, the way they careened into soldiers, the way the audience reacted. . . .

Computer-generated imagery has steadily improved since the Seventies, but in the Nineties, with most of the money from a sanguine economy being pumped into high-technology companies, the advances in CGI were

explosive. Physical special effects, once the only option for filmmakers, were bolstered by computer artists. Dean Semler, cinematographer for *We Were Soldiers*, says, "You can put anything on-screen you require. Harry Potter flies around on a broomstick. The level of realism today is just a question of money."

The underwater bullets and bubbles in *Private Ryan* were, in fact, painted on the film with the powerful computer imaging tools at Industrial Light & Magic, the special effects company George Lucas founded in 1975. Industry leaders, ILM wizards blend their computing skills with spectacular artistry to trick the audience. Using film shots of stuntmen struggling underwater, they layered the digital bullets into the film frames via computer, drawing not only the rounds themselves but also each bubble, going so far as to enlarge them as they rose shimmering to the surface. While the effect wasn't entirely digital—the blood clouds were triggered by tiny blasting caps called squibs packed inside red dye pouches and stitched into the actors' uniforms—it was authentic. In the dark theater, those were real rounds hitting real soldiers.

*Black Hawk Down* employed a similar mix of digital and physical effects. As the heavily armed Somali crowd closes in on the Delta and Ranger forces, rounds snapping and skipping in the Mogadishu alleys, veterans of the actual firefight swore the scenes could have been documentary footage. Says Schilling: "The daylight combat scenes are as real as you can possibly *(continued on page 161)*

MEDAL OF HONOR UNDERGROUND

Tom Clancy's GHOST RECON

BEACH HEAD 2000

THE BLACK HAWK DOWN TEAM PLANTED SEVERAL TONS OF EXPLOSIVES IN THE GROUND AND DETONATED THEM WITHIN YARDS OF THE ACTORS, SPRAYING THEM WITH SPECIAL DIRT THAT HAD BEEN PICKED FREE OF LARGE CHUNKS AND PEBBLES. THE OBJECT, THEN, WAS TO MAKE THE ACTORS FEEL LIKE THEY ARE ON THE RECEIVING END OF AN ONSLAUGHT.

*"THIS IS AS REALISTIC AS WE CAN GET WITHOUT PUTTING ROUNDS DOWNRANGE."—CORPORAL JOHN HOWARD, SQUAD LEADER, USMC*

CONTINUE GAME

# SHAKIRA

## A NEW DIVA SHAKES UP THE POP SCENE

We always thought Colombia's bast axport was coffee. Now we hava a new favorite—Shakira. This Barranquilla-born pop princess has been giving har fans in Latin America and Europe a rush ever since she was 13, whan she released her first of four Spanish albums. Americans didn't get hooked on Shakira until the recent release of her first album in English, "Laundry Sarvice."

***"I don't want to be part of any explosion. After an explosion, only ashes are left behind."***

Here is what you should know about Shakira: Don't compare her to Britney. Sura, they have the same hair color, and Shakira appaars in Pepsi commercials, too. But the similarities and there. Shakira's hip-shaking bally dance leaves Britney's pelvic thrust in the dust. Britney performs perfact pop, while Shakira's sound is flavored with Spanish and Arabic influances (her fathar is Lebanese).

And unlike Britnay, who sings, "I'm not a girl, not yet a woman," Shakira isn't confused. At 25, sha's all woman. In her provocative single "Whanaver, Wheraver," she makes a promisa only a worldly woman can make. Sha vows to "climb tha Andes solely to count tha freckles" on her lover's body. No wonder har name translates to "woman full of grace" in Arabic.

We're not the only onas smitten with har. Nobal Prize–winning novelist Gabriel García Márquaz dascribas her this way: "Shakira's music has a parsonal stamp that doesn't look like anyona else's. And no one sings or dancas like her, with such an innocent sensuality, one that seems to be of her own invention." In other words, she's hot and talanted.

Dumb-blonda jokes don't apply to Shakira. Sha wrote and produced "Laundry Servica" herself, aven though she'd just learned English. Sha devours literature, saying, "I had to raad Laonard Cohan and Walt Whitman in Spanish, but now I raad them in English." Someone translates Leonard Cohen into Spanish?

Shakira hopes her newfound fame isn't just part of a trend. She says, "I considar myself Latin and I'm proud of it. But I don't want to ba pert of any explosion. Aftar an explosion, only ashes are laft behind." We hava e feeling har fire will burn for a long time.

—PATTY LAMBERTI

*"Remember, one way or another, this time we find out what mystery bait he's using for those record-breaking catches!"*

# Oscar De La Hoya

## the crooning boxer takes a few jabs at prefight sex and explains why he's squeamish about blood

*The second son of Mexican immigrants, Oscar De La Hoya grew up in East Los Angeles. He was originally attracted to baseball, but he followed his older brother to the neighborhood gym and took part in boxing workouts. Discovering he had a powerful left hand, De La Hoya began winning local tournaments. At 19, he won a spot on the U.S. Olympic Boxing Team at the 1992 Barcelona Summer Games. He won a gold medal in his weight division.*

*He made his professional boxing debut in November 1992, leveling Lamar Williams in the first round. Eleven matches later, in 1994, De La Hoya won his first title, the World Boxing Organization junior lightweight belt, beating Denmark's Jimmi Bredahl. De La Hoya continued his climb, winning the lightweight title from Jorge Paez later in 1994, defeating Julio Cesar Chavez to capture the WBC superlightweight title in 1996 and besting Pernell Whitaker in 1997 for the WBC welterweight championship—his fourth weight-class crown. In 1999, after 31 straight victories, De La Hoya was dealt his first defeat when he lost a split decision to unbeaten IBF champion Felix Trinidad. In early 2000, De La Hoya won his sixth title—the IBF world championship that had been vacated when Trinidad moved up a weight class—by knocking out Derrell Coley in the seventh round. Later that year, De La Hoya dropped another split decision, to undefeated Shane Mosley in Los Angeles. His image tarnished for the first time, De La Hoya reevaluated his professional and personal lives, dropping Bob Arum, his promoter, and leaving his fiancée, Playmate Shanna Moakler.*

*At the age of 27, De La Hoya seemed to reach a crossroads. Having grossed $125 million in the ring and millions more in endorsements, he decided to take a break from boxing. In the fall of 2000, De La Hoya, inspired by his mother's love of music, released his first album of love songs in English and Spanish for EMI Latin, Oscar De La Hoya, which included the hit single Run to Me, a cover of the Bee Gees hit. He continued to donate millions of dollars to the children of East Los Angeles via the Oscar De La Hoya Foundation. He also helped a local hospital open a unit dedicated to awareness of breast cancer. He climbed back into the ring and defeated Arturo Gatti in Las Vegas in March 2001. After the fight, De La Hoya kept his promise to move up to the 154-pound weight class. A rematch with Shane Mosley on hold, De La Hoya rejoined Bob Arum's fold and announced he would fight Fernando Vargas for the WBA junior middleweight crown on May 4, 2002 in Las Vegas. Currently the WBC 154-pound champion, De La Hoya is guaranteed $14 million for the match.*

*Robert Crane caught up with the confident De La Hoya at the Four Seasons Hotel in Los Angeles. Crane reports: "Damn, he is so rich, so good-looking, such a great athlete, a fine singer, he's got babes, a posse, a $230,000 Ferrari, the love of an entire city. I wanted to hurt him bad, but I thought better of it. Instead, I punched the record button on my tape recorder."*

### 1

PLAYBOY: What is a Hoya?
DE LA HOYA: A Hoya is a jewel. It's basically a diamond, it's an emerald. It's pretty special.

### 2

PLAYBOY: Are you first among them?
DE LA HOYA: Well, I think everybody in my family has had their little success stories. Mine is the one that's more visible, I guess. It runs in the family.

### 3

PLAYBOY: Since you're a Hoya, do you get good seats at Georgetown games?
DE LA HOYA: Do you know what? They sit me way in the back. I get a nosebleed. I've never had so many nosebleeds in my life. When I first went, I said, "Why are they giving me binoculars? What's the deal? Do they come with the ticket?"

### 4

PLAYBOY: What kind of roadwork enhances your singing?
DE LA HOYA: Running hilly roads. As I'm going up the hill, I'm trying to sing a high note, and then as I'm going down I'm trying to sing a low note. Once I get into the studio, I remember the hill, and I can belt out the highest note I have. It kind of helps.

### 5

PLAYBOY: What are some examples of the expressions you see when you hit someone hard in the face?
DE LA HOYA: I've seen an opponent freeze. I hit them, and they don't know what to do. I've seen an opponent cry. I've seen them get angry. That's pretty scary. It's also scary when I hit them with my hardest shot and they laugh. I think, Oh no, it's going to be a long night.

### 6

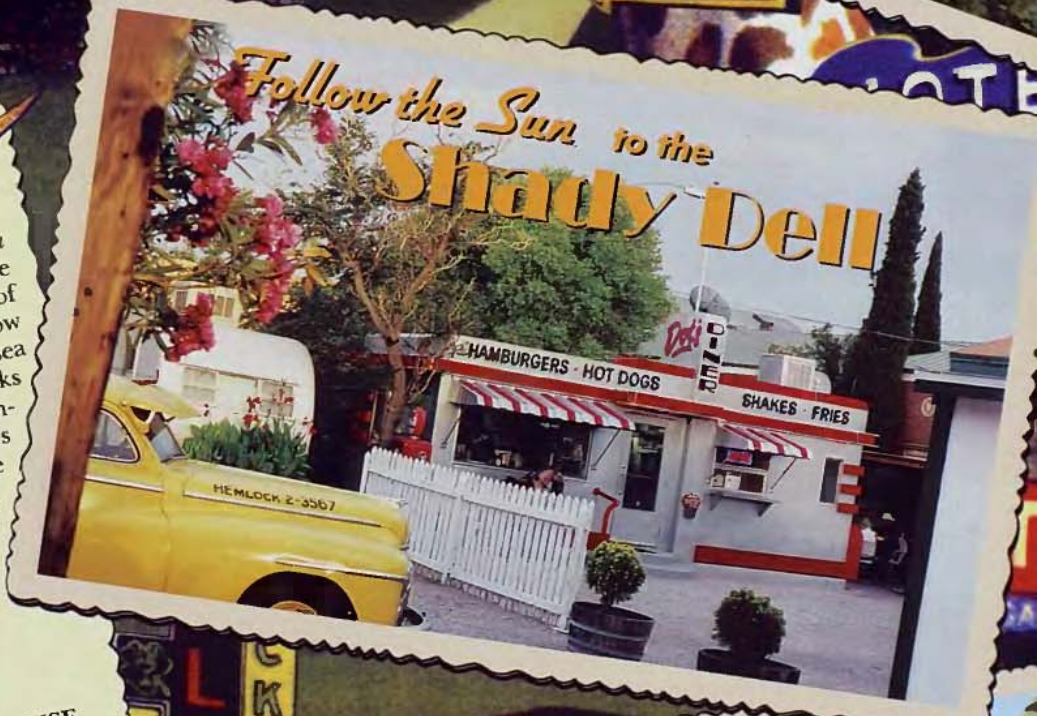
PLAYBOY: Is your fighting based on reflex or intentionality on offense and defense?
DE LA HOYA: It's based on reflex. When I'm training up in the mountains for three months before the fight, we work on certain moves we think will present themselves in the ring, and everything just falls in place when we're fighting. I'm not thinking of that certain move in the ring. It just happens instinctively. It's incredible because this person might be throwing a combination of three punches, and automatically I'll know how to block them. Sometimes I'll go back to the corner and say, "Oh my God. How did I do that?" Then you start thinking about the training. The three months of hard work just falls in place. I've found myself sometimes throwing a hard right hand to my opponent's face and he's also throwing one at the same time to my face, and he misses and I *(continued on page 150)*

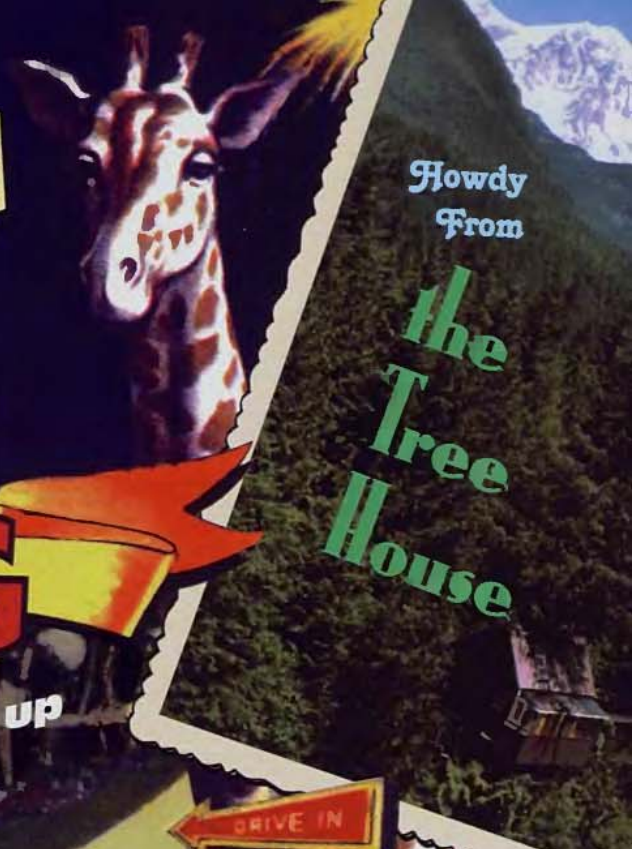


PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEWEY NICKS

# ALL NIGHT LONG

## 11 offbeat places to shack up





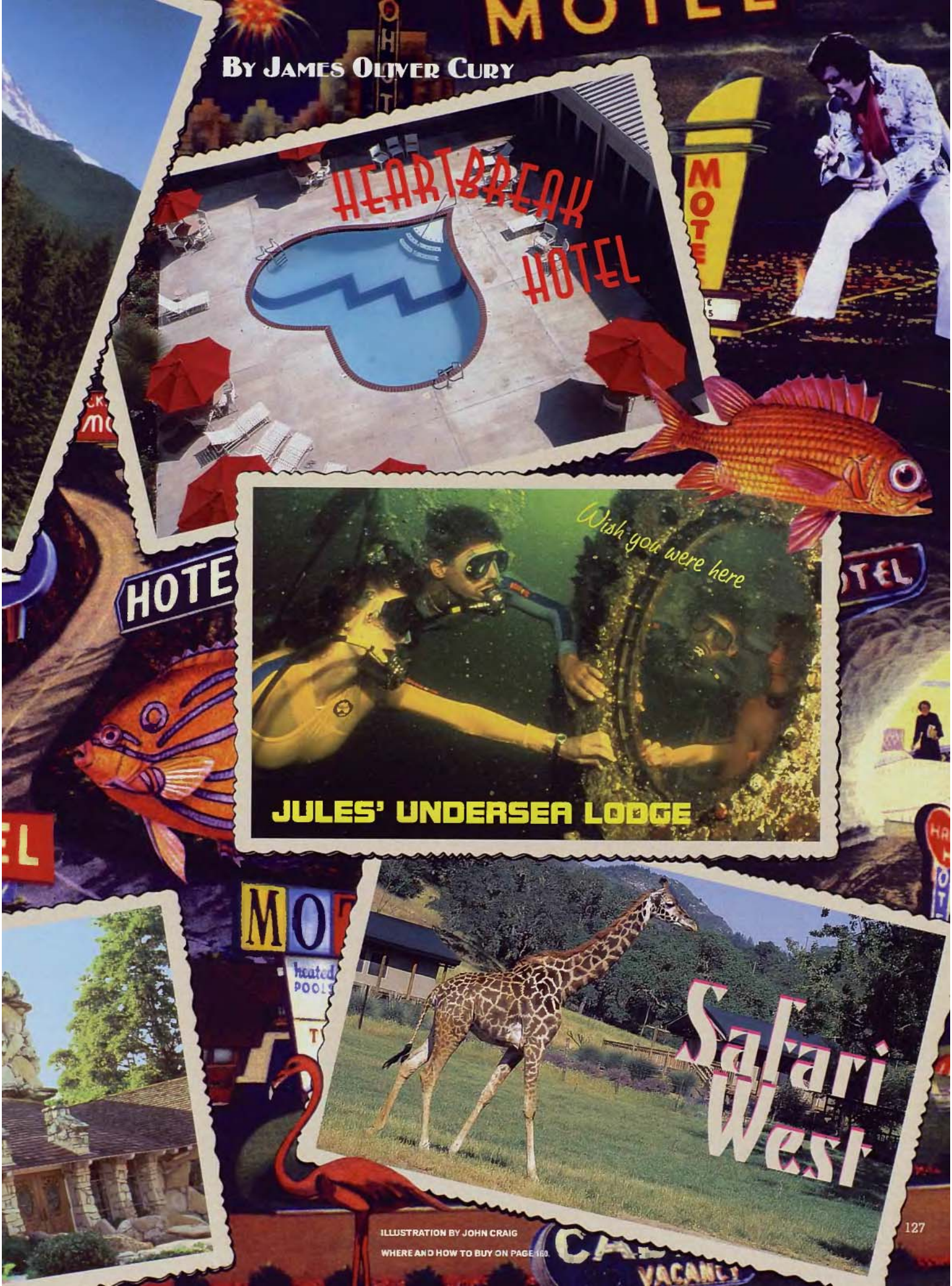

You've spent 1001 nights conquering every position in the *Kama Sutra*. Now what? Maybe it's time you and your partner thought out of the box and out of the bedroom. How about doing the deed in an undersea lodge, in a cedar tree that overlooks Mount Rainier or in the same Manhattan hotel room made famous by Madonna in the Eighties? We've done our homework and here nominate 11 unconventional places in North America to shack up—and many of them cost less than regular hotels, inns or resorts. Pack light. We know what you're doing.

### CEDAR CREEK TREE HOUSE

**Ashford, Washington**

Thanks to the handiwork of owner Bill Compher, lovebirds can mate in a tree house with a view of Mount Rainier. Built in 1982, this hideaway sits in the canopy of a giant cedar and features two double beds, skylights, bathroom, kitchen, dining area, electricity and an observation room. As if to set the mood, the tree trunk extends straight through the floors of this

By James Oliver Cury




WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

two-level, 16'x16' retreat and into the ceiling. Hope your date isn't afraid of heights. Rates: $200 per night, double occupancy.

SAFARI WEST WILDLIFE PRESERVE AND TENT CAMP
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

You might call it a B & B & B—"bed, breakfast and beast." That's no metaphor. You can see ferocious animals in the wild while you enjoy a glass of chardonnay. Situated in the heart of California's wine country, Safari West is home to nearly 400 animals, including zebras, giraffes, lemurs, wildebeests, birds and cheetahs. They roam free, and you sleep nearby in a luxury tent with a king-size bed and a private bath. Rates on weekends: $225 per night, double occupancy.

MADONNA INN
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA

If your girlfriend is the type who can't make up her mind, stay away from this landmark hotel on the California coast. The Madonna Inn, which opened in 1958, is a dizzying display of over-the-top ornamentation. Visitors can choose from 108 rooms, each showcasing a different gaudy theme. For example, the Indian room boasts various artifacts amid a red, yellow and green interior; the Caveman room has solid rock floors, walls and ceilings; the Jungle Rock room swings with zebra-patterned sheets and a waterfall shower; and the Irish Hills room is green throughout. Our favorite is the Tall and Short room, furnished with a bed that is five feet long on one side and six feet long on the other. Rates: $147 to $330 per night, double occupancy.

VIVA LAS VEGAS VILLAS
LAS VEGAS

It started as a themed chapel but quickly expanded into a kitschy hotel. Travel back 25 years and stay in the Disco room, featuring Travolta-type decor—colored lights, fog and mirrored balls. Or stay in the Thirties-style Gangster room, decorated with a garbage-can nightstand, bank-vault bathroom, dead-body-outlined-in-chalk bedspread and images of Chicago mobsters. There are also the Egyptian room and the Intergalactic room. And if things go really well, there's always that chapel. Rates: Theme rooms are $125 per night. Honeymoon suites go for $175 per night, double occupancy.

SHADY DELL RV PARK AND CAMPGROUND
BISBEE, ARIZONA

What began in 1927 as a trailer and camping park is still a trailer and camping park. But today it's retro chic, thanks to decor that hasn't changed in 50 years. Couples can sleep in any of the permanently parked vintage aluminum trailers, including a 1949 Airstream, a 1950 Spartanette and a 1951 Royal Mansion. The interiors have been carefully maintained so guests can actually use the propane-fueled stove, refrigerator and electric percolator. Some even have black-and-white TVs, phonographs and LPs. For a matching culinary experience, visit Dot's Diner, a Fifties restaurant on the premises—or ask the owners to lend you a barbecue grill. Rates: $35 to $75 per night, double occupancy.

KOKOPELLI'S CAVE BED AND BREAKFAST
FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO

If only our cavemen forebears could have stayed at Kokopelli's Cave Bed and Breakfast. Situated 70 feet below the earth's surface, this 1650-square-foot cave is a hideaway replete with plush carpeting, Southwestern-style furniture, a fireplace, microwave, washer and drier, TV, VCR, stocked fridge and hot tub. Depending on how fit you are, getting there may or may not be half the fun. The entrance is in the face of a cliff, which makes for great hikes and mountain views but lousy access. Visitors must follow a foot trail, descend a series of sandstone steps and climb down a ladder. Rates: $220 per night, double occupancy; $260 per night for three or four people.

ELVIS PRESLEY'S HEARTBREAK HOTEL
MEMPHIS

Capitalizing on those fans who live and breathe the King, Elvis Presley Enterprises created this hotel and restaurant. But of the 128 tchotchke-filled rooms, only four are exceptional. These are the fit-for-the-King suites, each of which includes two kitchenettes, two bedrooms and at least two baths. The Graceland Suite is inspired by Presley's living room, dining room, TV room, billiard room and "jungle room" den. The Hollywood Suite celebrates Elvis the movie star with an art deco theme, while the Gold and Platinum Suite honors Elvis the pop star with Fifties and Sixties decor. The Burning Love Suite tips its hat to "Elvis the pelvis" with deep-red walls and black furniture. Rates: Theme suites are $470 and up, per night, double occupancy.

CHELSEA STAR HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY

This former flophouse on West 30th has been transformed into an inexpensive hotel that honors an assortment of artists and heartthrobs. There's a Dali room with surreal clouds and a Rudolph Valentino room with a canopy. You can even stay in the room where Madonna slummed in the early Eighties. The rooms have cable TV and will soon offer DSL Internet connections, but they are tiny and the bathrooms are shared. Where else can you find hotel rooms in a fashionable Manhattan neighborhood for under $100? Rates: $79 per night, double occupancy.

ICE HOTEL QUEBEC-CANADA
QUEBEC CITY

In Quebec's frozen palace, everything from the walls to the furniture is made of ice and snow. It's not about freezing your ass off, though. Each of the 31 rooms and suites includes sleeping bags on beds of deer pelts. You can work up a sweat under the covers or by partaking in any of the hotel's winter sports activities, including skating, ice fishing, dog sledding, snowmobiling and cross-country skiing. Afterward, warm your insides at the Absolut Ice Bar where vodka is served in "ice shooter" glasses. The hotel melts in April. Rates: $140 per person per night, including cocktails, dinner and breakfast.

JULES' UNDERSEA LODGE
KEY LARGO, FLORIDA

Though it's not quite 20,000 leagues under the sea, the world's only submerged bed-and-breakfast is named after Jules Verne. What was once a marine research lab is now a two-bedroom apartment 21 feet below the surface in the middle of a private one-acre lagoon. Most visitors are scuba enthusiasts who come for the diving. But even if the only water you explore is in your bathtub, you can pay $75 to learn the basics. Amenities include air-conditioning, hot showers, a stereo, phones, VCRs and a stocked fridge. There's no room service, but a chef scubas down to prepare a gourmet dinner on the premises. Rates for the Luxury Aquanaut Package: $350 per person per night (groups of four to six—$300 per person). Ultimate Romantic Getaway Package: $1050 per night, double occupancy (includes flowers, caviar appetizers and a gourmet breakfast).

DÉJÀ VU RESORT
KEY WEST, FLORIDA

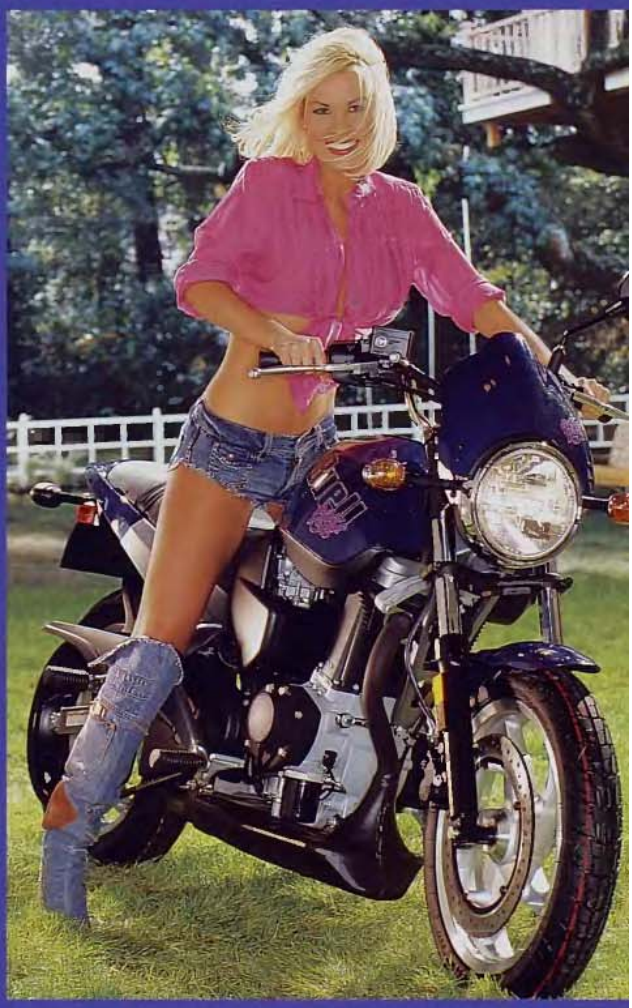
It's probably not a good first-date idea, but if you and your latest squeeze are curious—or you're exhibitionists—this clothing-optional adult resort may be the ticket. You don't have to bare your bum, but approximately 90 percent of the visitors do. Some go one step further to explore the swinger's lifestyle—not hard to do when there's a 14-person hot tub, a sauna and a heated pool open 24 hours a day. Ask about the local clothing-optional bars and nude cruises. Rates: $70 to $135 per night, double occupancy.

# Suicide

IT'S SO RELAXING UP HERE... THE SMELL OF THE MORNING AIR AND....
GOODBYE LIFE, GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD.
EH?
DON'T JUMP! LIFE'S TOO PRECIOUS.
YOU THINK SO? PROVE IT!
HOW? I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, JUST TELL ME HOW!
ANYTHING?
OOOH!
AAH!
YEES!
I WANT TO LIIIVE!
ALL ALONE UP ON THE ROOF WITH A BOOK. I LOVE IT.
GOODBYE LIFE, GOOD-BYE CRUEL WORLD.
EH?
DON'T JUMP! I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU, BUT PLEASE DON'T JUMP.
ANYTHING?
AND SO THE STORY CONTINUES...
JUAN ALVAREZ - JORGE G

# Dalene is the Playmate of the Year

## this american classic is the people's choice



*I never thought in a million years I would win Playmate of the Year," says Dalene Kurtis. "It won't hit me until the issue comes out and I see myself on the cover." For the readers, it wasn't even close; Dalene was the runaway vote magnet in the PMOY sweeps. When we caught up with her, she was stuck in Los Angeles traffic and in the process of changing digs. "I'm moving to Manhattan Beach to be closer to* PLAYBOY *for my Playmate of the Year duties," she says. "I would love to do charity work to benefit animals. I also do Operation Playmate for the troops and would be honored to visit some of them on a battleship. What they're doing for our country is amazing, and I want to show my patriotism in any way I can."*

*As she weaves her way up the 405 and gives fellow drivers a much-needed breath of fresh air, Dalene mulls over what she'll do with her $100,000 in prize money.*

**Dalene won a red vintage 1950 Chevrolet truck to tool around town. Well, maybe. "It's drop-dead gorgeous, but it's three on the tree, and I have no idea how to drive a stick shift," she says, laughing. She's also getting the hang of her new Harley-Davidson. "I'd never been on a motorcycle," she says. "I started learning by coasting down a hill."**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA**

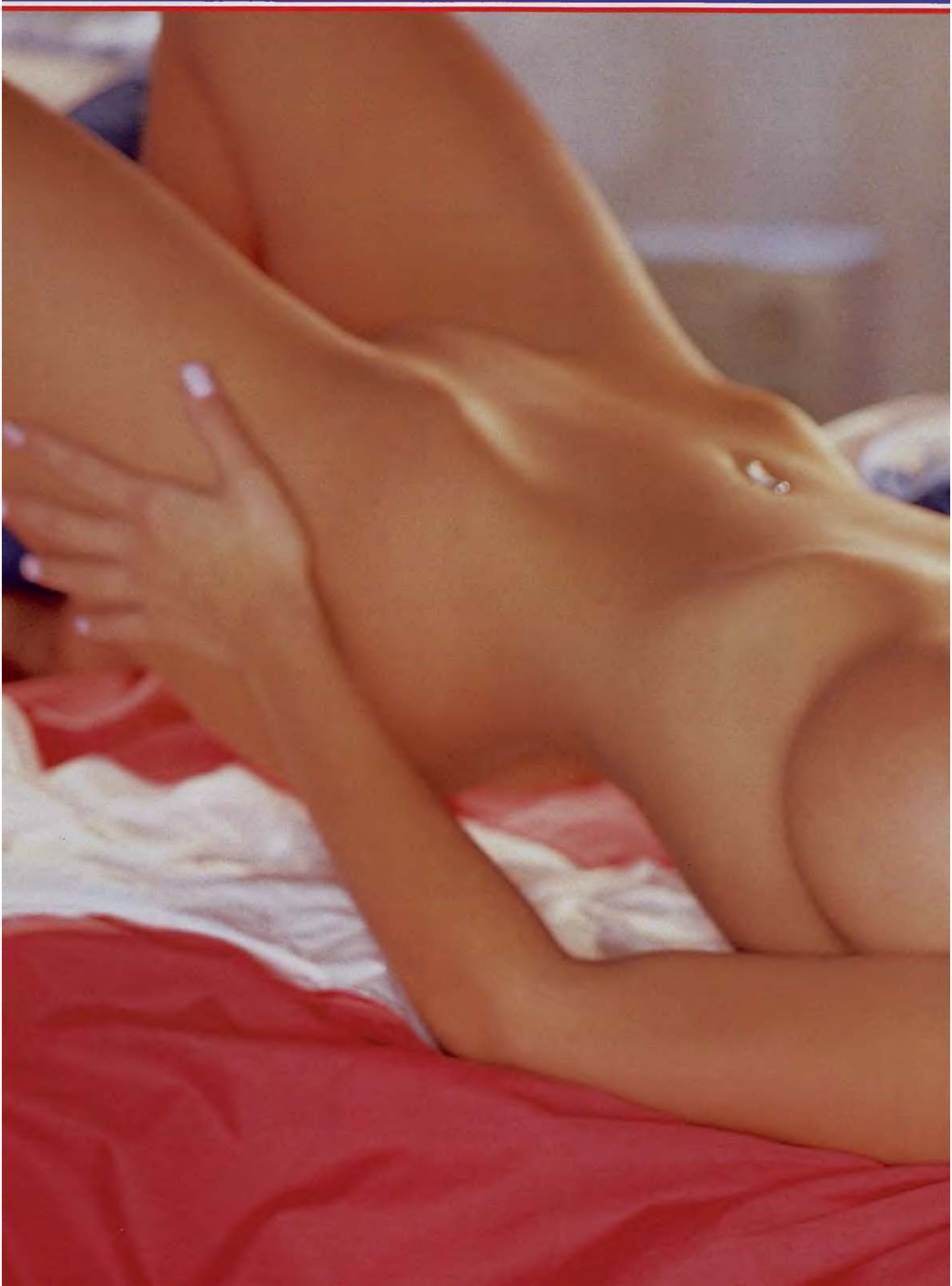
"My dream is to start a lingerie line," she says. "I will shop it to little boutiques and promote it on my website, dalenekurtis.com. I want to design cute and simple lingerie, because I'm dainty and I like flowers, bows and pink—you know, the basic goofy girl stuff! I've also been busting my ass taking acting and improv classes. I want to be a host on the Travel Channel or E." Should Brooke Burke, the host of E's *Wild On*, be looking over her bronzed shoulder? "I want her job so bad I can taste it!" Dalene shouts as she switches lanes. "I've been working on my reel tape. I want to be able to walk confidently into any audition and know what the hell I'm doing."

As Dalene merges into life's fast lane, what kind of man can keep up with her? "Whatever I've been looking for isn't working," she says, laughing. "I'm usually drawn to bad boys, but what I really want is a guy who's supportive of whatever decisions I make. Being independent is a threat to some guys. I want someone to love me for me—goofiness and all!"

Dalene responds to as much fan mail as she can, but national tragedy prevented her from giving a heartfelt thank-you to her admirers. "I'm so thankful to everyone who voted for me, because I wouldn't be here right now without them," she says. "After September 11 and the anthrax scare, we weren't able to open fan mail for a while. But on New Year's, a girl approached me in Vegas and said, 'I saw you in my boyfriend's PLAYBOY and I voted for you!' It was so flattering—she made my night. I'll always remember being back in Bakersfield, sitting behind that insurance-company desk eight hours a day. I'm glad I've had a normal nine-to-five job, because it makes me love this even more."

*See more of Dalene at cyber.playboy.com.*

FIREFIGHTER



People tell Dolene she resembles o young Doris Doy ond hos the personolity of Jenny McCorthy. "But I'm not thot crozy," she soys. "When I was 18, I got o wild hair up my oss ond wonted o tottoo of o smoll butterfly on my bock. Then it become this giont birdlike thing. I like it, but I wish it were smoller."

# HAVANA *(continued from page 111)*

*Leave it to me not to be content with her friendship. I had to flip over her thick accent and fluid sexuality.*

It's important to confess that most of my trips to Cuba have been illegal. That is to say, I am an American citizen and have only gotten permission from the U.S. State Department to travel there once. I was never part of a sponsored research group, professional conference, sanctioned religious group, cultural exchange, humanitarian voyage, whatever. Those aren't for me. Most of my trips were spur of the moment and spiritual. I remember white-knuckling it all the way through the early-morning echoes of Newark International Airport to the confusing transfer in Montego Bay or Cancún and through the sterile, marble-floored José Marti Airport in Cuba and, finally, back home to John F. Kennedy and U.S. Customs.

I had heard all the stories before I left: my wary friends (who were worried I might lose my passport), my family (who feared I'd be paying a heavy fine), my lawyer (who warned that jail time would not be out of the question if I ran into a customs official who really wanted to break balls). But I also heard stories from other pals who waltzed right past officials in Jamaica or Mexico, tucked a $20 bill in their passports and politely asked the customs agent, "*Por favore, no stampa.*"

And just like that, they got in. And when they got back home, they had nothing but beautiful, ball-aching stories to tell. Fuck my passport, you can have my passport: I wanted to be the guy telling the stories.

I only mention this as evidence that Cuba's magic is worth living through the drumbeat of danger and desire that has played inside me ever since my first visit.

Let me hit you with this vision: A bright, hot Havana day is now an electric evening. The sounds of Perez Prado's *Perfidia* play from an open window. The song is something you rolled your eyes at when Lawrence Welk performed it. But tonight, with the dark-eyed beauty smiling back at you and all your American enthusiasm and wonder—as she leans against the back bumper of a 1958 Chevy—it is the single best fucking song you have ever heard in your life. You turn a corner and there is more music. An open window obscured by a mighty mango tree offers you the sadness and solitude of Omara Portuondo singing *Veinte Años*, begging her lover to feel the same way he felt for her 20 years ago. As the song filters to the street, another statuesque beauty—this one with skin the color of coffee—stands proud and smiles at you while her daughter slides down the cracked sidewalk on a single Rollerblade. You wonder, How could any man leave a Cuban woman high and dry for 20 years? When you stop to snap a picture, you offer the beautiful mother a dollar (which she turns down immediately) and the little girl poses. At six years old, she is smart enough to turn her body from you, wipe the curls from her sweaty forehead and fix her jumpsuit just right. And you marvel at the beauty and irony of it all. Here is Cuba, a nation with no pot to piss in and no window to toss it out. At the same time, the women—from six to 60—are welcoming you to bathe in their spirit, their life and their longing. And you find yourself obliging.

Within a few hours of landing in Havana, we found ourselves cramped and standing at the tiny bar of a dive the locals call Johnny's. (They say "Yonni's.") It's only 10 P.M., but already the place is up and running. The ratio of women to men is about 11 to 1.

Women are not allowed to walk unaccompanied into one of the handful of high-end nightclubs in Havana, but they can visit a dive bar like Johnny's. And here, everyone is on the same mission: Every woman needs to find a man and every man is waiting for a woman to find him.

It didn't take more than three minutes before the five of us felt like the Beatles landing at Shea Stadium. A girl's hand squeezed my biceps, another grabbed my buddy's ass, another bent forward to actually plant kisses on the back of my already sweaty guayabera while a pack of five beckoned us onto the dance floor. Ernesto, a Cuban pal, told me most of these girls will sleep with a man as part of the bargaining process that gets them into a nightclub. Walk out the door with her, hang your arm over her shoulder and whisper in her ear so that the cops on the corner believe you are an actual couple. Then do your negotiating in the back of a 1954 Buick on the way to Macumba or Comodoro.

A night of sin comes cheap in Havana. It'll run you anywhere from $60 to $100, depending on the girl and how well you salsa. Make her sweat and she might shave off a few bucks. If you can hop the language barrier and legitimately groove with a girl, it might only cost you a dinner and a few Cuba libres. Sex for nothing isn't out of the question, either. The beautiful thing about Cuban women, unlike a lot of our American women, is this: Love, not money, is the drug.

Back at Johnny's, I took in the pulsating sounds of the disco, the countless beautiful women in halter tops and stretch pants and the flushed faces of the male tourists anxious to begin negotiating before the sweat on their first Cristal beer has dried. One thing to remember: Unlike America and Europe, Cuba is not stuck on recreational drugs. Ernesto tells me that Castro is so hard on drugs and drug users that scoring is almost impossible. For locals, he says, getting caught with a $30 wrap of coke is as bad as being charged with moving 30 kilos. Many of the girls we spoke to had never even heard of X, let alone used it on a regular basis. The stink of a joint never permeates the night air. In Cuba, you're more apt to find rooms smelling of rum, fried food, cheap perfume, diesel fuel, cigars, ocean salt and sex.

The DJ spun Britney Spears—our cue to bolt. I didn't come all these miles and risk having my passport revoked to hear *Oops, I Did It Again*. The Americanization of Cuba is happening, I said to myself. What the fuck is next?

Before we split from Johnny's, I grabbed a pretty little thick-lipped *jinetera* named Nellie and begged her, "Show me the real Cuba, mommy." Nellie downed my Cuba libre for me, slung my arm over her bare shoulder and whistled for her identical twin sisters to follow. Our driver revved up the convertible Buick and our sweaty bodies piled in.

"How does it feel to be—how you say?—the Rolling Stones?" asked Nesto, the driver we hired.

"Oh, Nesto," I said. "Does it get any better than this?"

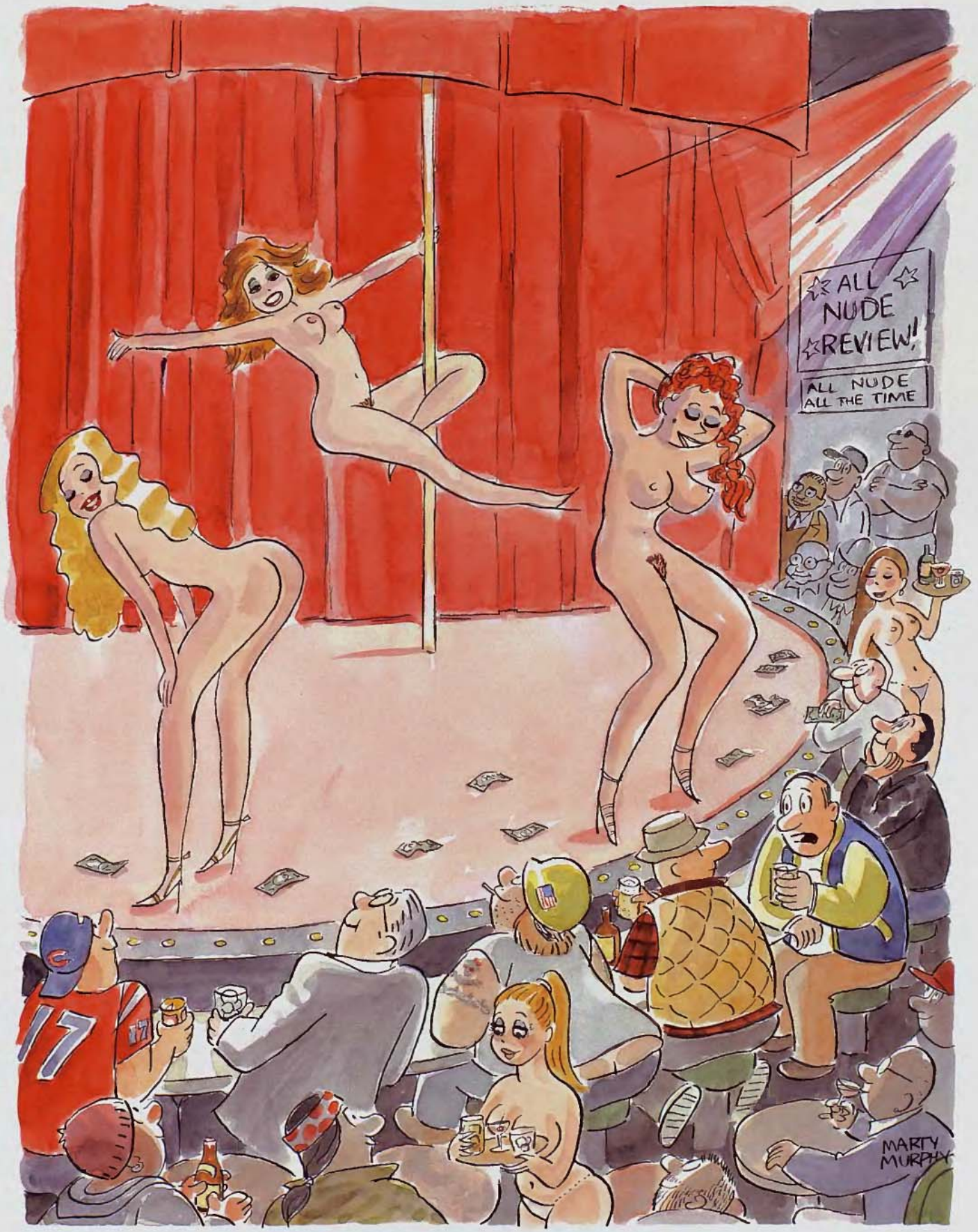
"It will."

"It will?"

"*Si*, my friend, *si*."

"I take you to Macumba now," Nellie whispered.

As Nesto drove, suddenly we were behind the Iron Curtain, cruising on highways dotted with billboards of Che Guevara proclaiming: "*Patria o Muerte*" (Our country or death!). It was 90




*"I miss the thrill of yelling, 'Take it off!'"*

degrees at midnight. I had a pretty girl by my side and I hadn't been out of New York five hours yet.

•

Forget about geography. Havana is a small town in much the same way that everyone knows everyone's business in Hollywood, Soho, South Beach, Paris, you name it. Like the relic buildings that dot the landscape there, reputations in Havana are easy to build and almost impossible to ruin. That's why it is important not to be seen too often in the company of a *jinetera*. If only because you will one day hear about it from the Cuban woman of your dreams.

So, even though my visits with *jineteras* were (ahem) for the purpose of this article, I was careful not to keep them at the house too long. One young girl was mesmerized by the products in my medicine cabinet. After a lengthy discussion on why the women of Cuba are so lusty, she was inclined to leave with a bunch of my Aveda products rather than the agreed-upon fee of $50. Another was desperate for a few of my U2 CDs, and after a mild struggle, I parted with *Achtung Baby* and *Rattle and Hum* but drew the line at *Joshua Tree*. But what they left me with was well worth my material losses.

One girl called Usnavy (named that way because of her mom's vision of U.S. Navy ships while she was a child in Guantanamo Bay) told me Cuban women are the most beautiful and lustful because of their situation. "Maybe we are beautiful because we are, how you say, almost extinct? That we dying?" the 18-year-old beauty said. "Like a rose is most beautiful the day before the bloom bows."

Let me know when you hear nuggets like that from the 18-year-old cashier at Starbucks.

On one starry night, a sweet *jinetera* named Kuki (who has two children at home sleeping on mattresses, while she sleeps on a blanket between them) asked me if I could see star-filled skies like these back in New York City. "Sure, we can," I said. "We see this all the time. And we see tall buildings and bridges and tunnels. Don't you ever want to see more than you see now?"

"No," Kuki offered. "I see enough now. To see more is to be greedy."

This is not the same class of women who work at those nasty 1-800-GET-LAID lines we have in the States. I sat with these women. I lay down with these women. I admit that I basically went to Cuba to conquer a few of these women. But why did I always feel these women were conquering me?

It was inevitable that on each night during one of my trips, my buddies and I would meet in the living room after the *jineteras* had been given their cab fare and we would tell our tales. Our stories went from being graphically sexual to describing the benign mispronounciations of simple words. Sometimes we debated the impossibility of plain communication versus the common language of pure sex. One girl used to insist on taking a bath before and after lovemaking. Another walked 12 miles to our house the following night and waited at our curb for two hours before we fell out of our car, drunk and disillusioned. Three others insisted on helping us prepare a great meal and party we tossed for the entire town at the close of the Havana Film Festival. They cooked for us, arranged flowers and lit candles. They took ice out of their own glasses when our drinks warmed.

Soon the girls were running our household. The sounds of their voices and laughter were things we looked forward to. I can't speak for every one of my buddies, but the women of Cuba were turning me inside out. I had spent some 25 years talking to girls so I could lie down with them. Suddenly I was lying down with girls just so I could talk to them.

And then I met La China.

The people of Havana call Yoandra Hernandez La China (pronounced "la cheena") because the Chinese third of her heritage slants her eyes enough to distinguish her from the rest of the beauties on the island. She speaks enough English to get you through the night without licking your fingers through a pocket dictionary. We were Lucy and Ricky in reverse. La China is a model. Leave it to me to not be content enough with her friendship. I had to go and flip over her beautiful figure and her thick accent and her fluid sexuality. Despite warnings from my buddies, there was no stopping me from falling in love. Suddenly I was opting for walks along the Malecon with her rather than trips to the disco with the boys. I spent nights holding her hand along the cobblestone streets of Habana Vieja while my pals perfected their rap with the pretty locals.

(Advertisement)

# Are you losing your hair?

## The biological effects of combined herbal oral and topical formulations on androgenetic alopecia

R. Ortiz, M.D., D.J. Carlisi, M.D., A. Imbriolo*

*These studies (condensed version) were made possible by a collective effort of The Hair and Skin Treatment Center in combination with The New York Hair Clinic*

**ABSTRACT**

This data represents the results of a 24 week controlled study which shows the positive biological effects, efficacy and safety of a combined, unique herbal oral therapy and topical solution on hair regrowth. Two hundred subjects (100 males and 100 females were enrolled in our study. A combination of herbal oral therapy and a special complex of herbal based topical formulation was evaluated. The topical formulation has special enhancers that significantly increase the rate of penetration into the scalp. On the average, active hair regrowth was noted with the combined therapy in over 95% of the patients as early as two to four months. No further hair loss was reported as early as one to two months. Long term follow up has shown no side effects and/or unwanted reactions. The results presented here provide evidence of the effectiveness, safety and the high degree of success achieved with this revolutionary modality. This therapeutic approach represents the latest and most advanced treatment in the management of androgenetic alopecia (hair loss) in both men and women.

**HERBAL ORAL MEDICATION**

Testosterone is a naturally occurring sex hormone (androgen), normally produced, mainly by the male testis with a small contribution from the adrenal glands in both men and women. For this reason it is found in higher concentrations in men as compared to women. It is the compound solely responsible for the male sex characteristics in man as opposed to estrogen and progesterone, the androgenic hormones determining the female sex. Through very complex biochemical pathways in the body some of Testosterone undergoes a series of transformations resulting in various compounds each with a different physiologic function in the body than the original hormone. One of the main compounds produced is dihydrotestosterone also known as DHT.

Accumulation of DHT within the hair follicle is considered to be the hormonal mediator of hair loss through its direct action on the androgenic receptors in human scalp tissue. Through an unknown mechanism, DHT appears to interrupt the normal physiologic environment and function of the hair follicles in the scalp resulting in the alteration of the general metabolism (normal hair growth). The final outcome of this interaction ranges from the partial destruction to the complete obliteration of hair follicles resulting in an increase dropout in the number of functional hair cells.

The organic extract of the herbal formulations tested acts at the level of the cytosolic androgenic receptor of the scalp in a direct competitive manner with DHT. It works as a natural androgenic blocker, by inhibiting the active binding of DHT to the hair follicle receptor thereby modulating its effects and decreasing the amount of follicle damage and hair loss.

**HERBAL BASED TOPICAL FORMULATION**

A special herbal topical medication was exclusively designed by experts in our institution. This revolutionary and unique development represents the latest and most advance treatment modality for patterned baldness currently available anywhere. This medicinal complex consists of of a specific blend of natural herbs in combination with a variety of penetrating agents (enhancers) which improves the penetration rate to the affected site. In addition a carefully selected combination of minerals, vitamins, amino acids and known hair growers was added in order to provide the basic nutrients necessary for the metabolism of healthy follicular development.

**MATERIALS AND METHOD**

Two hundred volunteer patients consisting of one hundred men and one hundred women exhibiting pattern baldness were enrolled in the study. The severity of hair loss ranged from stage I to the most advance stage IV on the Hamilton scale. Each participant was subjected to a thorough physical examination and a complete medical history was taken. All patients were in apparent good health and none have been previously involved in any studies or treatment as this type. The age range was 18-65 years. The mean age for men in years with their standard deviation was 32.1 + 9.1 and 37.7 + 12.9 in women. The total duration of the study was six months.

**RESULTS**

The overall outcome of this therapeutic modality has proved to be an extremely beneficial treatment approach in the management of androgenic alopecia (hair loss). There was a significant difference in the rate of hair loss and regrowth noted between males and females. A dramatic decrease in the rate of excessive hair loss and fallout was noted in most patients after the first 1-2 months of treatment. In women exclusively, this was evident as early as 2-4 weeks. Actual regrowth of hair was usually seen on the average within 2-4 months in > 95% males and within 2-3 months in > 98% females (figure 1). Thickening and lengthening of hair throughout the scalp occurred in all patients over the course of the study.

* Herbal Medicine Consultant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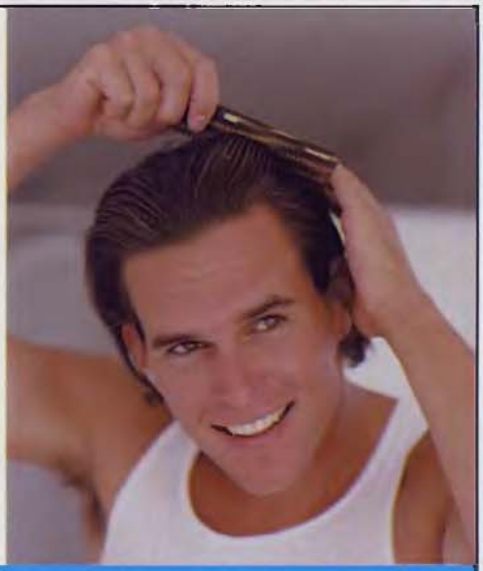

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On my third trip to Cuba, I was bringing her perfume and jewelry and watching her cry to a Billie Holiday lyric while my friends slowly accepted my secession from the ranks of the rowdy tourists. I would land in Havana and watch La China run toward me in the sea of jubilation and heartbreak that personifies a Cuban airport. Then I would kiss her face the entire 16 miles into town.

There was nothing materialistic about La China. A little rum, a little Coca-Cola, some Celia Cruz on the stereo and our sweaty bodies stuck together were an epiphany for her and a dream come true for me. Sometimes she would fall asleep next to me and I would stay awake for hours just staring at her.

Falling in love, or lust, with a woman in Cuba was something I never expected. I have yet to find the feeling in my three years in Hollywood and, a few years ago in New York City, I had to watch the love of my life drift away when my career jerked me away from our Greenwich Village neighborhood to Los Angeles. Negotiating love across 3000 miles and three time zones proved impossible. And yet now I was in love with an amazing woman living in one of the last bastions of communism, in a country I'm technically not allowed to travel to. It was like having a pen pal on the moon.

But still we tried. And sometimes we actually believed that my weeklong visits every three months would hold us over. We packed as much life into that one week as we could, and she was a soldier. On the final night of one visit, La China was stricken with food poisoning at a salsa club and we all watched in concern as her beautiful face began to blow up to horror-film proportions. "I sorry for my monster face," she told our friends while we made our getaway. As one of my Cuban pals tossed me the keys to his BMW and told me to take her to a local hospital, La China insisted on finishing our dance. "She'll tell you the way to go. Tell them she's a tourist or they won't treat her. Now go!"

After she received her shots and the swelling went away and the doctor gave her a sedative, La China was still hell-bent on getting back to the salsa club. I insisted on taking her home, but she would have none of it. The lids on her bedroom eyes looked like they had 10-pound weights on them. "But, baby, it's your last night. I need to make more fun for you."

When I steered the car toward her little home, she cried in my lap, convinced she had ruined my night. "Please don't remember me this way."

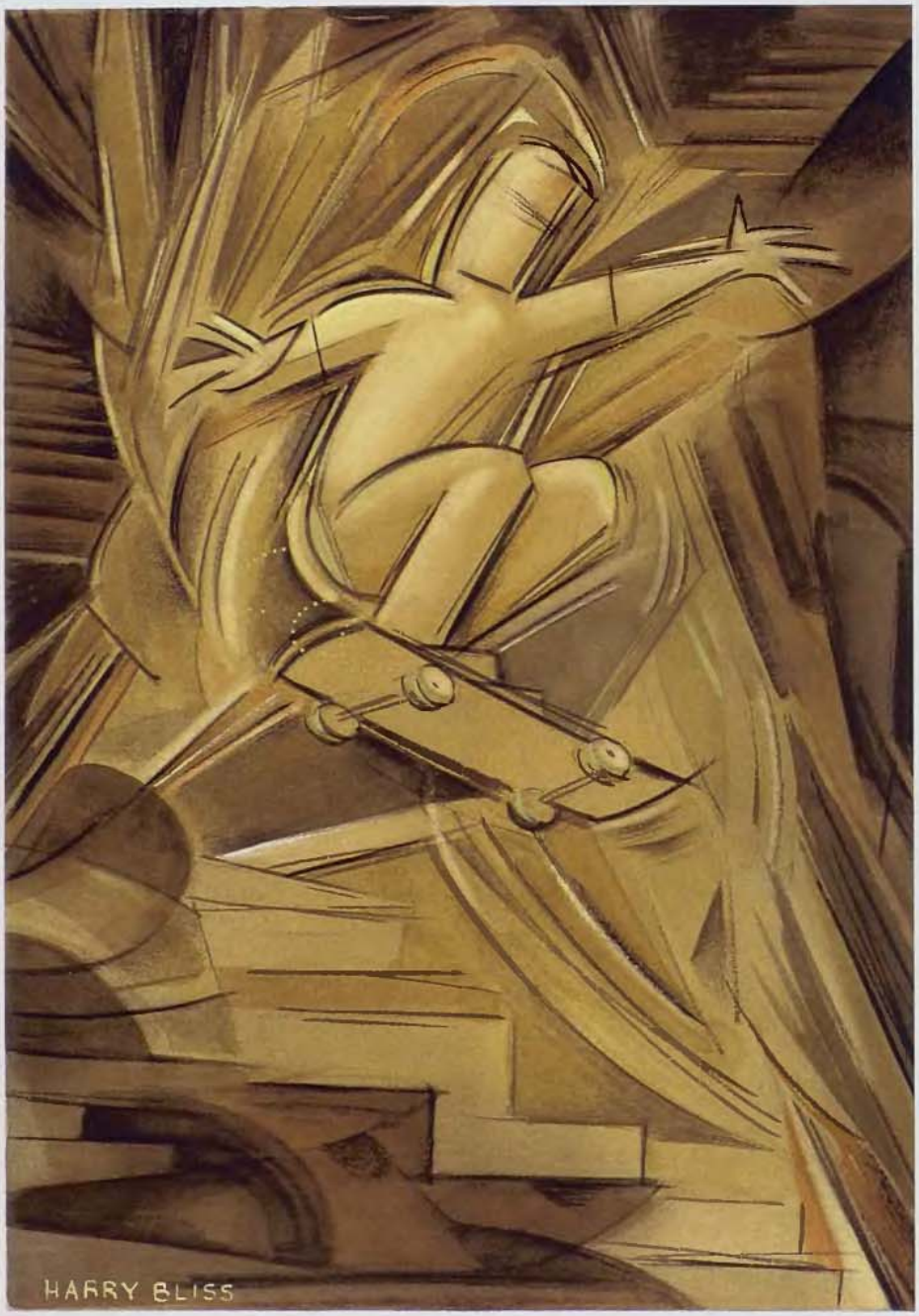
Can you imagine an American girl acting this way?

Of course, we got past that incident and spent many hours on the phone laughing over it before I returned for my final visit last December. That trip was bittersweet for me. December has been hell since my mom died on Christmas when I was a kid. Now the cruel month was about to take another beauty from my arms.

Meanwhile, my understanding buddies Peppe and Rocco were getting acquainted with the heart and soul of a Cuba I never saw. They took to the streets, hung out with Cubans and accepted invitations into their tiny, cramped homes. They rode buses, visited churches and watched as shirtless neighborhood men replaced their old Ford and Chevy carburetors with Starkist tuna cans and Russian tractor parts.

One elderly and proud couple, Peter and Maria, waved my friends inside to show them Hollywood-style photos of themselves in their youth. In the framed photos—which inexplicably hung alongside images of Mighty Mouse and Mickey Mantle—Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner had nothing on this married pair. In the roofless kitchen, Peter pointed to a blackboard with scribbled English sentences he was teaching himself.

"How has your day been?" said one.

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PLAYBOY

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"We have nothing to fear but fear itself," said another.

And finally, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Peter, in his late 70s, displayed the blackboard as if to show his respect and avid curiosity for Americana as Peppe snapped away. As the boys were about to leave, Rocco squeezed a $20 bill into the old man's hand and Peter broke down in tears and burned a sad farewell into our video camera: "I hope to be alive to see you again in my home one day." The boys assured him he would. But as he shut the door, Peter's tears jumped from his eyes like mercury from a busted thermometer. "These are happy tears," he said as the tape faded out. But they weren't.

And there were days when my other friends dragged the boys to a tiny home in Pinar del Rio, in the hopes of speaking with the busted *jinetera*'s parents and trying to make sense of her arrest and incarceration. The girl's parents told my friend to forget about seeing her ever again. He cried the whole ride back to Havana.

There is an undeniably spooky side to Cuba's bustling single life. One night two beauties sat at our table after the famed show at the Tropicana. Ellie and Carolina—with their tight white dresses—crashed our table and dug their hands into our ice bucket before filling up on heavy doses of seven-year-old Havana Club rum. (Drinkers note: This stuff makes 151 seem like Kool-Aid.) After a few seconds of gyrations at our table, Peppe and Maurizio took the girls for a whirl on the dance floor. An hour later we were all home and the pad echoed with the sounds of drunken men rummaging a refrigerator and more sounds of sex coming from two rooms upstairs.

The next morning, the girls grabbed their belongings and began the negotiating of cash and gifts—which would sadly include soap, CDs, hair gel and high-end shampoo. Then the foursome made their way downstairs and waited for a cab. Before they left, Peppe noticed one of the girls had lifted his Aveda hair oil without his knowledge. As his broken Spanish alerted the older girl of the younger girl's theft, the *jineteras* engaged in a war of words that bordered on a mother hen disciplining her insubordinate chick. Just as Peppe was about to accept his loss, the elder girl took out a small knife and quickly stuck it into the younger girl's thigh. As we gasped at the widening red spot and tried to stop her, the elder girl did it again. And in her best Spanglish, she explained to us that she was terribly embarrassed at her friend's behavior. "You are guests in our country," she told us. "And you have been gentlemen."

And if this weren't enough, as the older *jinetera* ran for the honking cab, the younger girl cryptically told us she had placed a curse on the hair oil and it was useless to want it anyway. We shook off the creeps after an hour or so, but on our last evening in that home—as we were packing and leaving things behind for the needy family who lets us stay in their home—Peppe offered the bottle of hair oil to our ecstatic house maid. But just as she went to grab it, the bottle slipped, fell and broke into pieces at the spot where the *jineteras* had squared off. One of my last visions of Cuba was watching our friend try to scoop up the oil with a Kodak film container and a butter knife. She smiled as she made the ridiculous effort, and I became a quick believer in Cuban black magic.

•

La China was not at the airport waiting for me on my last trip to Cuba, but we did meet at a house party later that night, and the sparks flew like they always had. I arrived a bit high on a bottle of Havana Club rum, and called out her name over the DJ's records. And within seconds I saw La China running toward me. We spent the evening in our own little world of inside jokes, huge promises and the drunken prospect of a possible life together. The night ended with us finishing off a dance alone in a paint-chipped blue stairwell, far from the drunken revelers on the terrace but too close for my comfort to a beautiful guy in a fancy white suit. He kept his eye on us too long for my liking.

"Who's that guy?" I asked her between kisses.

"A photographer friend of mine."

"He likes you, no?"

"I am with you, no?"

She left with me and the guys that night for a wild night at the Tropicana Club, but it still didn't sit right with me.

The week flew by. La China had to work long hours on a photo shoot and seeing me was almost impossible. So my pals and I spent our days downing mojitos at the Hemingway Marina, eating grilled lobster at Santa Maria beach while an old man named Arturo gave us 45-minute full-body massages for seven bucks. We found a scary town where chickens cried in anticipation of being sacrificed by *santeros*, who were asked to cure locals of their ills. I watched a *santero* spit a mouthful of rum on an old man's back before he began beating the bird to death across the man's torso. When the rooster finally lay dead for the man's sins, an old woman took my hand and walked away crying. "The man feel better already," she said to me matter-of-factly, as if we'd just watched a doctor prescribe two Tylenols.

On what was to be my final night in Havana, the boys and I tossed a big party in the backyard of the private house we always stay in. We intended to spend every cent of our money, save for the exact amount we would need before we could all make withdrawals at an ATM in Mexico. And that meant all we needed was the $18 airport tax in Cuba as we got

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on the plane. I promised everyone I would steal *jamon y queso* sandwiches for us before we boarded. We shook hands and decided to give the town something to talk about.

We cleaned out every flower cart in Havana. We bought cases and cases of Cuba's favorite rum, Havana Club, and an equal amount of Coca-Cola. We packed 20 pounds of ice on two bicycles. An older woman named Ilda roasted a pig for us while her husband, Enrique, tended to huge pots of chicken ajillo and black beans, rice, mojo sauce and yucca. Little girls from the neighborhood strung lights along the yard while little boys played basketball using the hoop we put up in the backyard. We hired a salsa band. Neighbors walked over and serenaded us with *Hasta Siempre*—the Che Guevara anthem—with their own guitars and maracas. Even some of Cuba's policemen—those ominous and mustachioed tough guys—stopped by, had a bite and a dance and left. Somehow or other we managed to have some of the biggest names in Cuban cinema and music dancing on the patio that night. One old man, who had been sitting shirtless in a rocking chair, took my friend Rocco aside and told him he hadn't had this much fun since the Revolution.

At close to three A.M., there was only one question: Why wasn't La China here to bid me farewell on our last night?

"I hope she's all right," Rocco offered.

"Ah, no big. I'll deal," I shrugged.

But it was big to me. And I couldn't deal.

Later we overheard a girl speaking in hushed tones into a phone in another room. Apparently one of our female friends, Anita, was on the phone with La China. Rocco, who is much more fluent in Spanish than I am, leaned close to the door. I could tell by his face the news wasn't good.

Rocco laid it out like Morse code. "She's with the guy in the white suit. At the Hotel Nacional right now. He's not a photographer. He's a bullfighter from Spain. She says she likes you. A lot. But she's afraid to fall in love with you because of the possibility of rarely seeing you. She doesn't want to live with a broken heart.

"She's crying now," Rocco continued. "The bullfighter means little to her. But he is free to travel to Cuba whenever he wants. She says to please tell you it was simply too hard to face you on your last night."

We all just stood there, drunk and dazed. Our plane would leave in two hours. We were all packed. There was only one thing to do.

"I'm going to the Hotel Nacional," I said. "I gotta see her one last time. I'll see you guys at the airport."

Our driver waited outside while I found La China alone for a moment by the pool. The bullfighter was loudly regaling some men with his tales from the ring.

I sneaked up to her behind a fountain. "You're just gonna forget about me like that, my China?" I said, shocking her to instant tears.

"Oh, no, no, baby," she cried. "I don't mean to not see you." She was rubbing her heart, searching for words, looking over her shoulder. Suddenly there was a language barrier between us.

"Come on, the hell with that guy, you can see him whenever you want. Who knows when you'll see me again?"

We climbed in the car with La China's face buried in my chest as the driver kept his nose on the winding stretches of the Malecon.

For a while we said nothing. I just stroked her hair while she twirled the little ceramic bracelets she bought me in Habana Vieja. I smelled the diesel fumes mixed with the Chanel No. 5 I had brought her on a previous trip.

La China cried and cried.

"You are a young, beautiful woman. Live your life. I am the American who comes here and wishes to see you every three months or so. If you have time, you see me. You let me feel the wind. That's all I can ask of you."

We were both crying now as we kissed in the dark of her doorway. La China closed the security gate to her front door, but before she closed the heavy wooden door, she called me back.

"Baby, sometimes when you are—how you say in English?—persistent, you can catch the wind."

Jesus, they speak in poems, these Cuban women. Hemingway knew.

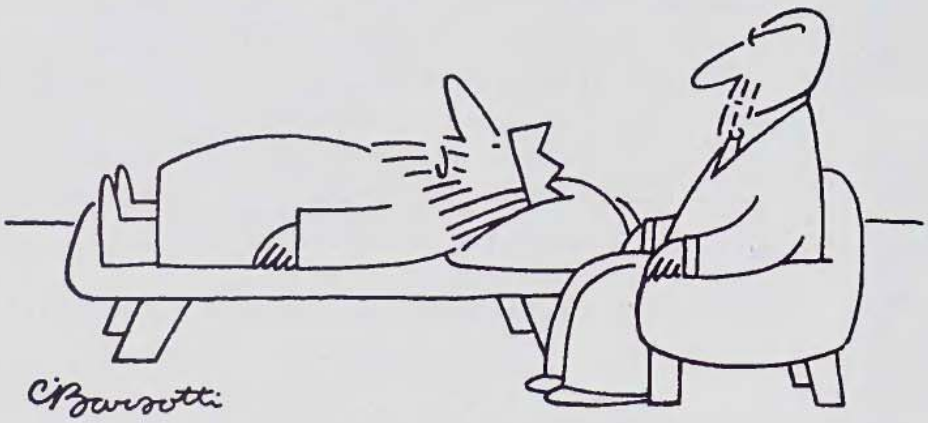
I got to the airport, jacked a few sandwiches and met the fellas on the plane. I kept them awake the entire flight to Mexico with the painful poetry of it all.

•

It is foolish to believe a letter sent to Cuba, or letters sent from Cuba to America, will reach the intended person. Only the rich have e-mail and even then, you never know who's reading it in addition to whom you send it to. So the only contact I intended to keep with La China was the same weekly phone call I had been making for the entire year. But the day we arrived home we were met with the news that Castro had cut off phone lines between America and Cuba—because of some AT&T flap—and there was no telling how long that would continue. That meant I was going to be denied even the sound in La China's voice. No more giggles. No more promises. No more calls. To make matters worse, the U.S. Treasury got wind of my illegal trips and heavily fined me for going without permission. It didn't matter that I went to pursue a tragic love—Treasury agents don't keep much Kleenex around. After I paid my fine and my attorney asked when I might be able to get permission to travel there again, the answer was painfully short.

"Tell your client that he went there enough. That's it."

A man can only look at photographs so long before he begins to forget the simple things that kept a woman in his heart. Several weeks after I lost contact with La China, I saw a little Yorkie puppy in the window of a pet shop who just happened to have been born on June 14, which is Che Guevara's birthday. I took that as a sign. I needed a dog like I needed a hole in the head, but I took the puppy home. I named her La China, and now I watch with glee as she fills my house with her nervous energy, tireless spirit and undying loyalty. She is small and full of heart, and her little body shakes with devotion whenever I walk into the house. She also has an overbite. She sleeps at the foot of my bed at night. And she, too, is beautiful in her silence.




*"Well, if I don't have the right to lop off a head now and then, who does?"*

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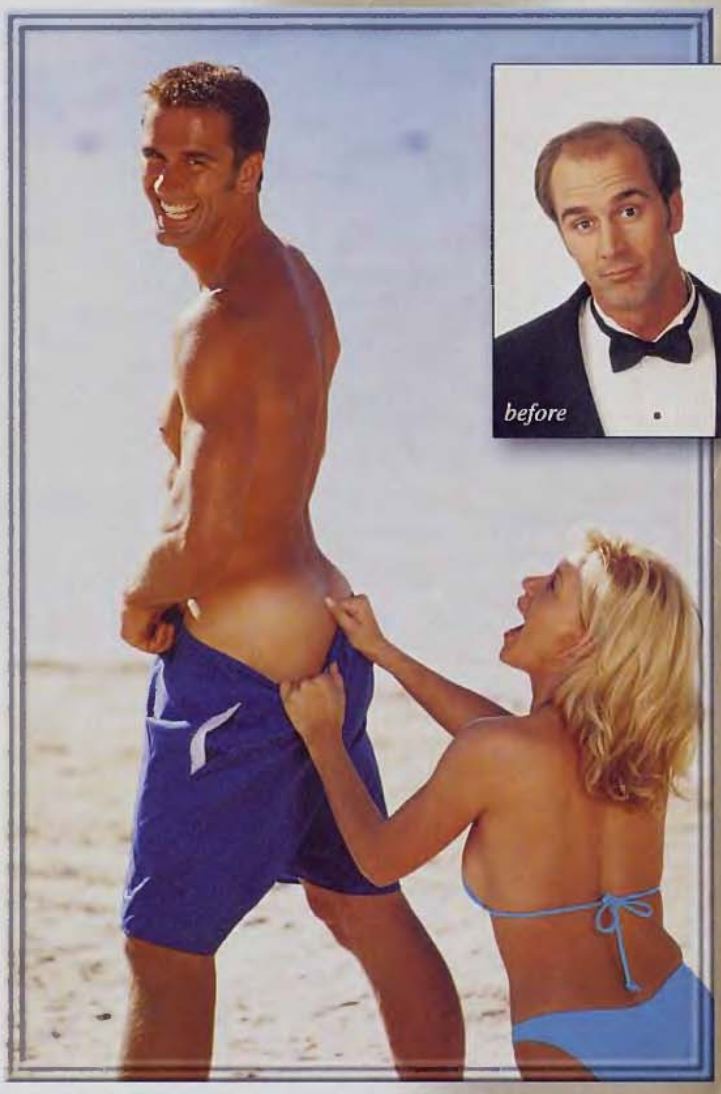

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# Oscar De La Hoya *(continued from page 125)*

*When I hit them with my hardest shot and they laugh, I think, Oh no, it's going to be a long night.*

hit. I say to myself, How did that happen? We threw the same punch and we're making the same movement. We train to move, let's say, one inch to the left to miss that right hand and it just happens instinctively. If I didn't move that one inch I would get hit, but instincts take over.

## 7

PLAYBOY: We hear there's a vulnerable spot between the fourth and fifth ribs. If you hit that area, it just blows the wind out of you. True?

DE LA HOYA: There's a certain spot that maybe I shouldn't reveal because my next opponent may be reading this. But, yes, there is a certain spot that every fighter has that is weak, and it's the rib cage. Right in the middle, near the stomach, if you connect there at perfect speed and timing the guy won't stand up. It would be impossible for him to continue to fight. It's right below the solar plexus. You get hit there and it's over. It's a body part you cannot protect. We train to have an armored shield all around us. We hit our forearms on walls, we hit the punching bag with our fists, we do neck exercises, we do shoulder exercises. We train every part of the body, but you just cannot build up that spot. You cannot train it. It's always weak.

## 8

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever come to the ring dressed preposterously and you laughed?

DE LA HOYA: Jorge Paez, he's the clown of boxing. That's what he's known for. His shorts are past his knees and they have 30 different colors. When I was looking at him across the ring, I couldn't help but laugh. You don't want to laugh right in his face or you don't want him to notice that you're laughing, so you're laughing inside and you're thinking, Oh my gosh. I'm going to fight this clown. That fight was funny because he came out like a clown and was joking and bouncing around. I knocked him out in the first few seconds of round two. It was funny because the way I knocked him out, he landed forward and did a whole turn. It was like a somersault. I was thinking, Is he joking around? He's dressed as a clown. Is he trying to be a clown, doing a somersault? But when I saw that he didn't get up for five minutes, I knew he was seriously hurt.

## 9

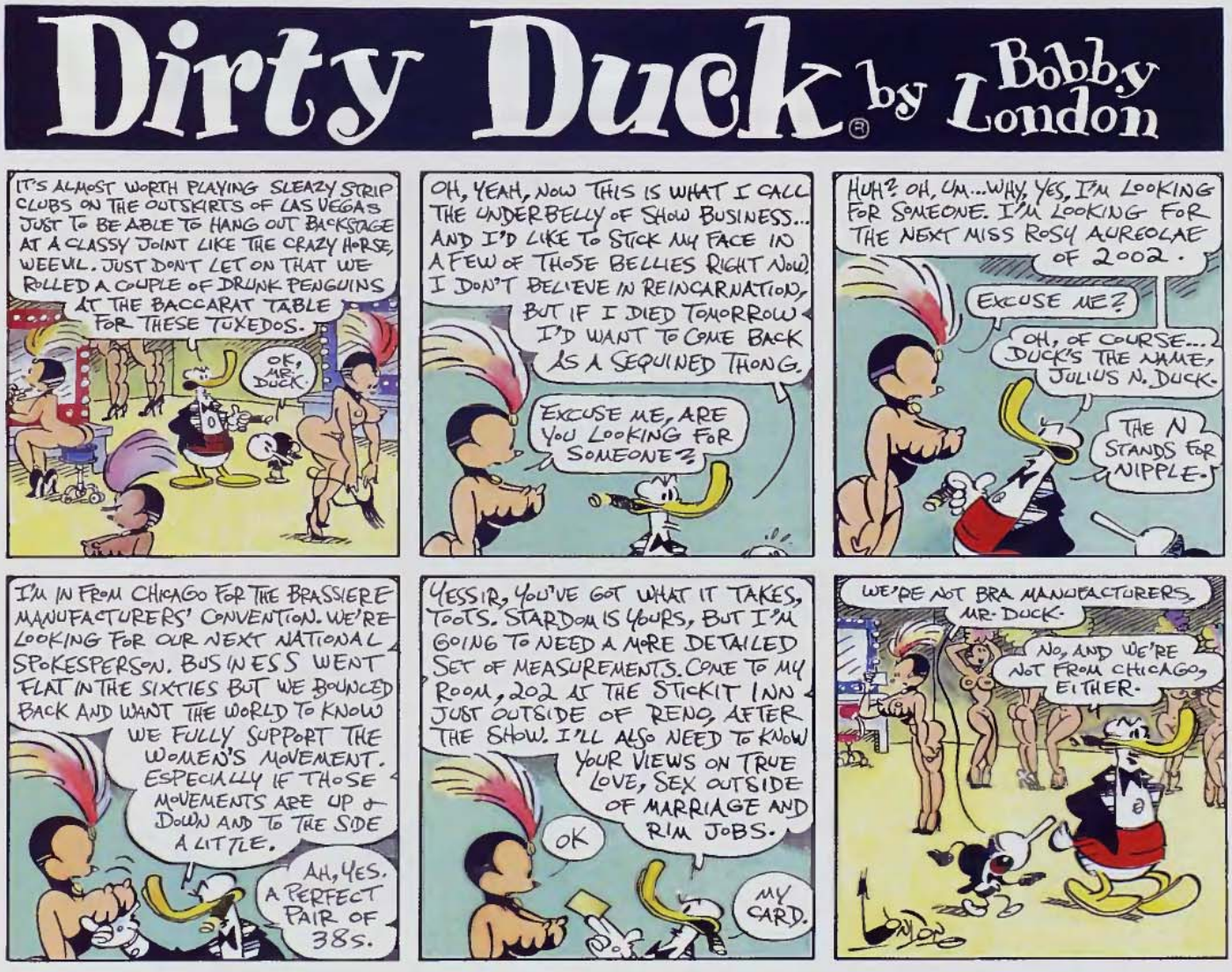
PLAYBOY: Outside the ring, what kinds of robes and shorts do you wear?

DE LA HOYA: Well, I actually go to the place where Hugh Hefner gets his robes. I love putting on my silk pajamas and slippers. A smoker's jacket. It's pretty cool. There's a shot of me in a smoking jacket at a pajama party at the Playboy Mansion.

## 10

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice for someone in a bar fight?

DE LA HOYA: Run. Just run. You've got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OK, MR. DUCK
OH, YEAH, NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL THE UNDERBELLY OF SHOW BUSINESS... AND I'D LIKE TO STICK MY FACE IN A FEW OF THOSE BELLIES RIGHT NOW. I DON'T BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION, BUT IF I DIED TOMORROW I'D WANT TO COME BACK AS A SEQUINED THONG.
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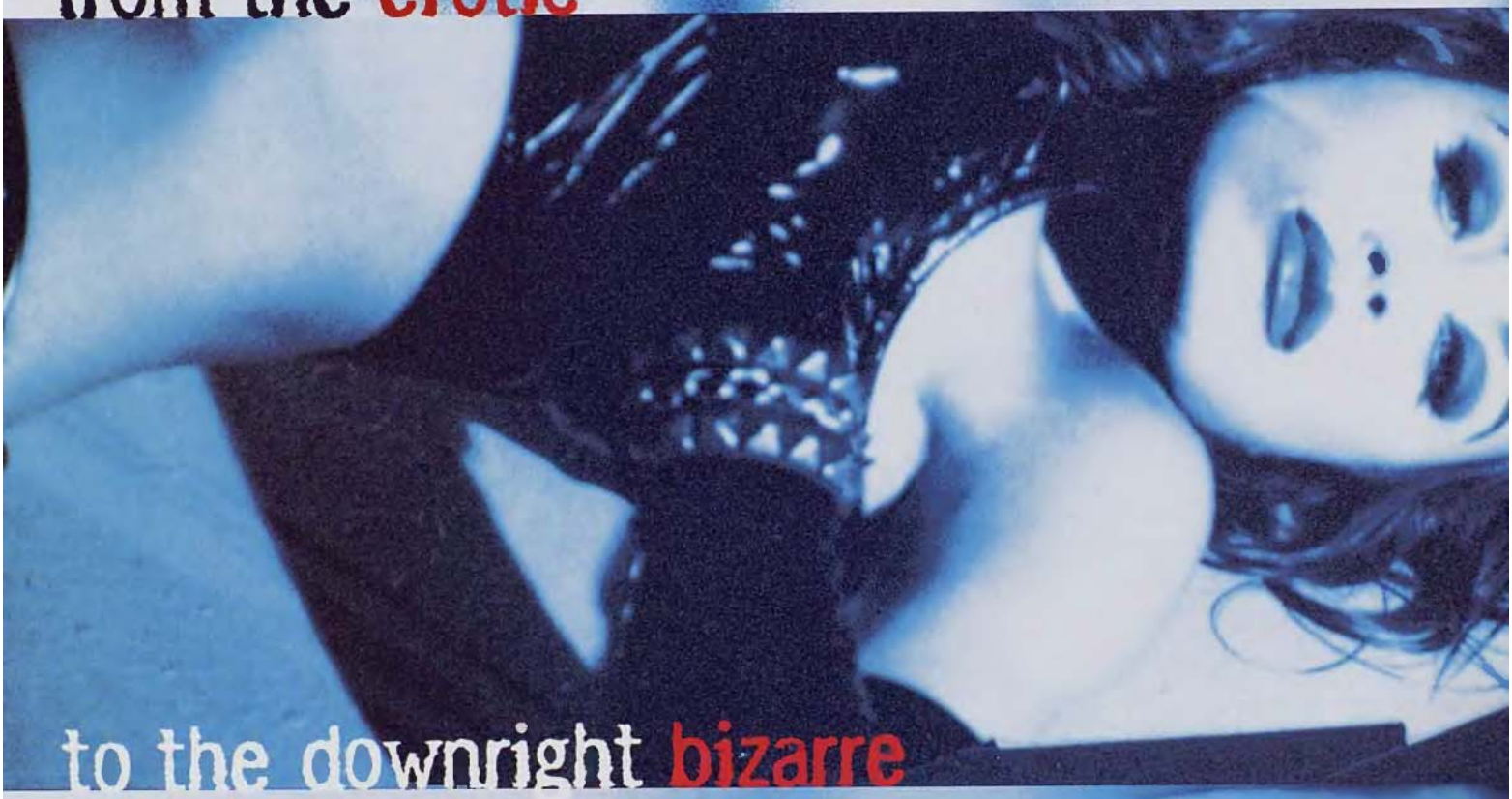
HUH? OH, UM...WHY, YES, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE. I'M LOOKING FOR THE NEXT MISS ROSY AUREOLAE OF 2002.
EXCUSE ME?
OH, OF COURSE... DUCK'S THE NAME, JULIUS N. DUCK.
THE N STANDS FOR NIPPLE.
I'M IN FROM CHICAGO FOR THE BRASSIERE MANUFACTURERS' CONVENTION. WE'RE LOOKING FOR OUR NEXT NATIONAL SPOKESPERSON. BUSINESS WENT FLAT IN THE SIXTIES BUT WE BOUNCED BACK AND WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW WE FULLY SUPPORT THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT. ESPECIALLY IF THOSE MOVEMENTS ARE UP & DOWN AND TO THE SIDE A LITTLE.
AH, YES. A PERFECT PAIR OF 38s.
YESSIR, YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, TOOTS. STARDOM IS YOURS, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED A MORE DETAILED SET OF MEASUREMENTS. COME TO MY ROOM, 202 AT THE STICKIT INN JUST OUTSIDE OF RENO, AFTER THE SHOW. I'LL ALSO NEED TO KNOW YOUR VIEWS ON TRUE LOVE, SEX OUTSIDE OF MARRIAGE AND RIM JOBS.
OK
MY CARD.
WE'RE NOT BRA MANUFACTURERS, MR. DUCK.
NO, AND WE'RE NOT FROM CHICAGO, EITHER.

# SEXcetera

from the erotic



to the downright bizarre

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beer bottles flying around, you got the chairs. Just keep your hands up and if you can, run. I'm sure those bottles over the head hurt. I've never experienced one, but I'm pretty sure they hurt.

## 11

PLAYBOY: Layer by layer, what's in your trunks?
DE LA HOYA: In my trunks I wear a protective cup. You've got to protect the jewels. The Hoyas. That's it. You want to be as light as possible inside that ring. No secrets, none whatsoever.

## 12

PLAYBOY: How good do you feel going into the ring?
DE LA HOYA: I actually don't feel good at all going into the ring. I'm so nervous. I'm never scared, but I have butterflies in my stomach, and I have this feeling of getting cold and I start shaking. You have to feel good, because if you don't, then you start thinking, Did I train for the fight? Did I do enough rounds for the fight? Did I run enough miles? I've seen fighters postpone fights on the night of the fight—actually postpone or cancel them. You have to feel good. It's your life in the ring.

## 13

PLAYBOY: Is there a place you don't like to get hit?
DE LA HOYA: My face. I try to take care of my face as much as possible, especially my nose. You touch my nose and it's all over for you.

## 14

PLAYBOY: When someone lands a great punch, do you get pissed?
DE LA HOYA: Yeah. I start feeling fire all over my body. My eyes get red. I get angry, but you have to control that anger. Because if you're angry in the ring you won't win. As much as I want to be angry because they hit me, you have to keep your calm. You have to be collected, you have to be cool inside the ring. Anger works against you in the ring. You just start whaling away, and you throw your whole game plan away, and that's when it gets dangerous.

## 15

PLAYBOY: We're told fighters shouldn't have sex before a fight. Do you?
DE LA HOYA: I had a girlfriend a long time ago who I had sex with the night before a fight. Must have been my best performance ever—in the ring that is. And to this day my trainer doesn't believe it, my father doesn't believe it. She was there and I couldn't help it. And it was my best performance. I proved a lot of people wrong.

## 16

PLAYBOY: Should Mike Tyson be allowed to box?
DE LA HOYA: That's a toughie. I don't want him coming after me, because he would. Mike Tyson gives boxing a bad name. We all know that, but since we're in the land of opportunity you cannot take away a person's livelihood. But then again, you think of Tyson and you think of biting ears and eating children. So he's in such a tough position because people don't watch him now for his talent in the ring. They watch him because they want to see what crazy thing he'll do with his opponent. It's really sad because we grew up watching Mike Tyson as the destroyer, the champ. Over the years he has changed.

## 17

PLAYBOY: In the age of AIDS, is the sight of blood cause for concern?
DE LA HOYA: It's scary, because you worry about all the diseases out there. We have to get checked all the time—before a fight and after—but it still worries me. You never know what's out there. It also actually helps when you have somebody bleeding. You're so eager to have the fight stopped that it makes you throw more punches, and it makes you more aware. It makes you want to get away from the opponent so you won't get blood on yourself. I've found myself wanting to knock my opponent out very early or using the best defense of my life because I don't want that blood on me.

## 18

PLAYBOY: Ever had your knees buckle outside the ring?
DE LA HOYA: Many times. That one night before my fight, my knees were buckling. Yeah, many times. I can't elaborate on that. I think that's the reason why all trainers say it's bad to have sex before a fight, because your knees buckle. They're right. They do buckle after you do the deed. I've never been in a street fight in my life. I've never had anybody punch me in the chin and my knees buckle or anything like that. Other than that night before the fight, my knees have been all right.

## 19

PLAYBOY: Place Don King in the pantheon of boxing personalities. Is he a savior of the oppressed or a sewer rat?
DE LA HOYA: Don King is a smart man for what he's doing. Every single fight of his, if you notice, is controversial. Yet he gets away with it. People still tune in to his fights. As he says, "only in America." Well, America has given him the opportunity and he's taken advantage of it. If it's in a corrupt way or an honest way, he still takes advantage. I don't praise what he's doing, but he's a smart businessman. That's all he is and that's all it is to him—a business.

## 20

PLAYBOY: Can you be both a lover and a fighter?
DE LA HOYA: I've always been. I've always balanced it out.

*"Is it time for Sex and the City already?"*

LAUNDR

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 (continued from page 78)

*Do you know what your life is worth? The FAA has pegged the going rate at $2.7 million.*

enter cargo holds. "What this incident shows is that no matter what regulations are passed, the threat of inadvertent placement of hazardous materials on aircraft will always be with us," said James Hall, chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board. The board then made an emergency recommendation that cargo holds be retrofitted with smoke detectors and fire-suppression systems. It would have been a reassuring move—if it had been carried out.

Five months into 1997, Hall was furious that nothing had been done. "We are unaware of any aircraft that have been retrofitted, and I understand that the airlines are waiting for FAA rule making," Hall wrote. Delta Airlines had rigged one 737 with the equipment and was waiting for FAA approval to do the same on 391 more aircraft. It took until March 2001 for the FAA to require airlines to install fire-detection and -suppression systems in cargo holds. A once-aggressive attempt by state prosecutors in Florida to press criminal charges against Valujet's maintenance contractor Sabretech was resolved at the end of last year, when Sabretech pledged to donate $500,000 to aviation safety causes. What became of Valujet? It merged with AirTran.

Since 1989, there have been four fatal fuel-tank explosions on commercial jets. None of them was more horrifying than TWA flight 800 in July 1996. The center fuel-tank explosion on that flight ripped the aircraft in two and killed all 230 aboard. Little has been done since 1996 to eliminate tank explosions, and there is every likelihood that they will happen again. At the time of the crash, the public's attention was focused on sinister scenarios: A Navy missile or a terrorist's bomb were leading theories for the crash. However, the NTSB proved the Boeing 747 was destroyed by mechanical failure. Research into the volatility of vapors in jumbo-jet fuel tanks showed that dangerous conditions exist far more frequently than previously thought. Jet fuel is more volatile than it seemed in decades-old lab experiments. And fuel tanks reach much higher temperatures than they were originally designed for. (Most center tanks sit above air-conditioning units, which give off great heat.) This was news to the FAA, but not to the lawyers who built lucrative practices representing families of crash victims. Kreindler and Kreindler, a law firm that handled many families in the flight 800 case, knew what downed the plane. "Based on our intensive hands-on investigation," reads a statement by Kreindler, "the firm quickly determined that the likely cause of the disaster was a mechanical malfunction leading to an explosion in the center fuel cell." Three months after the crash, the firm had filed the first suit against TWA and Boeing.

Shortly after the disaster, there were numerous proposals on how to avoid future explosions. Since the fuel vapors were ignited by a spark from copper wiring around a fuel pump, aviation engineers proposed using fiber-optic cables in 747s. That would decrease weight and allow the remaining copper to be insulated better. (Engineers have known for decades that copper wiring—which also triggered the *Apollo 13* disaster—degrades.) Another proposal endorsed by the FAA's director of aircraft certification called for a switch to a jet fuel that vaporizes at a higher temperature. The fuel mix, currently used by the Navy and fully compatible with commercial engines, would dramatically reduce the risk of tank explosions. By December 1996 the NTSB had strongly recommended that pilots switch off pumps when fuel was low and pump an inert gas such as nitrogen into the tanks to eliminate flammable vapors.

Enter the moneymen. Thanks to a congressional mandate—heartily supported by the airline lobby—all changes to FAA regulations must be cost effective. Do you know what your life is worth? The FAA does. The agency appointed a task force to produce a risk-assessment study. The group determined that fuel-tank explosions occur once every four years. It set a price (based on payments to the families of the deceased) of $2.7 million for each person killed in such an accident, and factored in the value of lost aircraft. The task force then examined the cost of upgrading fuel tanks, and determined it was 50 times

*"For heaven's sake, Sarah, wait until I've done something and then forgive me."*

cheaper to live with fatal explosions than it was to fix the problem. In other words, they weren't about to force the airline industry to spend $21 billion to save $400 million. "I am disappointed that the cost-benefit analysis leads the FAA not to recommend inserting systems," said NTSB acting chairman Carol Carmody. "We question the factual basis for the cost-benefit analysis in the report." In March 2001, a Thai Airways Boeing 737 blew up on a Bangkok runway, due to an explosion in the center fuel tank, killing one crew member and injuring seven others. It turns out the FAA was right—fuel-tank explosions take place every four years.

It makes you want to close your eyes and not think about this stuff. And that's exactly what pilots do. Studies conducted by the FAA and NASA suggest that one in seven pilots nods off in the cockpit, particularly during overnight international flights. NASA and a nonprofit group concluded that pilots should not be on duty for longer than 12 hours. Pilot unions naturally agree, but the main airline lobbying group, the Air Transport Association, is against it (because it would add unnecessary costs—one way to reduce fatigue is to hire more pilots). FAA regulations mandate at least eight hours of rest and no more than eight hours' flying time during any 24-hour period. But the toll of pilot fatigue under current standards is undeniable. Tired pilots often aren't aware of what's going on, don't comply with procedures and miss radio calls. One worn-out Delta crew almost crashed into the Atlanta skyline. An America West crew undershot the runway at Dallas–Fort Worth and dug a new ditch in the ground with their landing gear. Near the end of a 12-hour stint, one pilot says he forgot he was landing at a runway that had been shortened by 3000 feet. "This, coupled with a slight tail wind, bad judgment and poor landing technique from being so tired, required that I use maximum braking and reverse to stop the airplane. We stopped about 10 feet short of the end of the runway."

Fatigue had fatal consequences in June 1999. The crew of American Airlines flight 1420 reported to work in Chicago at 10:15 A.M. After trips to Salt Lake City and Dallas and a two-hour weather delay, the crew took off for Little Rock. Around midnight, the pilot tried to land in stormy conditions. The plane skidded off a runway and slammed into a light standard. The crash killed 11 people. The performance of the crew was attributed to fatigue. FAA Administrator Jane Garvey immediately called for rigorous enforcement of FAA rules that prevent exhausted crews from flying. A year later, American was still not in compliance and still had not been subjected to punishment. (The airline's lobbyists have done a good job selling the notion that American is indispensable to the national economy.) "It's a safety issue that needs attention," said Thomas McSweeney, the FAA's director of aircraft certification, "but it's not a safety problem that needs urgent attention." That's reassuring.

The FAA's instinct is to defend the airlines. Look at the relationship between the agency and Alaska Airlines before the crash of flight 261. When inspectors recommended that Alaska Airlines be fined up to $400,000 for failing to provide proper documentation on the flying ability of 35 pilots, FAA managers sent an apologetic letter for the hassle to Alaska once the airline acknowledged the error. One inspector, who was transferred to Alaska's headquarters in Seattle after having worked with People's Express and Pan Am, was disturbed by the camaraderie between FAA administrators and their counterparts at Alaska. Other inspectors at the flight standards section claimed publicly they were either punished or transferred when they tried to enforce regulations. Over in the maintenance division at Alaska (which was once fined by the FAA $338,000 for infractions on Boeing 737s), there were problems that would end in tragedy.

In January 2000 88 lives were lost when flight 261 plunged into the Pacific Ocean. The crash was attributed by investigators for the NTSB to a defective jackscrew that controlled the horizontal stabilizer in the tail. By the time of the crash, the maintenance division of Alaska had been the subject of a criminal investigation for more than a year. DOT and FBI agents had seized records at a maintenance shop in Oakland and were looking into allegations that mechanics had signed off on repairs they may not have completed. After the crash *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* reported that one mechanic told the FBI, "The most I know about the FAA is they don't come around very much." Months after the accident, distraught mechanics—64 of them—wrote an open letter to their bosses saying they had been "pressured, threatened and intimidated" to get planes out of maintenance hangars. Crash investigators discovered that the jackscrew on flight 261 failed a routine test in 1997 and was slated for replacement, but was put back in the plane when it passed more tests the following day. The mechanics wrote their letter when another plane requiring repair to the jackscrew and horizontal stabilizer rolled into their shop. Debate broke out until the mechanics' supervisor agreed the proper repairs should take place. The mechanics complained of the supervisor's "persistent demand that we put unserviceable parts back on the aircraft." Weeks later, former Alaska mechanic John Liotine told *Dateline* he had wanted to replace the jackscrew in 1997 but had been overruled. Liotine told a grand jury that airline officials falsified documents and sent out planes that were not airworthy. In response to the open letter by mechanics, the FAA announced it would conduct a special inspection of the airline—years after its own people had complained of irregularities, almost a year and a half into a federal criminal investigation, and three months after the deaths of 88 people.

Prior to the World Trade Center disaster, the FAA issued fines to airlines for a

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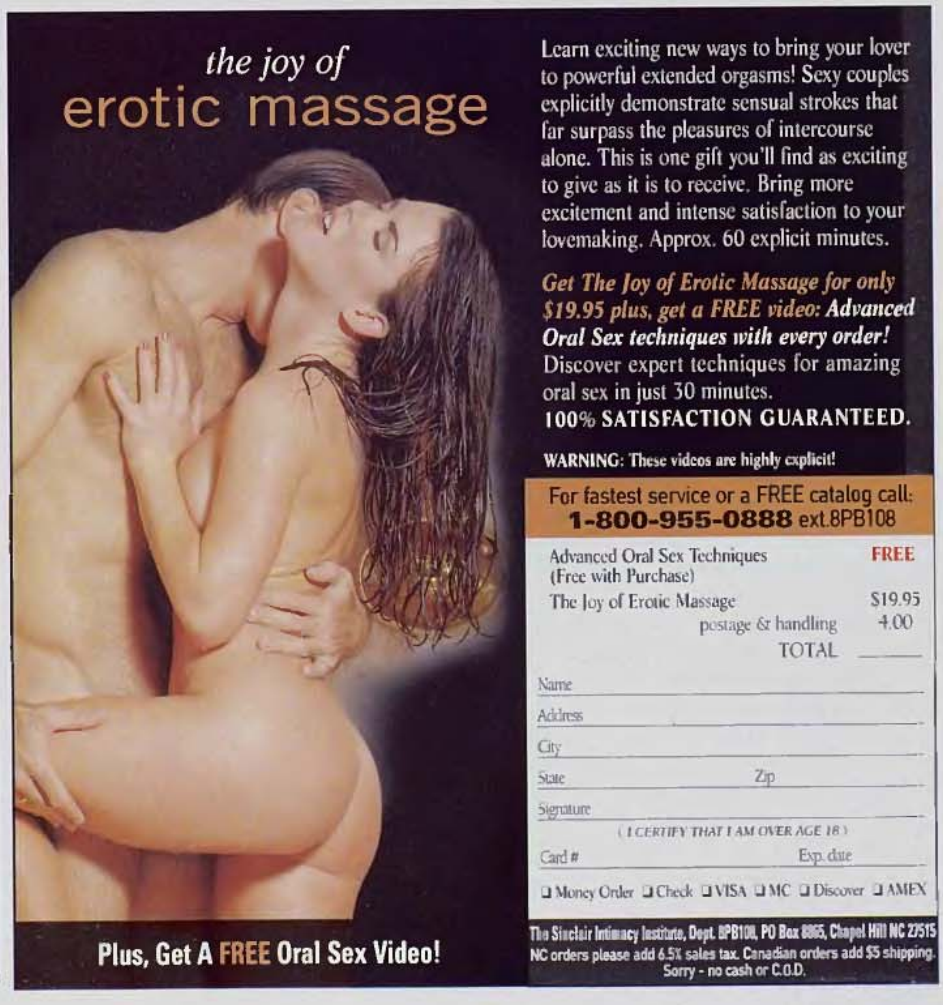
quarter of all airport security breaches. Many fines were subsequently reduced after the airlines complained. Other cases were settled with written warnings. Between 1990 and 2000, the total amount of fines sought by the FAA was $28.5 million. That's less than what a major airline spends in a week, on average, on jet fuel. Meanwhile, the failure rates (weapons that get past security) by baggage screeners hired by the airlines ranged from 10 to 20 percent (government statistics) or 80 to 90 percent (according to former FAA undercover agent Steve Elson). When these revelations were made public, FAA spokesman Jerry Snyder went into spin mode. "The bottom line is that we're more interested in strengthening security than we are in punishing screeners," Snyder told the *San Francisco Chronicle*. "So if there are opportunities to better educate and train them, we would rather see the airlines' funds go to that than fines for government coffers." We all know how well that worked. With no threat of punishment, why would an airline sacrifice money for safety? Early this year, the Transportation Department was ordered by the Office of the Special Counsel (the agency that reviews federal workers' accusations against the government) to investigate claims by Bogdan Dzakovic, security investigator for the FAA. Dzakovic belongs to the FAA's red team, a group formed after the Pan Am 103 disaster to test the civil aviation security system. He claims frightened managers ignored the team's security findings. "In 1998 we were successful in getting major weapons—guns and bombs—through screening checkpoints with relative ease at least 85 percent of the time in most cases," he said in a statement.

Some people within the agency saw it coming. Billie Vincent, FAA security chief from 1982 to 1986, says internal security memos warned of many possible security breaches during the past two years. The FAA even released a 2000 security report that had plenty of warning signs—including the thwarted attempt by Algerian hijackers to ram a jetliner into the Eiffel Tower. Although Jane Garvey, the head of FAA, went on record to say the September 11 attacks "couldn't be foreseen," Vincent says they were. "The attacks on these planes were low-tech. The attacks were foreseen as a possibility and the FAA failed miserably in stopping them. It has always been beholden to the airlines. So has the Department of Transportation. It wants streamlined security measures, and doesn't want to waste the time and money it would take to provide real security. The airline industry has fought every regulation and every rule. We have to satisfy ourselves with the appearance of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# SECOND ACT KAMIKAZES

*if a teenager can steal a plane, so can a bomb-crazy terrorist*

The next time will be different. The biggest fear in the airline industry and in law enforcement isn't the large airliner being used as a missile. What keeps everyone up at night is a scenario in which a number of pilots load explosives or bioweapons on small private planes and crash the planes into radio transmitters, water plants, power plants, nuclear reactors, stadiums or shopping malls. There are 5300 public-use airports in the U.S. and about 19,000 landing areas. And they are nearly impossible for a federal agency to police; security at small airports is handled by the towns that own them. Witness the suicide of 15-year-old Charles Bishop, who stole a plane and crashed it into a Tampa office building last January.

"We could have 15 or so sleeper terrorists still inside the U.S. right now," says Curt Coughlin, a senior manager at the Department of Energy. "They could be assigned to different malls in large cities. They could come in and kill themselves and hundreds if not thousands of others with conventional explosives. That would completely shut down commerce in this country. It's the thing we haven't thought of that could be the most lethal. Before September 11, who would have thought a commercial jet aircraft could be used as a lethal missile?"

The Federal Aviation Administration has recently asserted its control of American skies in typical fashion—on paper. Notices were sent to professional and amateur pilots, informing them of new flight restrictions around potential targets. The regulations expanded Class B airspace, which was originally designed to separate commercial air traffic and small planes. Class B airspace usually resembles an inverted wedding cake. At low altitudes (up to 2000 feet) it extends in a radius of a mile or two outside of an airport. At higher altitudes it reaches many miles. Restrictions now apply to entire metropolitan areas. Other notices warned pilots not to "loiter" near power plants, nuclear plants and dams. To private pilots the directives seemed futile. Instead of providing assurance, the notices underscored the fear emanating from Washington that air terrorism cannot be stopped.

"How can we take these seriously?" asks Wendy Carter, manager of Gaithersburg Airpark, Maryland's second-busiest airport. "A pilot isn't supposed to 'loiter' near dams or power plants? What is the definition of loitering? If you're on an instrument approach to an airport, you may not even know you're near a power plant or dam. And, if you're serious about taking one of them out from the air, you don't need to loiter. You can just fly straight in. There's nothing that could be done. These rules are made only to give us the appearance of safety while stifling legitimate air traffic. It's frustrating."

There are 635,000 private and commercial pilots certified to fly in the U.S. According to a recent report and FAA statistics, 3300 of them are from the Middle East (1811 from Saudi Arabia, 303 from Egypt and 273 from the United Arab Emirates). There are hundreds of flight schools in this country and many have large numbers of foreign students, sometimes as many as 60 percent. The cost of an average hour of instruction is cheaper in the U.S. than in Europe, and American certification is recognized worldwide. But tighter restrictions on certification and flight schools would not eliminate the possibility of an unlicensed foreign-trained pilot's flying a mission in a small plane.

If your backyard is big enough, you can build your own airstrip. The militant Muslim group Al-Fuqra had plans to build an airstrip at its compound in Colorado—described as a "high-altitude training camp" by a prosecutor—before it was shut down. A local resident noticed strangers in town acting suspiciously at the laundromat and reported them to the police. In an ensuing raid investigators found a .50-caliber machine gun, a cache of AK-47s and 6000 rounds hidden in a cave the terrorists had drilled into the mountainside.

Al-Fuqra, founded in Pakistan by a cleric (it was he who *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl was seeking to interview before Pearl was kidnapped and slain), gained a toehold here among a handful of Muslims and converts. The group was linked by authorities to the burning down of rival mosques and was suspected of other murderous acts. One of its members was a pilot and used small aircraft to fly in supplies to communities near Binghamton, New York and in Colorado. Another member—a veteran of the civil war in Afghanistan—was held for questioning in connection with the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center. Two more members of the organization were fugitives once featured on *America's Most Wanted*. They were never caught. The activities of the most violent members of Al-Fuqra serve as an example of how a revolutionary underground operates in the U.S.

"We need to recognize we're at war and act accordingly," says John Kelly, a security consultant. "It wouldn't hurt for the FAA to profile pilots, student pilots and airline personnel as well as passengers. A minimal amount of noninvasive things could be done to encourage employees to spot possible threats. It all amounts to keeping our eyes open and being trained to spot questionable behavior. There is nothing more to it than that."

"Private planes are used for drug trafficking all the time," says a former DEA chief in Texas. "There are private, remote airstrips all over this country. They are used for drug trafficking, but they can also be used for the delivery of bioterrorist weapons and conventional weapons. There are even more of these airstrips in Mexico. We have to shut them down and that's virtually impossible to do."

"Picture this," says one private security consultant hired by the government. "You're sitting in a stadium watching a pro football game. Maybe it's the playoffs, maybe it's the Super Bowl. Suddenly five or ten small airplanes with conventional weapons dive through the roof of the dome and explode. Can you imagine the panic? In the World Trade Center you did not actually see many people die. We knew it happened, but we did not see it. What if we're watching a televised sporting event or some public event like the Macy's Thanksgiving parade and we actually see thousands of people killed? That's terror. With the thousands of independent uncontrolled airports around the country, it is virtually impossible to guarantee the safety of the population from such attacks. You cannot scramble interceptors fast enough, nor could you undo such damage."

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safety, and for years the FAA has gone along with it."

According to a study of FAA documents by *USA Today*, in the 10 years prior to 2000, unruly passengers managed to break through or damage flimsy cockpit doors more than a dozen times. After one incident involving a knife-wielding man on Alaska Airlines flight 259 in 2000, a flight attendant wrote a letter to the FAA and Congress alerting them to the ease with which passengers could gain access to the cockpit. The FAA's response? More paper. Federal regulators sent the attendant a letter reiterating the FAA's policy. It left the banning of knives up to the airlines, and said strengthening cockpit doors was "under consideration." But when Alaska Airlines approached the FAA with a plan to put a bar across the door, regulators said it didn't meet requirements and nixed it. Despite the escalating number of assaults by passengers during the era of air rage, the FAA did little more than issue small fines and warning letters. Public Citizen, an industry watchdog group, published a study last fall that showed how the FAA's inherent conflict of interest renders it ineffective. "The FAA has been commandeered by the very industry it is supposed to regulate," says Joan Claybrook, president of Public Citizen, a not-for-profit public-interest organization. "As a consequence, aviation security has become dangerously lax. The report shows that the FAA should have little if any future role in aviation security."

Too bad Congress didn't see it that way. Thanks to the new Aviation Security Bill passed in November, the FAA will be much involved in security. The bill enacted a $2.50-per-flight-segment surcharge to fund the new Transportation Security Administration, a new agency in the Department of Transportation that will employ 30,000 baggage screeners. According to the bill, screeners will be American citizens who have high school diplomas and will earn up to $35,000 (an improvement over the time when screeners earned less than their buddies at the airport food courts). Congress also mandated the strengthening of cockpit doors within 60 days, the screening of all checked bags within 60 days (even in the days after September 11, only 10 percent of all checked luggage was examined), and the screening of all bags for explosives by the end of 2002. It sounds good, but such measures are easier to legislate than to implement. Less than a month after the bill had passed, Department of Transportation head Norman Mineta warned that the FAA probably wouldn't make the first deadline. But his announcement certainly didn't get as much attention as the Aviation Security Bill did. Neither did the FAA's next

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# FAA SPELLS FAILURE

*billie vincent, an ex–security chief, says the agency is too sluggish to prevent the next disaster*

Billie Vincent worked at the FAA for 30 years. He held positions in air-traffic control (eventually running the biggest air-traffic control center, in New York) and served as a liaison to Congress. From 1982 to 1986 he served as the chief of security. Now 67, Vincent is the president of Aerospace Services International, a firm that consults on security measures. But he still finds time to level the charge that the FAA is a floundering, inept organization.

### What is wrong with the FAA?

"Senior management is their single biggest problem. The current administrator is irrelevant. She is a captive of the airline industry. American Airlines and a few of the other larger carriers run the FAA. The only ones who succeed at the FAA are survivors, and I don't mean that in a good sense. They survive by covering their asses and by passing the buck."

### Can you back that up?

"When I was the chief of security, there was an incident where a bomb was found on a plane, the TWA incident in Rome and Athens. Because of that I issued some emergency orders, orders that should have always been in force."

### Such as?

"Full bag match. It's now an optional requirement adopted as part of the Aviation Security Bill. But no bag should be allowed on an airplane that isn't matched to a passenger unless that unattended bag is searched. The airlines say that slows them down. My boss told me, 'Don't issue any more emergency rules unless we get a consensus from the airlines.' And things haven't changed. The FAA is directly accountable for what happened on September 11. The administrator says what happened was unforeseen and no one could have anticipated the damage or the loss of life. But the penetration through the security system was low-tech. The hijackers successfully hijacked four airplanes. They went 4–0 and we went 0–4. It's inexcusable. Why isn't anyone calling for the head of the FAA to resign? Why aren't we more upset about this?"

### Are you looking for a scapegoat?

"No. I'm looking for accountability and responsibility. The FAA was supposed to prevent such a low-tech invasion. But because they are subservient to the airline industry, they don't take adequate security measures. The airlines are in business to make money, and anything that slows down the boarding of flights means a potential loss of revenue. That's why the FAA isn't more security conscious. That's why they had the security taken away from them."

### Are you satisfied with what was done in Congress for airline security?

"No. I would have been satisfied if the responsibility of airline security had been given to the Justice Department. But it's still in the hands of the Department of Transportation, and they as much as the FAA are under the influence of the airlines. It's my worst fear being realized."

### When we spoke with the FAA, they said you're not being entirely fair. There hasn't been a major hijacking in this country in, what, the last eight years?

"Not since 1992. But in any security assessment you have to examine your enemy's capability and intent. During the last 10 years our enemies didn't intend to hijack an airplane. Obviously they had the capability and once they had the intent, they accomplished their goal. They were 100 percent successful."

### What do you want to see?

"Any good safety system is multilayered and interdependent. It isn't just one thing or just another. It's making sure unattended bags are searched. It's profiling. It's passenger metal-detector screening. But first it's getting the right people, giving them the right training and management. We've become too dependent on technology as well. We need good people first, and then have the technology serve them, not the other way around. Most of all, airlines should not be consulted until after initial security assessments are done. Right now any time security enhancements are done—or any time the FAA considers security changes—the airlines are involved. They exert their influence and you end up with security compromises. The FAA should provide security assessments and go to the airlines for input during the implementation process. The system has been upside down for years. The airlines cannot have first say when it comes to security. They're in the business to make money. There are a lot of feel-good rules that give the appearance of safety but in fact provide no additional security. It won't change, because of the way the FAA is run and the fact that the airlines buy the politicians. The FAA technical people, who are very good, recommend needed changes and they go unheeded by top management."

### What do you think are the worst errors the FAA has made in the last 20 years?

"Well, September 11 is at the top. The Alaska Airlines disaster is up there, as is Valujet. The failure to implement the full bag match and search that I instituted as an emergency procedure in the Eighties is a grievous error. So is the failure to actually catch anyone through profiling. The biggest tragedy is that the FAA isn't going to prevent other disasters—but could if they did their jobs right. They've had the security yanked from them, so now that's moot. Before September 11, knives with four-inch blades or smaller were allowed on airplanes. Why? We knew terrorism was on the rise. We were complacent. Now we argue about stun guns in the cockpit, or guns and beefing up bulkheads. This should have been done years ago."

### What would you do differently?

"You can't put enough sky marshals in the air or on airplanes to make them all totally safe. As you can tell, no one ran into a sky marshal on September 11. But we can provide training to pilots, arm them and give them closed-circuit cameras in the cockpits to monitor the passenger cabins. We can also train other law enforcement to act as sky marshals when they travel on business or for pleasure. And you can bulletproof the cockpit so the pilot can maintain control of the airplane and land it safely."

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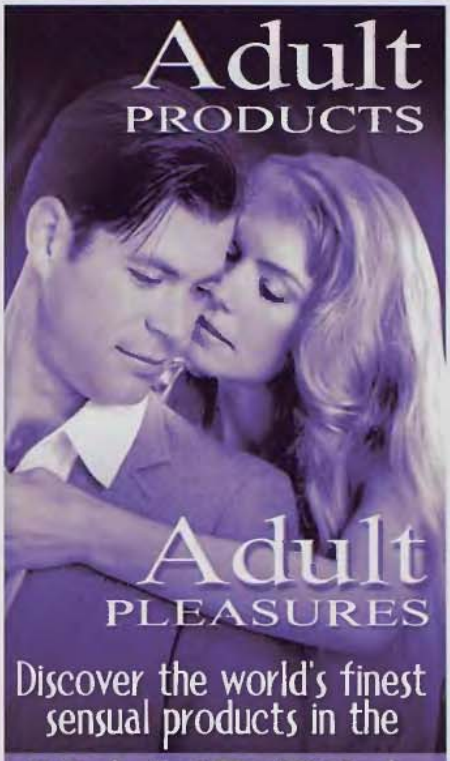
move, two months after the bill's passage. The agency softened the requirement that screeners have high school diplomas. Now, anyone with a year's experience as a baggage screener can also apply.

Perhaps if this were any other agency dealing with any other problem, some concessions could be made. But can we ever trust these bureaucrats again? Five years ago Congress demanded certification for all baggage screeners. The FAA never implemented the rules. When the inspector general of the DOT discovered in 2000 that FAA regulations governing background checks of all airport workers were weak and consistently ignored, the FAA required criminal checks—but gave airports until the end of 2003 to comply. And a 2001 audit found that oversight of cargo in passenger planes was still lax, despite regulations passed since the Valujet crash.

In a way, people like shoe bomber Richard Reid and Subash Gurung (the unemployed man from Nepal who slipped past a security checkpoint in Chicago with five knives, a stun gun and a can of pepper spray before airline employees found his weapons at the gate) keep Americans from developing a false sense of security. They demonstrate how porous our defenses continue to be, despite the assurances of people like FAA spokesperson Bill Schuman. "Early on, the FAA took a pivotal role in promoting the airlines, but that changed from 1994 through 1996," says Schuman. "Now we are clearly about safety and regulation. We are not saddled with any new responsibilities, but we have been inundated since September 11. How we operate has changed, but we can handle it. I feel perfectly safe in a commercial airliner today. It's probably safer than at any other time in our history."

We will never be safe as long as the FAA answers to Congress, and Congress continues to accept huge campaign contributions from airlines. Apologists point to the low fatality rate per millions of travelers as evidence that the system is safe. American air travel is among the safest in the world. But it would be even better if airlines weren't allowed to put people at risk by making safety a line item. After the Sabretech settlement was announced last December, a mother of one of Valujet's crash victims concluded, "For things to be safe you have to have accountability, and I don't see accountability at all." The mother of Valujet pilot Captain Candalyn Kubeck added: "The big money and corporations talk and literally get away with murder. The blood of the 110 says something should have happened, but the expensive lawyers wear the system down and out. They will continue putting whatever they want in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the bellies of passenger planes. The chances of being caught are minuscule. And even if they are caught, it's a slap on the wrist."

Despite it all, Congress continues to do the airlines' bidding—witness the recent $15 billion bailout that benefited airline executives and investors, but not the 80,000 laid-off airline workers. The air transportation industry has fueled political campaigns with millions of dollars in contributions. In the interim, the airline lobby squashed a passenger's bill of rights. Now American taxpayers are, in effect, paying the airlines twice for the privilege of traveling on them—once in the form of the bailout, and again with higher ticket prices. For all that, you'd think they'd treat us nicer. But when time came to cut the check, customer satisfaction, performance and fiscal viability took a rear-row seat to political influence. American Airlines—bothered by reams of safety violations, and six fatal accidents since 1994 (excluding September 11 and after)—received $583 million in cash (never to be paid back) as part of its almost $1 billion deal. Northwest also received loan guarantees and cash grants of nearly $1 billion. Interestingly, American and Northwest were represented by lobbyist Linda Daschle, wife of Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle. (Northwest was the second-largest campaign contributor to Tom Daschle in 1998.) L-3 International, a manufacturer of luggage scanners, was another of Linda Daschle's clients. In the 2000 transportation budget, L-3 had a sweetheart deal with the FAA. The administration was required to buy an L-3 machine—which the DOT's inspector general has deemed substandard—every time that it bought another type of scanner. Many L-3 machines were so bad they were not used. The arrangement is partly to blame for the DOT's failure to install bomb-scanning devices for many years.

Linda Daschle was hardly alone. When the airlines descended into Washington for a quick fix—and limitation of liability for September 11—their lobbyists included ex–White House aides, retired senators and representatives, a former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Rebecca Cox, wife of Representative Christopher Cox (R–Cal.). While some financial analysts pointed out that the bailout mostly helped shareholders and would prop up sickly, inefficient companies, politicians called for a return to business as usual. "They're a cash-flow industry," said Speaker of the House Dennis Hastert. "We have to make sure America keeps flying."

You first, Mr. Hastert.

# BATTLE *(continued from page 121)*

*Games and movies are now essential tools for training soldiers. Every service is entering the virtual world.*

re-create them. The detonations, the way that guys shoot and get shot, the depiction of wounds are all incredibly realistic. Hollywood has always been great at gratuitous violence, but it's gone from gratuitous to realistic."

*Black Hawk Down*'s title stems from the moment when a Somali militiaman brings down a multimillion-dollar Black Hawk helicopter with a hundred-dollar RPG. The bulbous, mushroom-shaped dart streaks skyward and detonates in the tail rotor, and the helicopter goes into a death spiral. Cutting between scenes inside the spinning Black Hawk—soldiers screaming and barely holding on for their lives—are external shots of gravity yanking the helicopter down into the streets.

"It was a combination of shots using the real-size model and three-dimensional computer graphics," says Pietro Scalia, film editor of *Black Hawk Down*. A Black Hawk mock-up was dropped from a crane to simulate the crash. But because the enormous model had to be dropped flat instead of in a full spin, Scalia was challenged to design computer-generated effects that would blend seamlessly with the real helo impact. "It was pretty complex. The rocket hitting the tail is three-dimensional, then we have a real shot of the pilots inside the mock-up hanging from the crane, then we have aerial shots of a real helicopter spinning. We sped up the footage to get it twirling faster, then got a point-of-view shot from the ground with some CG smoke added, then another internal shot with the Delta Force soldier photographed against a blue screen. We put the spinning city behind him later."

And Scalia was only halfway home at this point, further employing a CGI tool kit to cut between the computer-generated helicopter and the real thing until the latter slammed to the ground and sprayed dirt all over a remote-controlled camera—and, it seemed, over those of us in our seats.

### GAMERS JOIN THE FIGHT

Powerful computer design tools have meant commensurate gains for video war simulations. By the late Nineties the efforts of the Department of Defense—which had been building big war simulators since the Forties—had been overtaken by video game designers. Because of their penchant for games with conflict, designers have always produced military scenarios. With the explosion in Silicon Valley, however, civilian simulations available on the shelves were suddenly superior to some Defense Department simulations marked SECRET.

"Military training officers approached us all the time," says Brian Upton, chief game designer for Red Storm Entertainment, a North Carolina–based video game company that includes Tom Clancy on its list of founders. "But in the end they didn't have the budget to participate." So the gamers charged ahead with the new reality.

How good are they? I tried Upton's newest game, Ghost Recon, and Electronic Arts' latest offering, Medal of Honor Allied Assault. In Recon, you are in control of an elite American Special Forces unit on a peacekeeping mission in 2008 that goes awry. Unlike earlier games such as Beach Head 2000—termed "first-person shooters" because the object is to point your weapon and destroy everything on-screen—the key to Recon isn't controlling yourself. It's controlling others. During a mission, even in the midst of a firefight, you can send orders to your platoon by calling up a command interface. New computer engines allow game designers like Upton to program characters with artificial intelligence so they act and think somewhat independently; once tasked, AI takes over and your virtual teammates move out on their own. "The great thing for the military is that we can create many tactical situations. If you want to teach someone to shoot a gun, go to the range. But we add value by creating scenarios. We can throw people into tactical situations," says Upton.

Indeed, in Recon you can walk your team into Moscow's Red Square, where you'll find a virtual replica, complete with accurate maps and scenes digitized from photographs shot only months earlier. Powerful design tools and faster speed in personal computers have made dreams credible. "Three-dimensional modeling and lighting have come so far," says Upton. "Subtle shadows, real lighting, actual scenes from streets. It basically lets the artists do whatever they want." The same technology that was used to produce fake helicopters is now producing entire worlds.

Steve Townsend is a producer of Medal of Honor, a game inspired by Steven Spielberg. "The important advancement in technology is the increased central processing unit speeds and better video cards for computers," Townsend said. "The draw to consumers is that everything looks more realistic. The technology allows artists and engineers to now express that which they only dreamed about less than a decade ago."

Medal of Honor is a World War II game that boasts powerful cinematic graphics and combat scenarios modeled from history. You play an Army Ranger who fights in several battles in the European theater. The terrain, weapons and equipment look realistic, and the sound is extraordinary; this is a millennium

*"If anyone knows what women want, he does. He's a divorce lawyer."*

removed from the beeps of Atari's Pong.

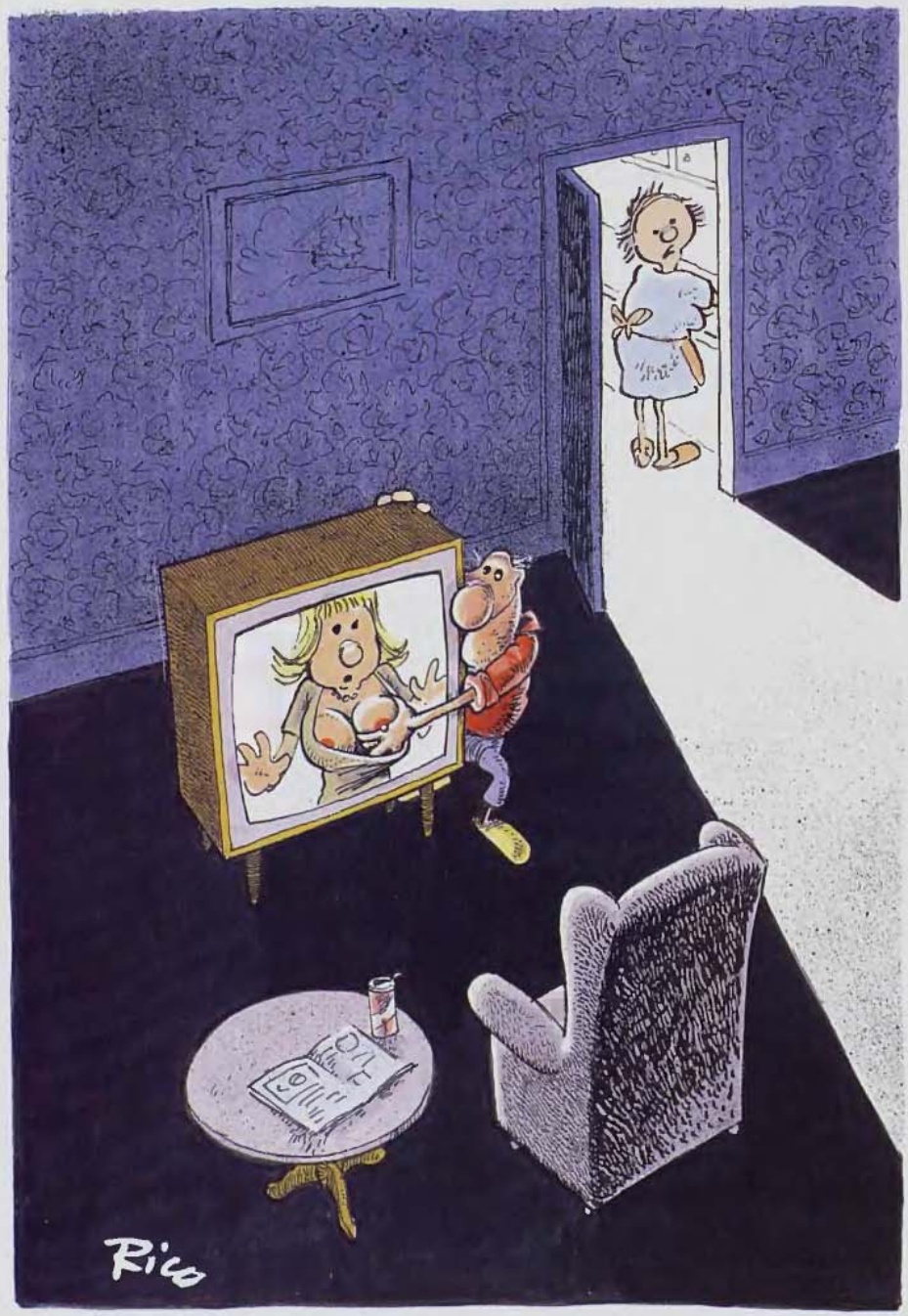
Perhaps the best effect in these games is how fluidly the virtual soldiers move. They perform immediate action drills like teams trained under fire, down to proper weapons carriage, firing stances and frantic searches for cover when ambushed. Motion-capture technology is responsible for much of this detail. Actors don black bodysuits sprinkled with pieces of foam encased in reflective coatings, and then they run through their "moves," as Upton refers to them, while six cameras capture the motion in 3D space and digitize it. "We use real soldiers instead of hand animators. The soldiers fall down. They raise their weapons. They run. They dive."

### COUNTERATTACK BY THE ARTISTS

Although CGI has given directors new technological prowess, they still have to work with actors who are closely scrutinized for their reactions to each other and the cinematic world around them. "Real physical effects are the key," Semler says. "If you want to simulate a battle, all hell needs to break loose in 360 degrees, and you need to include your principal actors in it so they're really reacting." Realistic war films employ a minimum of CGI around the actors so they can experience actual fear and waves of adrenaline. "With real gunfire, actors perform differently," says *Black Hawk*'s Scalia. "It's better to create as much as you can physically. Sometimes you add gunfire just so actors have to scream to be heard."

The object, then, is to make the actors feel like they are on the receiving end of an onslaught. The effects team in *Private Ryan* used a series of air cannons buried in the sand and placed below the surface of the water to keep the terrain stitched with bullets. The *Black Hawk* team planted several tons of explosives in the ground and walls, and detonated them within yards of the actors. Says Semler of *We Were Soldiers*: "Most physical effects are real. Fifteen tons of explosives are real. The napalm boiling just behind the tail of that airplane is real."

Beyond physical effects, filmmakers have experimented with a variety of camera shots—new ideas and some old tricks—to complement CGI capabilities and bolster realism. The jerky handheld camera work in *Private Ryan* and *Black Hawk Down* yanks the viewer into the microterrain. With blood spraying camera lenses, the films smack of documentaries; the unsettling effect is that you are among the beleaguered soldiers. Says Scalia: "We even had some unmanned 'crash cameras' set up near big explosions." The long lenses used in *We Were Soldiers*, on the other hand, provide depth of field for a fight that raged on the battalion level. The soldier 50 meters down the line is as clear as the one next to the camera. "That way the people aren't portrayed as beautiful," says Semler, "but the shots are. When napalm erupts behind North Vietnamese army soldiers who are running, the explosion looks like it's right behind them."




*"George, stop doing that!"*

### THE ADVISORS

Combat correspondent Galloway is careful to note that technology and camera wizardry do not solely account for the reality. "It's true that the technical caps of 10 or 20 years ago are no longer there," Galloway says. "It's also true that there's a willingness to cleave more closely to the bone in terms of what is shown. It's brutal and realistic. But you can't forget the training of the actors—it ought to be a prerequisite."

Retired Marine Captain Dale Dye, Hollywood's top military advisor, is largely responsible for making thespians more closely resemble warriors. Thanks to Dye and other advisors, actors have the chance to tread in the boots of the infantrymen, to gain understanding and appreciation for the men they are portraying. Advisors also aid filmmakers with everything from the script to the set. "We rarely did anything without the advice of our military advisors," says Semler.

The advisors' contributions were not always so eagerly embraced. "Prior to *Platoon*," Dye recalls, "the military advisor

on movie sets was reactive rather than proactive. He was considered a simple soldier and not a filmmaker. He was generally asked to speak only when spoken to, and even then was generally ignored. That changed when Oliver Stone and Arnold Kopelson invited me to become involved in all aspects of making *Platoon*."

Spielberg cemented the importance of the military advisor when he commissioned Dye to design the notorious "boot camp for actors" on the set of *Saving Private Ryan*. Today, it seems that every war film mandates preproduction military training for its actors, who then swap stories from "boot." Some even compare training from different films, miniature versions of interservice rivalries. Dye and his crew loaded down Tom Hanks and other actors with 40-pound packs, sending them on forced marches. Former Seal Harry Humphries and a slew of soldiers taught Josh Hartnett and others how to shoulder their weapons and break their triggers in *Black Hawk Down*. Rangers drilled Mel Gibson for *We Were Soldiers*. And Randall Wallace, director of *We Were Soldiers*, may have set a precedent when he offered up his body to Ranger School sergeants for two weeks.

"Randy learned a lot, and I think it shows," says Galloway. As for the actors in Wallace's film, "They had their asses up at 5:30 doing push-ups and PT. They even did the obstacle course for graduation. It was good stuff."

Does this immersion bring about better performances? "It actually helped me feel more authentic—not like a complete fraud putting on a uniform," said Ben Affleck of his week of training prior to making *Pearl Harbor*. Filmmakers agree. "It's classic dramatic preparation," says Semler. "We had no wussies in our group of actors." It's this coaching, then, that's responsible for the other half of the modern war film's realism; advances in CGI and raw filmmaking ingenuity have created a far more realistic battleground, and the military advisors have helped put close approximations of real warriors on-screen.

"These days, military experience is as foreign to most people—especially actors—as is a trip to Mars or Venus," Dye observes. "They have no frame of reference—other than the last war movie they saw—so they fall back on stereotypes and clichés when they are asked to portray soldiers. And there's more to it than physicality. I want actors to understand what's going on in a soldier's mind and heart, so I spend a lot of time getting to those issues. Most good actors find that particularly valuable."

Even video gamers have caught on. The Recon crew visited soldiers at Fort Bragg for advice. The developers of Medal of Honor Allied Assault not only hired Dye to serve as the primary technical advisor on the video game but also subjected themselves to one of his grueling wannabe-grunt training sessions. "To start with," Townsend recalls, "we all went through his crash course in field tactics—weapons abilities and various attack formations. We put this into practice on a huge paint ball course. Although the gumball-sized pellets only stung on impact, the training was intense. Even some of the simpler concepts we learned, like staying low when moving past an open window and trying to stay with our squad, had a big impact on the way the levels in the game were designed."

### THE MILITARY TAKES NOTICE

Once routinely discouraged during training time because they were considered to be mind-numbing distractions, video games and war movies are now essential tools for training soldiers in rapid decision making. Every service is entering the virtual world. The Marine Corps has fielded an infantry training simulation called the Combat Decision Range that is "a rifle range for the mind." The Air Force, in addition to all its video flight training, has sponsored a national video game contest to recruit gamers. The Navy is experimenting with Microsoft's popular flight simulator in its flight school. And the Army has taken perhaps the boldest step: In 1999 it invested $45 million with the University of Southern California to develop state-of-the-art training simulations through an entity that's called the Institute for Creative Technologies.

According to Cathy Kominos, then deputy director of Army research, quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*, the Army chose USC in part "because of its close ties with Hollywood." On the ICT staff are the co-author of *Apocalypse Now* and the director of *Big Top Pee-wee* and *Grease*. In addition to large-scale simulators, ICT plans to launch two video games, C-Force and CS-12, which will be available to both troops and civilians. The games will be produced by Rob Sears, the man responsible for the civilian robot war game MechWarrior 3. And these artists aren't just designing games; they're training our soldiers.

In October 2001, ICT announced that "the Army and USC's ICT have worked together to coordinate ongoing discussions with some of Hollywood's top talent" concerning the nation's war on terror. Who are these new Army advisors? They included Spike Jonze, the director of *Being John Malkovich*, and David Fincher, director of *Fight Club*. Has the Army overreached?

"The problem with paying creative people in Hollywood to help you with concepts in the video production arena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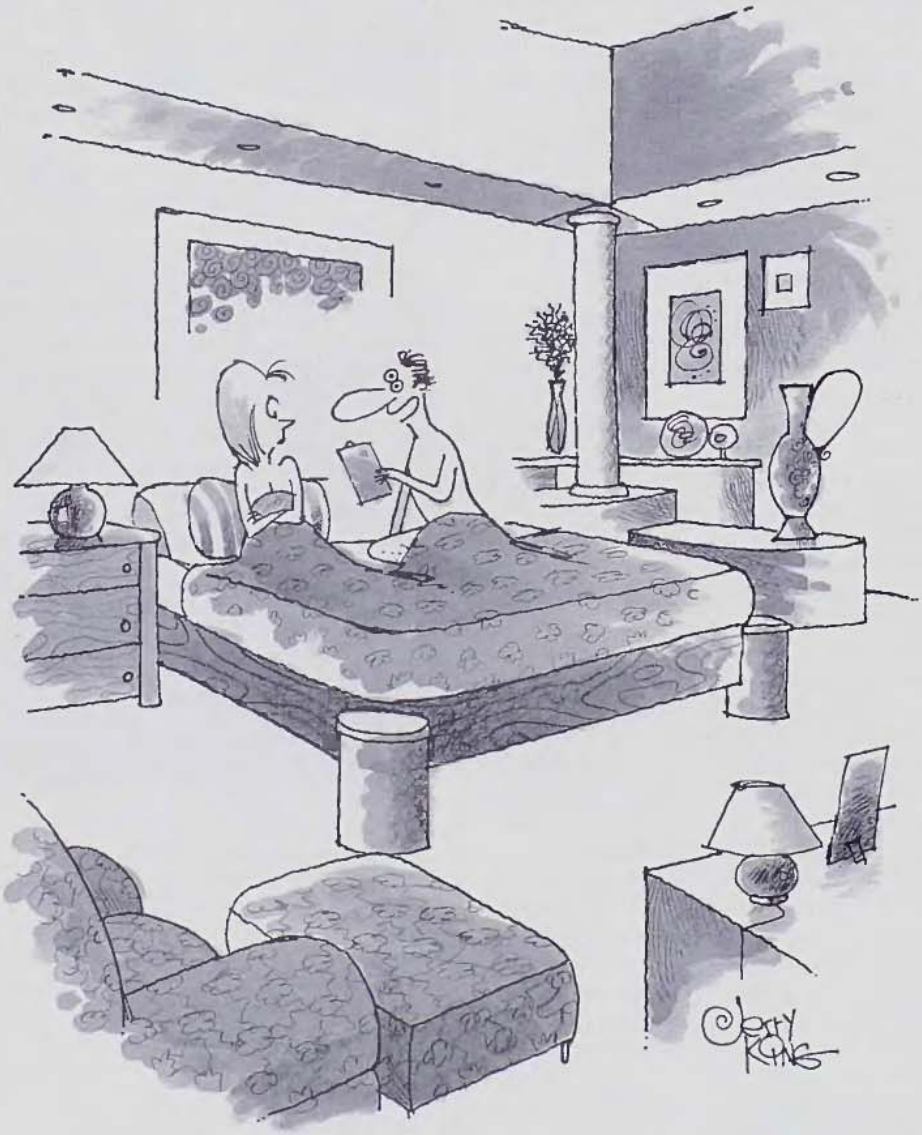
is that Hollywood has no idea how the military works. I think our military has talented, creative people who can—and should—be the ones who are consulted," says Dye.

Meanwhile, there is no argument that realistic video simulations and movies like *Black Hawk Down* are valuable training tools. All services would prefer live-fire exercises to simulations but they simply can't afford it. (The Marines have already fielded some 60 Combat Decision Range vignettes and add five scenarios a year for less than $500,000.) In 1997, General Charles Krulak, Commandant of the Marine Corps, reversed the policy that discouraged Marines from playing games on government computers to allow for what was, at the time, a radical new training method: using video games as decision-making tools. In his order to all Marines, Krulak stated: "The use of technological innovations, such as PC-based war games, provides great potential for Marines to develop decision-making skills, particularly when live training time and opportunities are limited. This order authorizes Marines to use government computers for approved PC-based games."

So the senior leadership is convinced. What about the target audience of these new training tools, the young soldiers who have grown up on a steady diet of video games and movies? They have known all along. Says Corporal John Howard, after fighting a virtual Three Block War (feeding refugees, then ducking snipers, then a full firefight) on the Combat Decision Range: "This is good to go. Marines don't know what stress is, what pressure is. Games force them to make decisions. They're not all right, but they've got to make things happen. This is as realistic as we can get without putting rounds downrange."



*"Would you mind filling out this questionnaire? Your feedback just might help me to better satisfy my next partner."*

# CURT SCHILLING

*(continued from page 74)*

the ball into the ground.

**SCHILLING:** It's like Pedro Martinez says—you don't get great hitters out with strikes. You get them out with balls that look like strikes.

**PLAYBOY:** For you, that seems to get easier every year.

**SCHILLING:** There are more and more young, aggressive hitters every year. They don't want to hit a single on the first pitch. They want to hit homers. A guy like that, you throw fastballs away. He tries to pull the ball and grounds it to the shortstop if he makes contact.

**PLAYBOY:** Jeter is a tougher out?

**SCHILLING:** My approach with Derek Jeter was based on what Tim Hudson did to him in the American League playoffs. Hudson pounded him inside and abused him. Jeter never adjusted. So look at this—game four. I'm pounding him inside and he isn't adjusting!

**PLAYBOY:** You just jammed him. He hit a looper for an infield out.

**SCHILLING:** He wanted the ball farther out. He stayed with his tendency, which is what hitters do. You try to use their tendencies against them. Of course, good hitters will adjust, and then you adjust to their adjustments.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there hitters you admire?

**SCHILLING:** Jeter's a winner. I loved the way Cal Ripken played. Scott Rolen, too.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been active in the players' union. What's your view of major league owners?

**SCHILLING:** I'm amazed that people so wealthy can keep getting such horrid legal advice, and that they keep following it.

**PLAYBOY:** Their latest idea was contraction—eliminating two ballclubs.

**SCHILLING:** How can they keep making stupid decisions that damage the sport? How can they keep trashing the players? That's like a retailer saying, "Hey, our product sucks and it's overpriced, but please buy it." And with a former owner as commissioner, you have a huge conflict of interest.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not a Bud Selig fan.

**SCHILLING:** Bud Selig doesn't care more about baseball than I do. This game is my life. I've played baseball since I was four. From a personal standpoint, I have more invested in the game than he'll ever dream of having.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it annoying when fans say you're overpaid?

**SCHILLING:** Yes! They seem to think that because we make so much money, we can't have values or opinions. We should just be grateful for the money. Of course it's preposterous for me to make $9.9 million more than my son's first-grade teacher. That's our system. A movie star can make twice as much to entertain you for two hours.

**PLAYBOY:** When a guy makes $10 million

a year, what's the number on his biweekly check?

**SCHILLING:** It's direct deposit, but I see the number. It's six figures. I'm making $10 million this year, plus incentives, but I deferred some of it. I'll actually get half of that this year. I chose to get paid year-round, so it's $5 million divided by 26. That's about $200,000, minus taxes, every two weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your biggest indulgence?

**SCHILLING:** I'm a model railroader, wargame player, computer nerd and memorabilia collector. I bought a 1927 Lou Gehrig jersey and the hat he wore in the 1927 World Series. I also collect World War II stuff—small infantry weapons, light machine guns. I have a garage full of ordnance. All the guys at my wargame company, Multi-Man Publishing, are World War II geeks, so I take any new stuff over to show them. Wouldn't it be funny if I got pulled over with a car full of weapons and ordnance? That's the lead story on *Sports Center* that night.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your best military item?

**SCHILLING:** I've got the beret that Montgomery wore in North Africa, though I'm not a big Montgomery fan. I don't think he was a great tactician, not a genius like Rommel, and I'm a Patton fan, too. Patton and Montgomery didn't like each other. Still, it's a fascinating piece. I have German and Russian uniforms, and some eerie stuff like an S.S. presentation dagger. When you joined the S.S. they gave you a dagger with a chain around the hilt, and the chain links are death's-heads.

**PLAYBOY:** During the World Series, you spoke to rescue workers at ground zero. Some firemen handed you their cell phones so their kids could talk to you.

**SCHILLING:** Those guys are the heroes. I was so moved that their children could get a smile because of me. That's powerful stuff. And it was funny, because those kids were real New Yorkers. First off, every one of them called bullshit on me: "You're not Curt Schilling!" I'd finally convince them and say I was sorry we were going to beat the Yankees. They'd say, "No way. They'll kick your ass!" Or if they were Mets fans it was, "Beat the crap out of the Yankees!"

**PLAYBOY:** You met President Bush at the Series, where he threw out a ceremonial fastball.

**SCHILLING:** He threw a good, strong strike—with a bulletproof vest on. I don't think I could do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you vote for him?

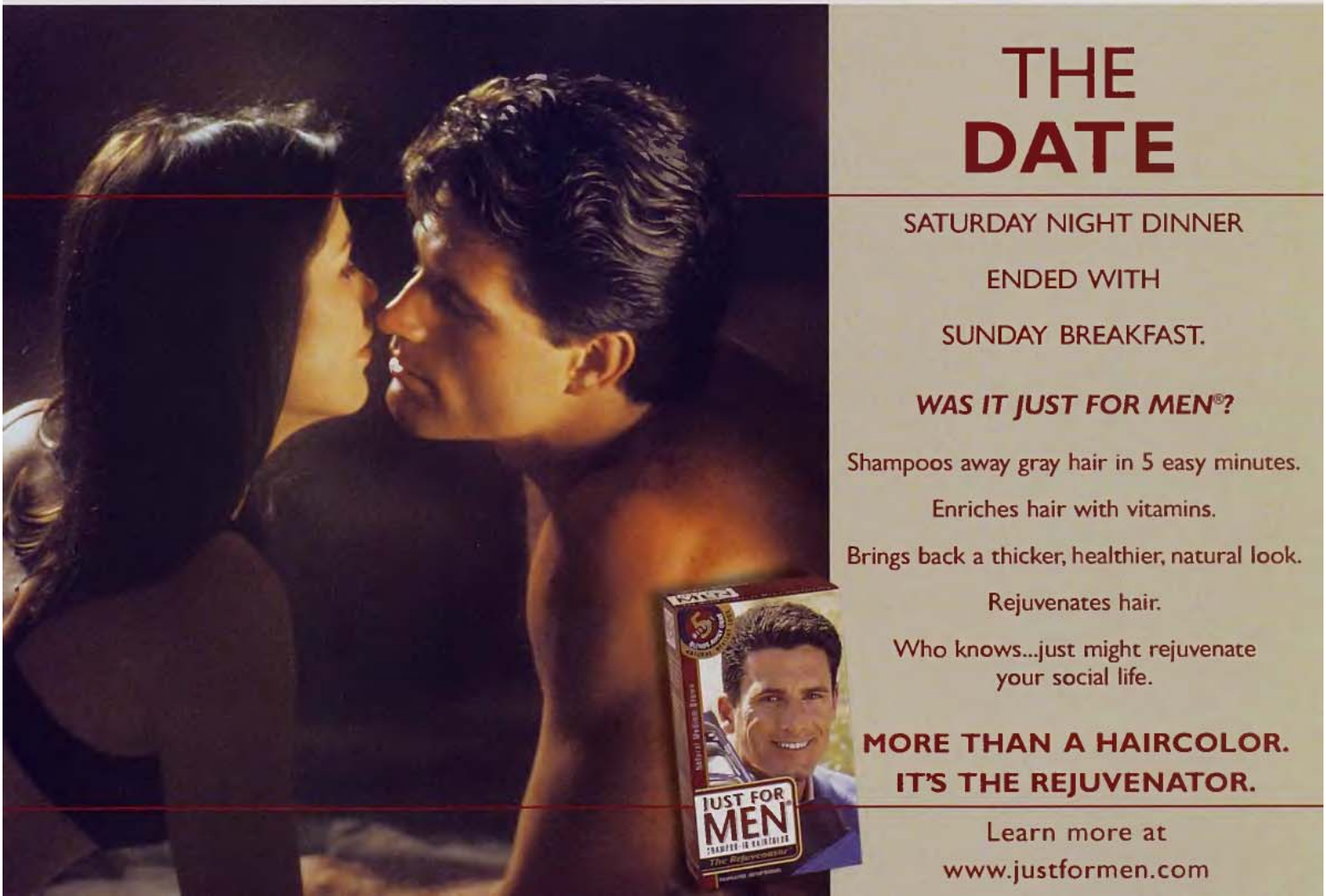
**SCHILLING:** No, I didn't. But I would now. I also like the people Bush relies on—Rumsfeld, Cheney and Powell. I would vote for Colin Powell for president in a heartbeat.

**PLAYBOY:** You're a serious military history buff. Is the war on terror winnable?

**SCHILLING:** I think we'll end up in Iraq. What's scary is that we are fighting people who want to die for their religion. In a holy war, there's no out-of-bounds. Chemical weapons, nuclear weapons—that's what worries me.

**PLAYBOY:** You were supposed to pitch on September 11th.

**SCHILLING:** Shonda woke me up that morning. We saw the second plane live on TV. Gehrig watched it, too. That might have been a mistake, letting him watch with us. Two weeks later he came home from school with an art project, a picture of a plane hitting a building, with fire and graves. Shonda started welling up. So I sat down with Gehrig and we talked about it. We talked about good guys and bad guys, and he's fine. Gehrig is life incarnate. That kid's a pistol. I'll give you a Gehrig story: One day we're in a parking lot in Philly. I had taken him on one of my hospital visits. So we walk in front of a truck and the driver starts honking his horn, yelling and making hand signals at me. I said, "Don't you blare your fucking horn at me—I got my son here!" As we walk away, Gehrig says, "Why did you yell? You told me that when people are mean, you should just turn away." I knew he was right. But then he said, "It's OK, Dad. Big people make mistakes, too." My chest is still swelling with pride.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## Love (continued from page 88)

*I'll admit it: It bothered me that she could get jazzed up about something as boring as radiators.*

Later she wrote me a letter. She talked about the horses and buggies. None of the clothing can have decorative buttons, she explained; such things are a sign of pride and showing off. I imagined her walking amid the picturesque rolling fields wearing a shirt that swung open with each breeze, her modest breasts exposed accidentally. I felt a little perverted for thinking about an Amish person like that.

*Jesse*

She hated her name. She said, "It's a fucking guy's name" (this was before the crossover thing was deemed cool). She had concluded, simply from her name, that her parents had wanted a boy and didn't love her, that every time they looked at her they were disappointed she couldn't play football or have a deep voice or pass on their name. My dad never asked me to help with home-improvement projects, she recalled. I could have, she said. All he needed to do was show me how.

She harbored too much bitterness, which was no good because I always need to be the one harboring bitterness. It doesn't work when there are two of us—it's like we're both on the same doomed team.

*Amy*

Amy was an industrial designer who specialized in radiators. I'm not talking baseboard units spanning the foot of a wall or the heaving, clanking things parked in the corners of bedrooms. She designed heating systems for office buildings and factories. She talked about British thermal units and cubic feet and mean Celsius grade. R-factors and Q levels. Listening to her talk was like hearing a foreign language.

I'll admit it: It bothered me that she could get jazzed up about something as boring as radiators. She didn't defend herself or her work with any grand theory, no "where would we be without radiators" rationale. She was just really into the mechanics of heating. One night we were out, and she was drinking her beers much faster than usual. She was smoking, too, which was rare. I assumed something bad had happened to her and asked what was wrong. She shook her head. "This fucking architect," she said, nearly spitting. "He wants to put radiant heating in the Sanders building. Radiant. Fucking. Heating. Do you know how much that's going to cost in heating bills?"

"No." (Do I care?)

*"Well, here we are, folks. The honeymoon suite."*

"Tons." She stared into her mug, then at the ashtray flooded with butts.

"Goddamn architects," she kept repeating, as if they were baby killers. I excused myself to play a game of Space Invaders.

*Amanda*

My first older woman. (My last, too, if I have any control over it.) She had an ex-husband, and she complained about him incessantly. He ran off with his secretary, "a woman as dumb as a summer day is long," she said. "His secretary. He didn't even have the guts to be original." She talked about him so much I started picturing the two of them having sex. I'm not in touch with myself enough to find this a turn-on.

She also used the word lover a lot. Again, not high on the list of things that get me excited. In fact, it's squarely on the list of things that annoy me, right up there with drinking the last of the milk and putting the carton back in the fridge. Why not say "boyfriend"? Maybe there's some law for women: You hit 35 and get into gardening and you can't say "boyfriend" anymore. But you can have one.

*Walker*

My favorite name of all. A little masculine, but it made me think of the photographer Walker Evans, whose pictures I love. I also loved the idea of a walker, someone who wanders the country from town to town, city to city. You learn a lot by walking, much more than you do by driving. Without getting too New Age, it's good to have your feet on the ground—you can feel the pulse of the earth, get a little closer to finding out why you're here.

We fooled around on the rooftop of my apartment building, two figures vast and tiny amid the silhouettes of water towers and chimneys. We were exposed to all the freaks with telescopes and binoculars, the lonely souls who look for their lives in others. The tar paper stained and burned our legs and arms, but we didn't care—our bodies ordered us not to care. The twinkling lights and swirling gusts off the river made us ignore the potential surveillance and the bruises to come later. We ignored everything but each other and the bold magic of our perfect fit.

*Eve*

My only palindrome. She's the one who prompted this reckoning. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't be thinking about the sum total of the women who have drifted in and out of my life. I wouldn't be torturing myself with the acid of memory. One night she said to me, "You know what your problem is? You have no faith."

"Why is that a problem?" I asked.

"Because it means you're not living for anything. It means there's nothing in

the future for you. You're not looking for anything beyond what will amuse you or keep you busy in the next five minutes."

"We're breaking up, right?" I said.

"Yeah." She took a long drag off her cigarette. "This is the end."

"Because I don't believe in God?"

"I'm not talking about religious faith," she said. "I don't believe in God either, but I believe in something, and someday I'll find out what it is."

"What if you're wrong?" I challenged. "What if I do have faith in something? What if I'm really private, and I just haven't told you what it is?"

"Do you?"

"Yes."

I was lying and she knew it. But I was feeling desperate, clawing for some way to persuade her to stay with me. They always look so good when they're leaving.

"Will," she said.

It's never good news when they use your name. When you hear them say your name, you should excuse yourself to go to the bathroom, then sneak out a back door and disappear for a while. A day or two. A week if you have the guts. If you're lucky, by the time you next see her she'll have forgotten why she doesn't like you—women are impulsive, they have a lot more on their minds than just you. And you can squeeze out a couple more days from the dying horse.

But I didn't bolt for the bathroom. Because she was right. And I was in love with her for a moment, for being so right. Goddamn Eve and her rough kisses and her dead-on analysis of me.

*Lindsey*

The only girl to ever stalk me. I was living in Virginia, and I had a Hüsker Dü bumper sticker on my car. I would take long aimless drives to learn the city; I would get lost so I could find my way. I stopped at stainless steel diners, construction sites, arid riverbanks thick with algae. Two consecutive days I noticed the same car behind me, a white Chevette, making the same random turns.

She found out where I lived, and she left a note in my mailbox asking me out, writing her name and phone number on an old drugstore receipt. I suppose it's not really stalking in the criminal, scary, I'm-in-love-with-a-soap-opera-star sense of the word, but stalking in the sense of following. It's really a question of degree, no?

*Jade*

One year I said to myself, Enough is enough. I'm only going out with girls named after rocks.

I thought they might be more solid, less prone to hysteria, which is my least favorite quality in women. Ruby, Sapphire, I even knew a Lapis, though he was a guy. Jade was Irish, with an accent so thick I understood about every fifth

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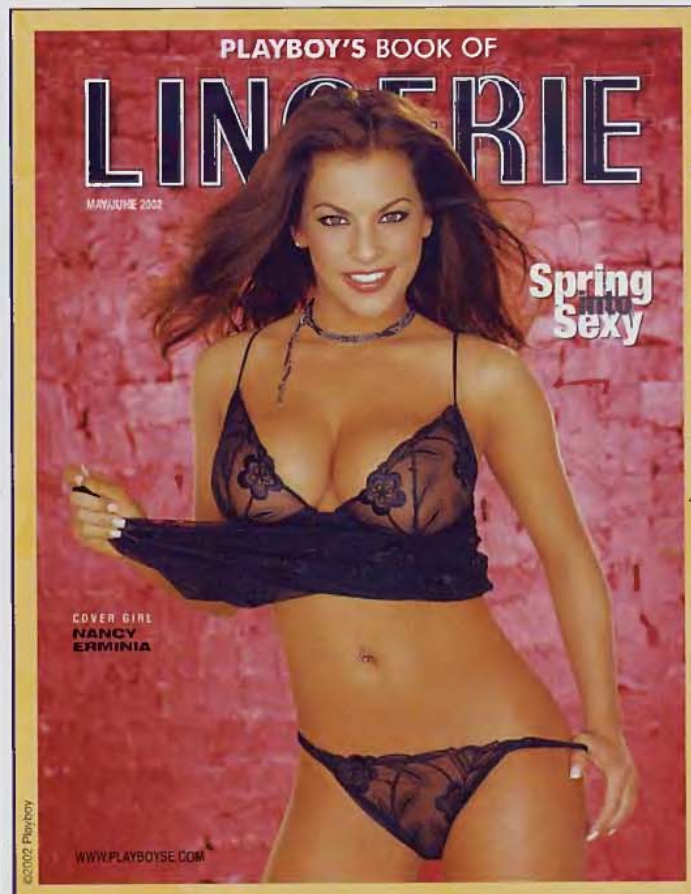


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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

word. I figure the accent and our ensuing miscommunication added at least a few weeks to the relationship.

Despite her heritage, she was like all the rest. Needy and sexy and emotional and loving and possessed of the knowledge of how to hurt me.

*Georgia*

She was the start of my obsession with geographical names. I knew a bunch of women who were named after places—Dallas, Memphis, Anniston (a military town in Alabama). There's a porn star named Houston, though I don't know her personally.

I liked Georgia's name so much I'd use it as often as possible. As in, "Hey, Georgia, where do you want to eat tonight? Yes, Georgia, the Union Cafe is good." I must have sounded like some car salesman, one of those guys who inserts your name in every sentence because he wants you to trust his lying ass.

Georgia thought I was strange for using her name so much. Georgia said it sounded like we were strangers, not two people sleeping with each other. And before long, we were just that—strangers, who weren't sleeping with each other.

*Cheryl*

Guitar-store Cheryl. I own a guitar, a ruby-red Gretsch with matte chrome hardware. It's one of the more beautiful things in my apartment, and I have it hanging on a wall in my living room like it's a piece of art. People who come over ask if I play, and I shrug and mutter, "A little." But I don't know how to play a single chord. I have a strap and an amp, even a distortion pedal. From time to time I sling the ax over my shoulder and finger the frets. I strum. I close my eyes and imagine a stage, monitors, a drummer pounding the skins behind me. I hear requests, I envision a set list taped by my feet. I will never learn how to play.

Walking into a guitar store is like entering a time capsule. Every guy has hair down to his shoulders, some down to their asses. The walls are covered with autographed Stevie Ray Vaughan and George Thorogood eight-by-tens. There's always a guy playing *Stairway to Heaven*, along with a kid accompanied by his mother, far more embarrassed than he needs to be, especially because she's the one with the credit card. Someone is always asking if he can "plug in." If you're a girl and you work in a guitar store, it's hard not to look like a babe. Pretty much all you need to do is bathe regularly.

*Liza*

Which brings me to now. I like the name—short, sweet. There aren't many words you get to use every day that have a "z" in them. Plus it's not an ostentatiously weird name like Flower or Tree. As alluring as those nonstandard names have been, more often than not they've been attached to nonstandard personalities. Nonstandard in the way that meant we loved each other with abandon for a few weeks, a few months when we really tried, then ran out of love. And then we ran out of sex.

I want it to work out this time, I really do. I look at Liza and think I could be happy with her for a while, for years, for the rest of my life even. I look at her and I see the possibility of perpetual love. In her blue eyes, in her dirty blonde hair that sticks up with static whenever she wakes up from a nap. For a few minutes, while the room and the world realign themselves in her vision, she is completely unself-conscious. She stares at me like she's just met me, and in return I have permission to gaze at her. I study her cheeks, I look at her mouth, I finger her chin. I trace her earlobe, I thumb the base of her neck, the well of her collarbone. I forget her name.

We kiss, and when we break I say good morning, no matter what time of day or night it is. Eleven P.M., 12 noon, she makes it morning over and over again. A tiny gesture, but it makes her smile, and her smile warms me. It's something I never planned, and it's utterly necessary for our happiness.

This is what I am coming to learn. Love isn't in the grand outbursts like trips to Paris or diamond rings or marriage proposals, no matter what the jewelry companies and fat romance novels would have us believe. It lurks in the nearly silent corners, spaces and moments we take for granted. The way she blinks her eyes, zips her jeans. The way she hiccups, the way she needs to consult a cookbook to steam rice. I know this because we get into fights. I yell at her, or she yells at me, we each say things we regret. I think I'll be angry for the rest of the night, the rest of the week even. Then I'll glimpse her knee, her eyelash. While I'm on the porch trying to suffocate my loathing with cigarettes, I'll hear her cough. In the kitchen I'll see a phone message she scrawled for me, pinned under a magnet on the refrigerator. And I finish hating her. I forget why I was mad. Fuck Eve. I do have faith in something. I believe love can renew us.

*"No, I'm not busy, but Sheldon wants me to call you back later."*

# PLAYMATE NEWS

## POP GOES VICTORIA

Pop art is often associated with Andy Warhol. But soon you'll also think of Victoria Fuller, whose silk-screen prints, lush oil paintings and mixed-media designs were recently shown at the Soho Fine Art Gallery in Las Vegas. After securing licensed use of the trademarked Playboy Rabbit Head symbol, Victoria created three series: *Bunny Etiquette* (oil self-portraits on canvas), *The Rabbit Head* and *Reflections of Playboy*. "I'm inspired by the graphic punch of a Warhol Marilyn or a Peter Max Statue of Liberty. Now I have the luxury of exploring another archetype: PLAYBOY." Victoria, who models and works all over the globe, was also inspired by how pop culture varies in different parts of the world. "I know movies and television aren't real," she says. "But in our culture, pop media are important influences. My whole life is about being an artist. I'm hoping to become one of the top pop artists in my generation." For more information or for where to purchase Victoria's art, e-mail americanpopllc@aol.com.

### PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

June 1: Miss December 1953
**Marilyn Monroe**
June 14: Miss August 1983
**Carina Persson**
June 17: Miss September 1970
**Debbie Ellison**
June 20: Miss September 1973
**Geri Glass**
June 23: Miss August 1981
**Debbie Boostrom**

## 15 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"This woman oozed sex," says photographer Stephen Wayda of Miss June 1987 Sandy Greenberg. "A lot of times the pictorials are costumey, but hers was one of the simplest—just some white sheets—because with Sandy it was real. You wanted to be the lucky man who joined her on that bed." Readers first noticed Sandy as Maxine Legroom in a 1987 spoof about the computer-generated TV personality Max Headroom. She was such a hit, we had to make her a Centerfold. Last we heard, she was living in the Pacific Northwest.

Sandy Greenberg.

## RED-CARPET RABBITS

All dressed up with no place to go? No such thing when you're a Centerfold. Here is a roundup of red-carpet appearances made by our girls. Clockwise from left: Victoria Silvstedt at an AX Armani Exchange party, Angel Boris at a Sundance bash, Lisa Dergan with Michael Bay at the *Pearl Harbor* premiere, Natalia Sokolova at a screening of *Swordfish*, Shauna Sand at the Golden Globes, John Asher and Jenny McCarthy at a PlayStation 2 party and Jaime Bergmon at a party for the movie *Bandits*.

# PLAYMATE NEWS

## My Favorite Playmate By Jeff Daniels

## MARLENE'S SELF-PORTRAIT

Miss November 1957 Marlene (Callahan) Wallace, who has been a photographer for years, recently had a show at the Garth Clark Gallery on West 57th Street. Her exhibition, called Images of Beato, is a photographic survey of renowned artist Beatrice Wood, who created art well into her 90s. "I try to capture the inner essence of my subjects," Marlene says. Our favorite work is Marlene's self-portrait, shown here.

## LOOSE LIPS

I was a virgin when I got it—it was supposed to be a cherry. I actually lost my virginity two days later. I've tried twice to get it removed by laser, but it's not easy. I've heard that reds and greens are the hardest colors to get out.
—**Jennifer Walcott**, on her tattoo

Jada Pinkett Smith, Vanessa Williams and Michael Michele.
—**Daphnee Duplaix**, on which celebrities she is told she resembles

## HELLO, DOLORES

Dolores Del Monte, a fan favorite at the many Glamourcon shows she attends, called for a chat. "In March I celebrated my 70th birthday," she says (pictured here with Lisa Dergan). "I'm the most vintage Playmate at Hef's parties. I'm enjoying the resurgence of interest in the golden era of pinups. I have a broad family military heritage and would like all military readers to know that I offer them a discount on most of my autographed photos." Find the goods on Dolores' playboy.com personal page.

## LILLIAN MÜLLER TURNS 50

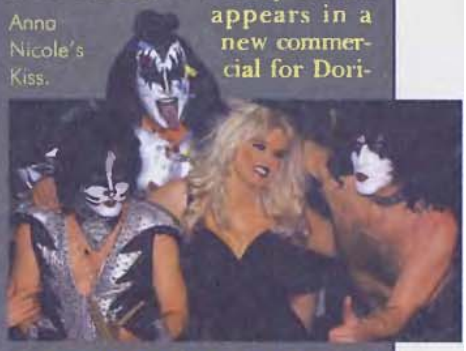
"I always knew I'd make my mark at 50," says Lillian Müller. Lillian is writing a book about health, fitness and beauty at age 50, and she should know: These photos were taken by Lillian's boyfriend and will be featured in her 2003 calendar. You get a sneak peek. "These have not been retouched," she says. "I've never had plastic surgery, Botox or peels. People don't believe me. They ask to look behind my ears. It's a compliment." What's her secret? "I'm a vegan. I've never had a drink, a cigarette or tried a drug in my life."

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

**Anna Nicole Smith** nearly got a tongue-lashing from **Gene Simmons** (below) when **Kiss** performed at Lane Bryant's lingerie show The Big Kiss. Other big bad runway babes included **Carré Otis, Mia Tyler** and **Kate Dillon**. . . . **Ava Fabian** serves as Bunny mother to the hopefuls on *Who Wants to Be a Playboy Playmate*, a two-hour special that airs during May sweeps. Ava posed for photographer Andres Serrano, who plans to include a Bunny in his forthcoming *American Icons* series. . . . **Stacy Fuson** appears in a new commercial for Doritos. . . . **Layla Roberts** touts beer in a national Miller commercial. . . . **Shauna Sand** plays the lead in the cable film and possible series *Back to Eden*. . . . **Elton John** asked **Shanna Moakler** to reteam with him and director **David LaChapelle** in another music video. In the last one, she portrayed **Dorothy Stratten**. . . . When musician **Bebe Buell** was profiled on ABC's *20/20 Downtown*, host **Chris Cuomo** watched her rock out at Don Hill's in New York. . . . Can't get enough of our girls? Pick up *Playboy's Nude Playmates*, featuring cover girls **Suzanne Stokes** and **Shannon Stewart**, on newsstands now.

Anna Nicole's Kiss.



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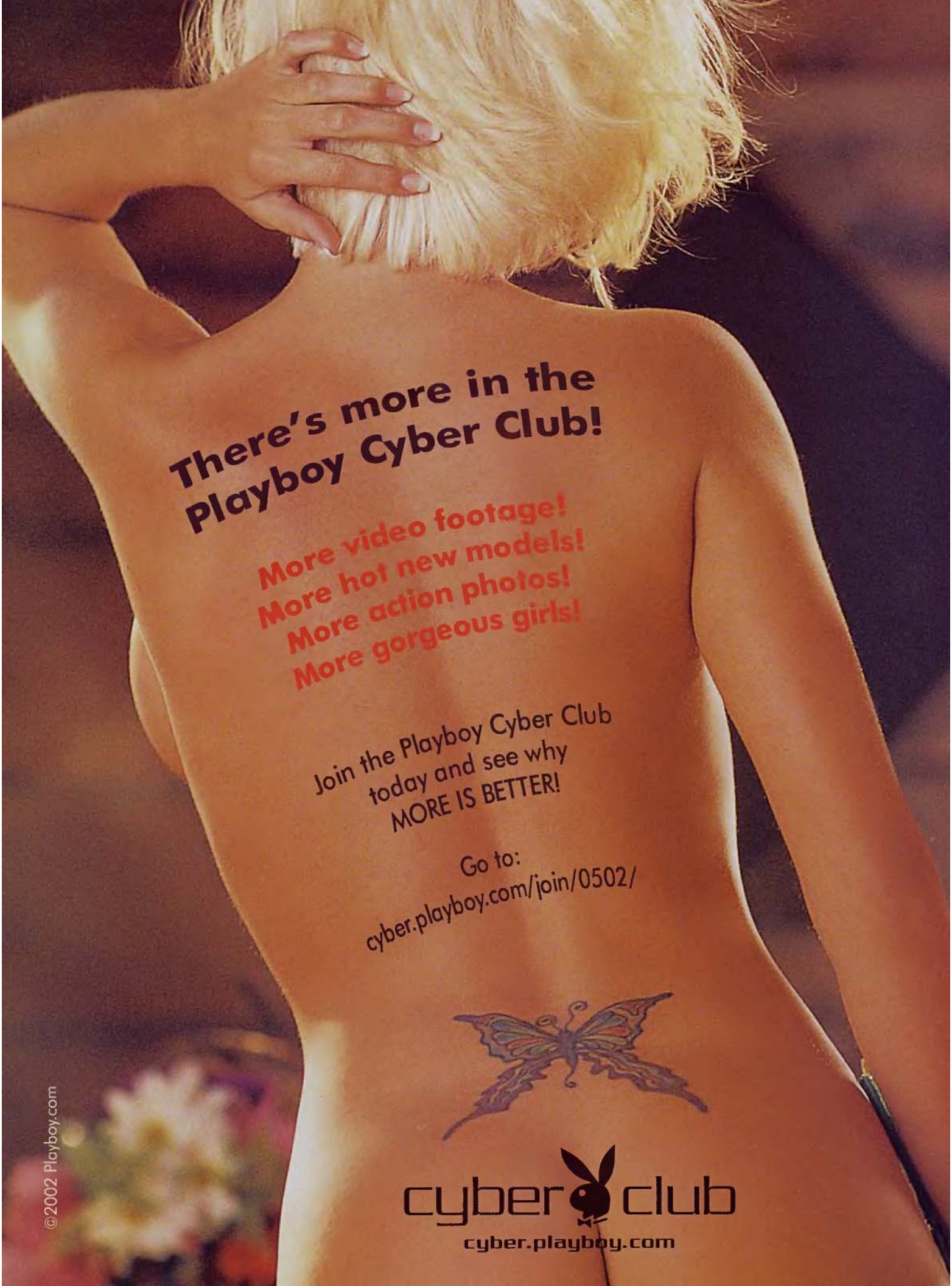
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# PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

## BURN, BABY, BURN

We have shelves full of CDs and DVDs—and the collection keeps growing. DVD burners such as Pioneer's Elite DVR-7000 and Philips DVDR985 can record up to two hours of content to discs that can be played in most DVD players and drives. But don't try to make copies of DVD movies that you've rented. They have built-in copyright protection. For fast editing and compiling, Yamaha's CDR-HD1000 CD burner has a 20-gigabyte hard drive. It can store 30 CDs to make mixes. Or use its jukebox function to play music randomly from memory. Minidiscs sound great, don't skip and allow you to rearrange tracks. Sharp's SD-NX10 system plays minidiscs and CDs. That way you can listen to your CD-R mixes and your minidiscs. —JASON BUHRMESTER

**Far left: To save you from shuffling discs while you're burning that killer party compilation, Yamaha's CDR-HD1000 has a 20-gigabyte hard drive to store CDs ($1000). Left: TDK's VeloCD portable CD burners are available in three speeds, including 40x—currently the fastest on the market. (Price: $150 to $200, depending on speed and connection type.)**

**Left: Music lovers already know how functional minidiscs are. Sharp's SD-NX10 shelf system plays minidiscs and CDs and uses a one-bit digital amp for clearer sound ($1800). Above left: Engineers at Philips designed the DVDR985 to record on DVD+R and DVD+RW discs so they can be replayed on a wider variety of DVD players and drives ($1000). Above: Videocassettes deteriorate over time. To preserve them, Pioneer's Elite DVR-7000 can burn your home movies to DVD-R/RW. The DVR-7000's digital video terminal makes connecting a camcorder easy. For the highest quality playback, the 7000 uses PureCinema circuitry to refresh the image twice as fast ($2000).**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 160.

# Grapevine

## Motion in the Ocean

KEHAU LEE surfs, so it's no surprise to see her in the forthcoming film *Surf Girls*. Kehau has said aloha from *Baywatch Hawaii* and calendar shoots.

## Going to Pot

Comics, actors and acoustic metal geniuses Jack Black (left) and Kyle Gass are TENACIOUS D. It's not enough to be great musicians—you need great movies, too. Look for theirs in theaters, listen for Black in the animated *Ice Age* and catch their act live.

## Fantasy Lace

LIV TYLER shows off a little skin between *Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers* this year and next year's *The Return of the King*. The adventure fantasy seemed risky before the first *Rings* became a box-office hit. Now it seems smart.

## Fit to Be Tied

Sultry model and calendar girl (Lingerie Dream and Asian Angels) LELANI VECINA has appeared in magazines and on posters and is featured on the Dream Dolls website. Click on.

## Baby, One More Time

Host *SNL*, star in *Crossroads*, shill for Pepsi, go platinum times four on the charts. What else can BRITNEY do? Break out the grown-up duds.

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## Beaded Babe

Model TENNIEL GACAYAN has her fingers in many Hawaiian pots—calendars (for Hawaiian Tropic and Beautiful Women of Hawaii), the E channel's *Wild On* shows from Waikiki and regular appearances on *Baywatch Hawaii*. Add posters and commercials, stir and you have island magic.

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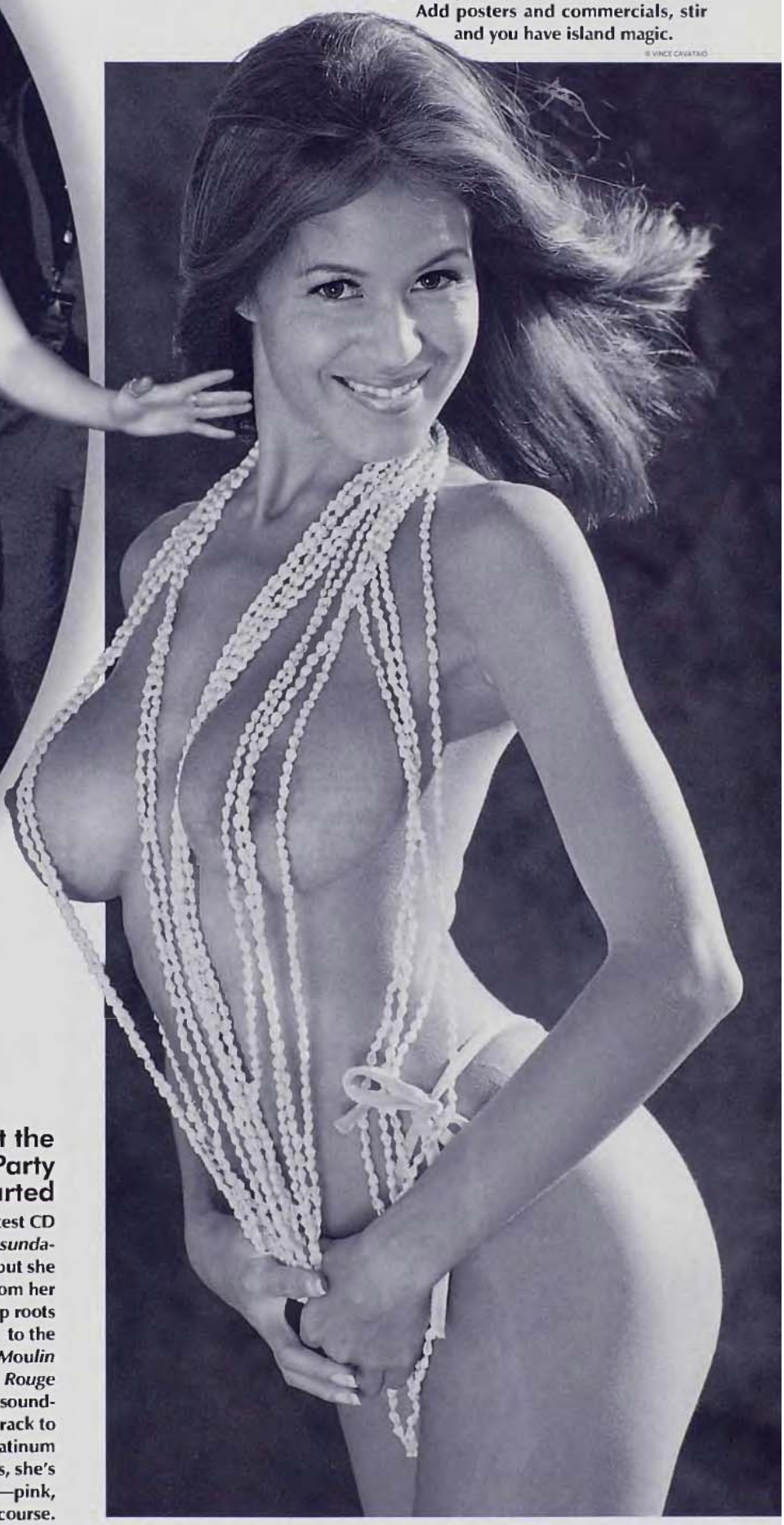

## Get the Party Started

PINK's latest CD is *Missundaztood*, but she isn't. From her hip-hop roots to the *Moulin Rouge* soundtrack to platinum CD sales, she's tickled—pink, of course.

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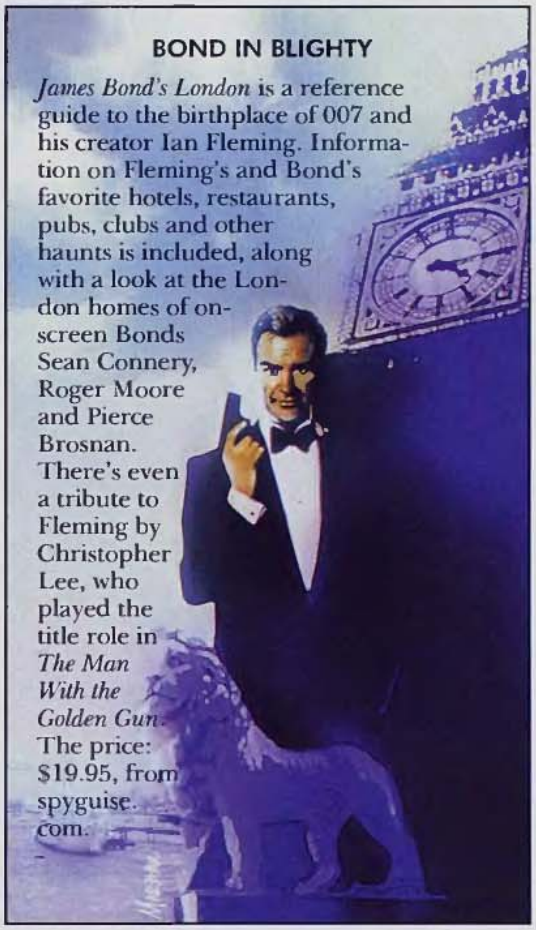
# Potpourri

## GO BLOW

Interactive Health describes its Warm Air Massager as "a massager with a hot temper" and we can attest that it definitely warmed up our model (pictured here). The Warm Air 600 unit shown features an LED readout, four speeds and a comfortable rubberized grip. The warm air flow can be activated with or without the percussive-style "tapping" massage. The "hot button" delivers a burst of even warmer air over 15 square inches of your body. The price: about $150. A Warm Air 300, with fewer features, is also available for around $80. Both are available at the Sharper Image, Brookstone and department stores.

## BOND IN BLIGHTY

*James Bond's London* is a reference guide to the birthplace of 007 and his creator Ian Fleming. Information on Fleming's and Bond's favorite hotels, restaurants, pubs, clubs and other haunts is included, along with a look at the London homes of on-screen Bonds Sean Connery, Roger Moore and Pierce Brosnan. There's even a tribute to Fleming by Christopher Lee, who played the title role in *The Man With the Golden Gun*. The price: $19.95, from spyguise.com.



## FOR PINBALL WIZARDS

Gary Stern, of Stern Pinball, who designed our new game (right), says, "Playboy pinball has the deepest rules we've created yet and the ball flow is fantastic." The challenge is to collect Rabbit Heads, complete a calendar year of Playmates and experience "Mansion mania." Plus, there are great sound effects, music and a sexy female voice chatting while you play. The game will soon be in bars and arcades—or you can order one from playboystore.com for $3995, plus shipping.

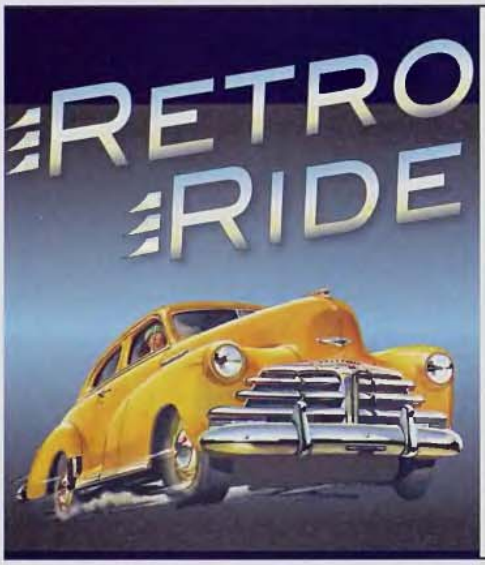
## OUT OF AFRICA

Amarula Cream liqueur used to be the best-kept secret of the sub-Sahara. Worldwide, it's the second-best-selling cream liqueur. Now it's hit the States like a charging elephant. Pachyderms, incidentally, are crazy about the marula tree's fruit, the ingredient that gives the liqueur its distinctive chocolate, caramel and butterscotch flavor. Try Amarula in a cocktail or coffee, or over ice cream. The price: about $20 for a 750 ml bottle.

### IN THE BUFF

On CBS' *Survivor* series, both teams wear Buff headwear, which has seen action in adventure and bike races and on the slopes of the world's highest mountains. Polyester microfiber fabrics and seamless construction make the Buff comfortable, breathable and resistant to wind. Plus, it can be worn as a scarf, a bandanna or a headband, or pirate-style. There are patterns galore to choose from, including oriental characters and an Old Glory motif. Price: $18.50 each. Go to buffusa.com to get Buff.

CHARLIE POWELL




### TICKET TO RIDE

Tony Swan, *Car and Driver*'s executive editor and a veteran sports car racer, is the author of *Retro Ride*, a Collectors Press book that's a visual history of American automotive advertising art from the Roaring Twenties to the go-go Sixties. What a great ride! Price: $39.95. Call 800-423-1848 or go to loric@collectorspress.com to order.

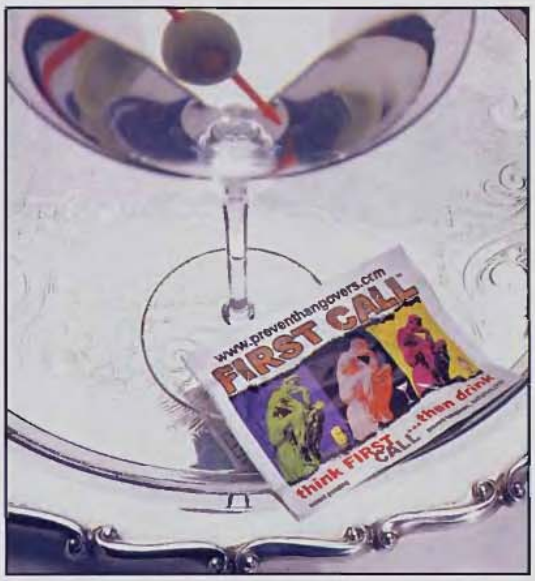
### HAVE A DANDY TIME

Oscar Wilde was the ultimate dandy, so it's no surprise that he's frequently quoted in Trafalgar Square's hardcover, *How to Be a Complete Dandy*: "A little guide for rakes, bucks, swells, cads and wits." Along with brief bios on famous dandies such as Beau Brummell, there are sections on the rules of dandyism ("Always live beyond thy means"), the classic dandy look ("A well-tied tie is the first serious step in life") and dandy activities ("All dandies love idleness"). Stephen Robins is the author. The price: $15.95. Call 800-423-4525 to order a copy.

DAVE CALVER

### CALL OF THE WILD

Natural Bridges Products, the manufacturers of First Call, says its product is a preventive and not a remedy for hangovers. The ingredients, artichoke and sarsaparilla, have been shown to be effective in detoxifying alcohol. For best results, take three capsules with water before consuming alcohol and three capsules after doing so. Price: $24.95 for a jar of 90 capsules from 800-820-7533, or go to preventhangovers.com. If you still wake up with a hangover, don't call the company in the morning.




### YOU'VE GOT SOUL

In the Sixties and Seventies, soul movies were box office hits. Quincy Jones was one of many black composers and arrangers who contributed to the genre. Beyond Music and MGM Music have combined to release a number of blaxploitation soundtracks, including *Across 110th Street* and *Friday Foster*, as part of their Soul Cinema series. Price: about $18 each, in record stores. Other titles are also available.

# Next Month

WHO'S THE WINNER?

SAUCE

DRUG WAR

HEF HAS THE ANSWER

**WHO WANTS TO BE A PLAYMATE?**—HERE'S A FIRST: WE HELD A NATIONWIDE SEARCH FOR OUR NEXT CENTERFOLD AND TAPED IT FOR FOX TV. CATCH ALL OF THE BACKSTAGE ACTION, THE FABULOUS FINALISTS—AND THE GORGEOUS WINNER, **MISS JULY**

**THE DRUG WAR FIASCO**—THE OFFICIAL COST OF THE WAR ON DRUGS? A COOL $609 PER SECOND, WITH NO END IN SIGHT. HERE'S WHY GOVERNMENT PROGRAMS REPEATEDLY FAIL, WHERE YOUR TAX MONEY IS GOING AND WHY IT'S CALLED THE UNWINNABLE WAR. BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

**FRED DURST**—LIMP BIZKIT'S FRONT MAN HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT GROUPIE SEX, DIRECTING MOVIES, HOW HE SAVED CHRISTINA'S ASS AND WHAT HE THINKS OF BRITNEY, CREED, EMINEM AND TRENT REZNOR. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **ALISON LUNDGREN** AND **DAVID SHEFF**

**GOOD GIRLS DO**—THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF WOMEN: THE ONES YOU TAKE HOME TO YOUR MOTHER AND THE ONES YOU TAKE HOME TO YOUR MATTRESS. GUESS WHAT? IT'S THE NICE GIRLS WHO LOVE TO GET KINKY--**AMANDA GREEN** GETS ALL THE DETAILS

**THE FONDLING FATHERS**—THE LATEST RELIGIOUS SEX SCANDAL (INVOLVING CATHOLIC BISHOP O'CONNELL) ADDED MORE EVIDENCE OF A CHURCH COVER-UP THAT HAS LASTED FOR DECADES. **ASA BABER** ON THE $1 BILLION PAID BY CATHOLIC DIOCESES TO SETTLE SEX ABUSE CASES

**BLOODY GOOD SHOW**—INSIDE BOXING: THE BADDEST HEAVYWEIGHT YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF, GREAT ROOMS FOR A RUMBLE, FIGHT FAN QUIZ, WHAT'S A TRAINER? **KEVIN COOK** OFFERS A CRASH COURSE ON THE SWEET SCIENCE

**JOHN WOO**—WHEN HOLLYWOOD LURED HONG KONG'S ACE ACTION DIRECTOR, IT WAS TO STEAL HIS TRADEMARK EXPLOSIONS AND BLOODY SHOOT-OUTS. TEN YEARS LATER, **MICHAEL FLEMING** TALKS TO WOO ON THE EVE OF *WINDTALKERS*, HIS MUCH-ANTICIPATED WORLD WAR II FILM

**CHRIS ISAAK**—POP'S ROMANTIC BALLADEER WENT FROM ROLLING IN THE SAND WITH HELENA CHRISTENSEN TO STARRING IN A TV SHOW. HE ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS ABOUT KISSING DWIGHT YOAKAM'S GIRLFRIEND AND DIGGING OLDER WOMEN—JUST TO GET STARTED. BY **ROBERT CRANE**

**SAUCE**—ON AN OTHERWISE QUIET COLLEGE CAMPUS, A PIZZA GUY OVERHEARS TWO SORORITY GIRLS RECOUNT THE NIGHT'S RUTTINGS. WHO SAID ROLLING DOUGH WAS BORING? FICTION BY **STEVE ALMOND**

**SUMMER STILLNESS**—EVEN IF YOU'RE SITTING ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY, YOU NEED TO LOOK COOL. WE SHOW OFF EVERYTHING HOT THIS SUMMER FROM WATERPROOF WATCHES TO HIP T-SHIRTS, SNEAKERS AND SHADES

**PLUS:** SMALL CARS THAT HAVE THE SPEED OF ROCKETS, SOME STRANGE PATENTS FOR SEX TOYS, AND CENTERFOLD **SHANNON STEWART** TALKS DIRTY